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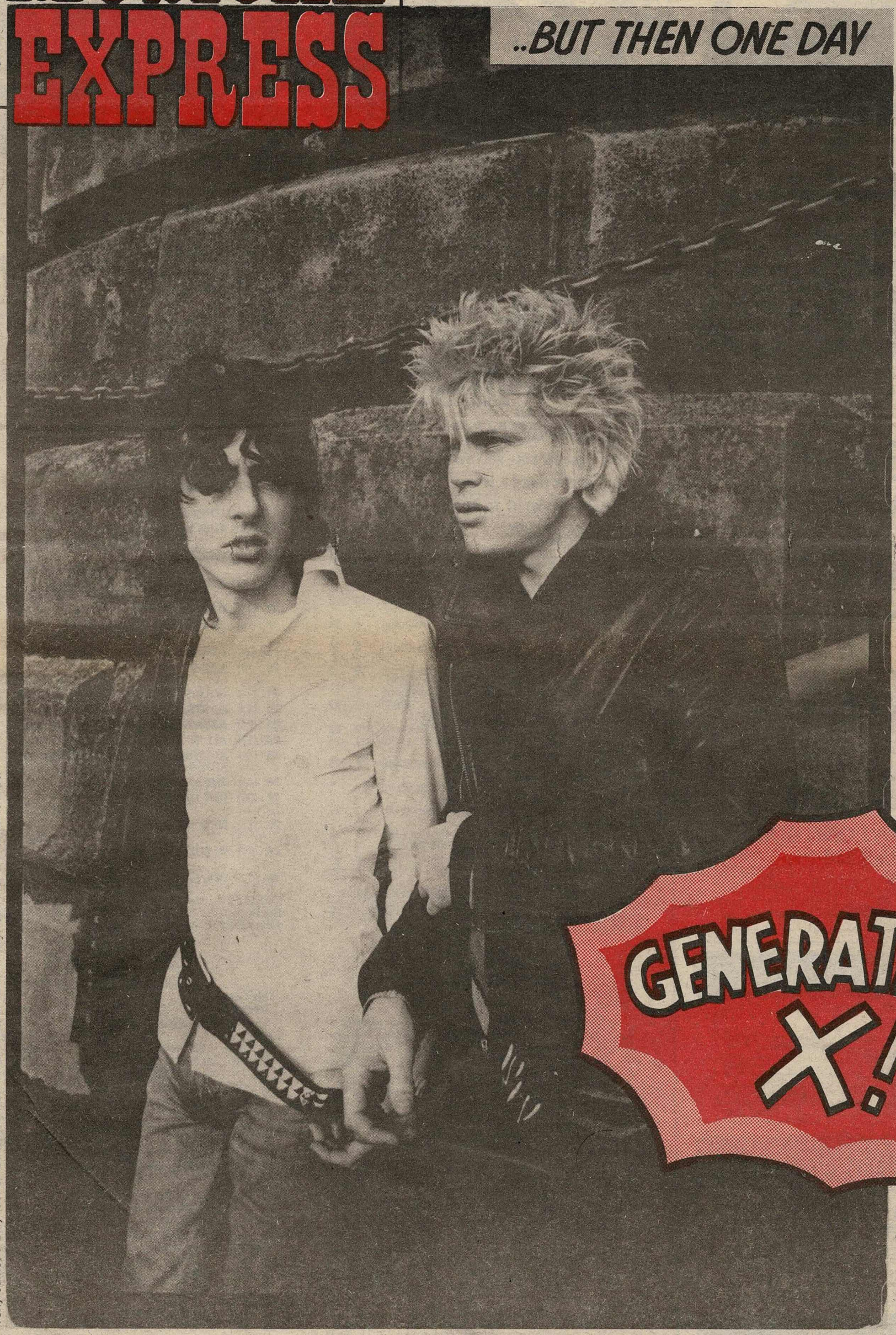

Tony James / Billy Idol of Generation X. Photo: PENNIE SMITH. Artwork: ROY FRANKENSTEIN.

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Chrysalis Records & Tapes

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 7, 1973.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	2	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
3	3	POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS	Cliff Richard (EMI)
8	4	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
14	5	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
2	6	CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE	Slade (Polydor)
4	7	20th CENTURY BOY	T. Rex (T. Rex)
7	8	KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
11	9	HEART OF STONE	Kenny (Rak)
6	10	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 3, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	3	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
7	4	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	5	DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
3	6	CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLA	Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
11	7	STEP INSIDE LOVE	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	8	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
12	9	IF I WERE A CARPENTER	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
17	10	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 5, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
1	2	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
4	3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
2	4	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	5	SAY WONDERFUL THINGS	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
5	6	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
11	7	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	Cascades (Warner Bros)
6	8	CHARMAINE	Bachelors (Decca)
12	9	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)
8	10	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	1
2	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7	2
3	(3)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	8	1
4	(11)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	3	4
5	(4)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	4	4
6	(21)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	6
7	(5)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	7	4
8	(7)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	4	7
9	(24)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	2	9
10	(14)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	7	7
11	(25)	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY	Andy Cameron (Klub)	4	11
12	(15)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	4	12
13	(10)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	5	10
14	(18)	I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	4	14
15	(13)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	9	5
16	(11)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	9	11
17	(—)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)	1	17
18	(8)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	10	2
19	(23)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	6	19
20	(19)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	14
21	(6)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	10	2
22	(26)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	2	22
23	(28)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill (20th Century)	2	23
24	(—)	EVERYBODY DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(—)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES	Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	25
26	(—)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	10	1
27	(30)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	3	27
28	(22)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	11	5
29	(16)	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE	Real Thing (Pye)	4	16
30	(17)	LILAC WINE	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	5	16

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band (Private Stock); KU KLUX KLAN — Steel Pulse (Island); SCOTLAND FOREVER — Sydney Devine (Philips); DON'T COST YOU NOTHING — Ashford, Simpson (Warner Bros).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	1
2	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	6	2
3	(2)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	11	1
4	(8)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	6	4
5	(21)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	2	5
6	(16)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	4	6
7	(5)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	10	3
8	(4)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	58	1
8	(6)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	22	3
10	(15)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	10
11	(7)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	7
12	(10)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	4	10
13	(—)	LONDON TOWN	Wings (EMI)	1	13
14	(18)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	3	14
15	(14)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	6	14
16	(—)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	1	16
17	(11)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	5	10
18	(12)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	5	9
19	(27)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	9	10
20	(9)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	10	3
21	(—)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (Elektra)	21	1
22	(13)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	6	8
23	(24)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	92	11
24	(17)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	12	12
25	(—)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	2	25
26	(—)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel (CBS)	1	26
27	(30)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	3	27
28	(22)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	10	7
29	(20)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	6	20
30	(25)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	2	25

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

CYCLONE — Tangerine Dream (Virgin); THE RUTLES — The Rutles (Warner Bros); 999 — 999 (U.A.); ZARAGON — John Miles (Decca).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
5	(10)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
6	(6)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
7	(8)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
8	(9)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
9	(5)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
10	(14)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
11	(7)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
12	(13)	ALWAYS AND FOREVER	Heatwave
13	(15)	EBONY EYES	Bob Welch
14	(16)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
15	(18)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
16	(17)	OUR LOVE	Natalie Cole
17	(19)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
18	(20)	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT	Gene Cotton
19	(23)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
20	(21)	LADY LOVE	Lou Rawls
21	(28)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
22	(22)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
23	(26)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
24	(27)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
25	(24)	WHICH WAY IS UP	Stargard
26	(30)	FOOLING YOURSELF	Styx
27	(25)	HOT LEGS	Rod Stewart
28	(11)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
29	(—)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
30	(—)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(4)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
4	(2)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
5	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(7)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
7	(6)	AJA	Steely Dan
8	(8)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
9	(11)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
10	(9)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
11	(12)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
12	(10)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
13	(13)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
14	(17)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
15	(16)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
16	(14)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
17	(22)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
18	(19)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
19	(15)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
20	(20)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
21	(18)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
22	(23)	BOOTSY? PLAYER OF THE YEAR	Bootsy's Rubber Band
23	(21)	WAYLON & WILLIE	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
24	(25)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole
25	(29)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
26	(26)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
27	(—)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
28	(—)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangoine
29	(—)	INFINITY	Journey
30	(30)	TEN YEARS OF GOLD	Kenny Rogers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

GROOVIES GIGS ROUND BRITAIN

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the previously-reported late-spring British tour by The Flamin' Groovies. They'll be headlining a total of 28 gigs in just over a month, climaxing in a major London concert. And it's now confirmed that Australian band Radio Birdman will be special guests on all dates.

The tour kicks off in Newcastle on May 10, though the opening venue has still to be confirmed. It then takes in Glasgow Satellite City (11), Aberdeen University (12), Dundee Technical College (13), Fife St. Andrew's University (14), Edinburgh Tiffany's (15), Leicester University (16), Manchester Rafters (18 and 19), Sheffield University (20), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (21), Liverpool Eric's (22), Birmingham Barbarella's (23), Swansea Circles Club (25), Uxbridge Brunel University (26), Colchester Essex University (27), Bournemouth Village Bowl (28), Bristol Locarno (30), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (June 1), Cambridge Corn Exchange (2), Aylesbury Friars (3), Croydon Greyhound (4), Cardiff Top Rank (6), Brighton Top Rank (7), Plymouth Metro (8), Swindon Brunel Rooms (9), Oxford College of Further Education (10) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (11).

Prior to the British tour, which has been set up by Ed Bicknell of the Nems Agency, the Groovies play a string of six gigs in France, Belgium and Holland during the period May 2-7.

As reported last week, it was originally planned to re-activate the band's two-year-old single "Shake Some Action", as well as releasing their new single "Feel A Whole Lot Better". But it's now been decided to include both titles on one disc, together with a third track, the Groovies' version of the Rolling Stones' "Paint It Black". Because of this, release by Sire has been delayed until April 14, when it will be available in both seven-inch and 12-inch form. Their new album "Flamin' Groovies Now" is also put back a week to April 14.

Radio Birdman, newly signed by Sire, had their single "What Gives" issued recently. And their debut album "Radios Appear" is due out on May 12.

Stranglers plan two at Ally Pally

WAYNE COUNTY

COUNTY'S GOODBYE

WAYNE COUNTY and the Electric Chairs play their last gig in this country for some considerable time tonight (Thursday), when they appear at London Camden Music Machine. Reason is that they've decided to base themselves in Berlin for the indefinite future, as a result of their encouraging album sales on the Continent, and the resulting offers they've received for European tours. If the move works out, they're unlikely to return here on a permanent basis, for a very long time.

RICHMAN ONE-OFF

JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers pay an unexpected visit to Britain later this month to play a one-off gig at Aylesbury Friars on Saturday, April 22. They're currently touring Europe and weren't intending to stop off in this country. But the Friars management, with whom Beserkley acts have a close rapport, have persuaded them to fly in for this solitary show on what should have been one of their European rest days.

THE STRANGLERS, currently undertaking a 14-nation tour that culminates in Britain in the late spring, have their new single and third album scheduled for release by United Artists. The single "Nice And Sleazy", which they previewed during their January pub and club tour, comes out on April 24. The LP, issued on May 12, is titled "Black And White" and features mainly new numbers — including "Death And Night And Blood", "Tank" and "Hey (Rise Of The Robots)".

At present working in the U.S. of A., the band's itinerary also takes them to Canada, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia, as well as this country. As exclusively reported two weeks ago, their British dates — a mixture of club gigs and concerts — begin in late May.

Highlight of the tour will be two major London shows, and NME understands these are planned for the giant Alexandra Palace on June 6 and 7 — although at the moment GLC approval is still awaited, and this could prove to be a stumbling block. Among other Stranglers dates are Brighton Conference Centre (May 20) and Glasgow Apollo (26).

NEW-WAVE ROUND-UP

VIBRATORS guitarist John Ellis has quit the band, who are now searching for a replacement. Reason for his departure, coinciding with the release of the outfit's "V.2" album, is unclear. And Ellis doesn't exactly solve the mystery by saying that he's left "to devote more time to watching TV and playing bridge".

CLASH members Paul Simonon and Nicky Headon spent last Thursday night in a police cell, after being arrested while allegedly shooting pigeons from the roof of their Chalk Farm rehearsal studio. Full story: Thrills, page 18.

BLONDIE have a new single issued by Chrysalis this weekend, even though their chart-topping "Denis" is still selling in large numbers. Main title is "Presence Dear", taken from their "Plastic Letters" album, and the two tracks on the B-side are "Poets Problem" and "Detroit 442".

THE BUZZCOCKS' new United Artists single, out April 14, is a double A-side release coupling "I Don't Mind" and "Autonomy". Both tracks are taken from their album "Another Music In A Different Kitchen".

THE TALKING HEADS will be returning to Britain for a brief visit in June. They're coming over for what is primarily an extensive European tour, and were not originally planning to stop off in this country. But in view of the success of their last tour here, it's now intended to bring them in for two or three dates, although details are not yet available.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS have added another five dates to their April tour, their first since ex-Damned singer Dave Vanian joined the line-up. They are at Doncaster Outlook (17), Leeds 'F' Club (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (20) and Sheffield Top Rank (23).

Darts bullseye: 32 major dates

DARTS headline a massive nationwide tour in the late spring. They were on the road earlier this year for their first outing, which sold out completely, but their second tour is a far more impressive itinerary — comprising 32 major dates. And these will be their last appearances in Britain this year, as they subsequently intend to concentrate on the European and U.S. markets.

They play Portsmouth Guildhall (May 10), Southampton Odeon (11), Exeter University (12), Reading Hexagon Theatre (14), Bristol Colston Hall (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Liverpool Empire (19 and 20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Birmingham Hippodrome (23 and 24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Blackpool Opera House (26), Glasgow Apollo (27 and 28), Aberdeen Capitol (30), Edinburgh Usher Hall (31) and Newcastle City Hall (June 2).

They then visit the Isle of Man for two gigs during T.T. weekend at Douglas Marina Ballroom (June 3 and 4), followed by Preston Guildhall (6), Hull City Hall (7), Bradford St. George's Hall (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Norwich Theatre Royal (11), Peterborough ABC (12), Ipswich Odeon (13) and Brighton Dome (15). The tour ends with two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 17 and 18, the second being a charity concert in association with the Variety Club of Great Britain.

Magnet Records have scheduled April 21 for the release of Darts' new single, with their second album to follow on May 12, though neither is yet titled. Meanwhile, their singles "Daddy Cool" and "Come Back My Love" have both gone Gold.

RAFFERTY CONCERTS

GERRY RAFFERTY, currently hitting the high spots in both NME Charts with his single smash "Baker Street" and equally successful album "City To City", headlines a 12-city concert tour during the first half of June. He's getting together a new backing band for the gigs.

Dates are Dunstable Queensway Hall (June 1), Reading Hexagon Theatre (2), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (4), Edinburgh Odeon (5), Glasgow City Hall (6), Newcastle City Hall (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (10), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (11), Birmingham Hippodrome (12) and Bristol Colston Hall (14).

Tickets are priced £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1 at all venues except London, where they are £3, £2.50, and £2. Most box-offices will be opening this Saturday (8). Ed Bicknell of the Nems Agency, who set up the tour, has still to name the support act.

Rafferty's band will be a seven-piece outfit, fronted by himself on guitar and vocals, and featuring Tommy Eyre (keyboards), Gary Taylor (bass), Raphael Ravenscroft (flute and saxes) and Liam Genocky (drums). The remaining musicians have not yet been decided.

A new Rafferty single will be issued by United Artists to coincide with the tour. It hasn't yet been scheduled, but seems likely to be a track called "Whatever's Written In Your Heart".

Maddy solo tour, album

LESS THAN three months after the disbandment of Steeleye Span, Maddy Prior launches her solo career by way of a self-penned album and a 16-date concert tour.

The LP, titled "Woman In The Wings", was produced by Ian Anderson, David Palmer and Robin Black. And it's collection of songs composed by Maddy during her eight years on the road as lead singer with Steeleye. It's released by Chrysalis on May 12.

Maddy is currently in the process of putting together a four-piece backing band, with whom she will be touring at Derby Assembly Rooms (May 12), London Wembley Royal Hall, formerly the Conference Centre (13), Reading Hexagon Theatre (17), Birmingham Hippodrome (19), Southport New Theatre (21), Glasgow Theatre Royal (22), Edinburgh Odeon (23), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (24), Oxford New Theatre (25), London Royal Festival Hall (27), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (31), Croydon Fairfield Hall (June 1), Brighton Dome (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3) and Bradford St. George's Hall (4).

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ON THE ROAD

THE ONLY ONES, whose debut CBS single "Another Girl Another Planet" is released on April 14, have been booked as support act on the upcoming British tour by Television, It opens next Monday in **Newcastle** — see Gig Guide for details.

WHIRLWIND continue gigging before joining the Ian Dury tour on May 10. They play **Plymouth** Metro (tonight, Thursday), **Portsmouth** Centre Hotel (Friday), **Brighton** New Regent (Saturday), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (April 10), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (21), **Leeds** University (22), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (27), **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (28), **Manchester** Rafters (29), **London Kensington** Nashville (30), and **Nottingham** Robin Hood (May 4). They also support Elvis Costello at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse on April 15 and 16.

THE SUPREMES' Mary Wilson, with newcomers Karen Jackson and Kaaren Ragland, have added a few more British dates besides their previously-reported three nights at the **London** Palladium (April 13-15). They are **Bedford** Nite Spot (April 9 and 10), **Cambridge** Kerridge Centre (12), **Sheffield** Fiesta (16) and **Birmingham** Night Out (17 week).

BETHNAL have extended their current tour through to mid-April with gigs at **Swansea** Nutz Club (tonight, Thursday), **Newport** Village Club (Friday), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (Saturday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (10), **London Camden** Music Machine (13) and **Norwich** Toppers (14).

JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO begin another British concert tour next month. Highlight is an appearance at **London** Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, May 20.

THE YOUNG ONES continue touring at **Hitchin** College of Education (this Saturday), **Plymouth** Metro (April 13), **London Camden** Dingwalls (15), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (17), **London Strand** Lyceum with Tonight (19), **Liverpool** Eric's (20), **Retford** Porterhouse (21), **Nottingham** Boat Club (22), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (23), **Swindon** Affair (24), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (27), **Dundee** Technical College (28), **Aberdeen** University (29) and **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (30).

SUPERCHARGE are newly booked for **London Camden** Music Machine (this Saturday), **Redcar** (Coatham Bowl (Sunday), **London Strand** Lyceum with Sad Cafe (April 12), **Liverpool** Eric's (17), **Dundee** Technical College (21), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (22), **Ashington** Regal Cinema (23), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (24), **Reading** Hexagon Theatre (25), **London Camden** Dingwalls (26), **London Kensington** Nashville (27), **Burton** 76 Club (28) and **Nottingham** Boat Club (29).

OZO are on tour for the next five weeks, and dates confirmed so far are **Swansea** Circles (tonight, Thursday), **London Southgate** Technical College (Friday), **Lowestoft** College of Further Education (April 14), **Ilkley** College of Further Education (19), **Harlow** Technical College (21), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (22), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (27), **London Mile End** Liberty Cinema (28), **London Twickenham** West London Institute (29), **Burnley** Bankhall Club (May 5), **Manchester** University (6), **Buckley** Tivoli (9) and **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (10).

SHOWADDYWADDY continue their occasional concert dates with gigs at **Bristol** Colston Hall (April 17), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (22), **Preston** Lockley Grand Hall (23) and **Birmingham** Odeon (May 7.

THE DEPRESSIONS have extra dates at **London W.1.** Speakeasy (April 12), **Manchester** Pips (13), **Bradford** Technical College (14), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (28) and **Reading** Bulmershe College (29).

MARSEILLE play a string of club and college dates this month, prior to a European tour. So far set for the Mountain Records band are **London Fulham** Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (Friday), **Liverpool** Eric's (April 11), **Chester** Radio City (12), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (14), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (16), **Swansea** Circles Club (17), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (21) and **Manchester** Rafters (22).

BLACK SLATE have extra gigs at **Birmingham** Rebecca's (this Friday), **London Camden** Music Machine (April 12), **Hull** Tiffany's (17), **Brighton** Top Rank (19), **London Kensington** Nashville (20 and 21), **Preston** Polytechnic (28) and **Leicester** University (29).

RAW RECORDS are planning two **London** concerts, the first this month, the second in May. The first, titled "Raw Rockabilly Rave-Up" will probably be at Oxford St. 100 Club featuring The Riot Rockers, Danny Wild & The Wildcats and Matchbox. The May gig, venue to be announced, is Raw's first anniversary show with Downliners Sect, The Unwanted, The Killjoys, The Soft Boys, Some Chicken and Lockjaw. All bands involved have records now available on Raw. Full details in a week or two.

BRIGHTON New Regent, which has been staging Friday-night gigs for some months, will also be presenting Saturday shows from this weekend (8) when Whirlwind appear. Upcoming attractions include The Depressions, Amazorblades, The Banned, Yachts and The Pleasers. It's intended to keep admission below £1 for all Saturday gigs.

ROKOTTO: on tour with Brass Construction

Extra Brass Construction

BRASS CONSTRUCTION's British visit next month has now been extended into a full 17-date tour, including a major London show at the Hammersmith Odeon. Rokotto are the support act throughout. Several of the eight venues originally announced have now been switched around, so here is the full revised itinerary:

Northampton Salon (May 10), Bournemouth Village Bowl (12), London Southgate Royalty (13), Chelmsford Odeon (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (17), Birmingham Barbarella's (18), Colchester ABC (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Bristol Romeo and Juliet's (22), Brighton Top Rank (23), Peterborough ABC (24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), Newcastle Mayfair (26), Dunstable California (27), Blackpool Tiffany's (29) and Southend Talk Of The South (30).

SAD CAFE CONCERTS

SAD CAFE, whose round-Britain jaunt comes to a temporary halt at London Strand Lyceum on April 12, begin the second leg of their tour at the end of the month. They headline concerts at Bradford St. George's Hall (April 30), Newcastle City Hall (May 1), Southport New Theatre (2), Oxford New Theatre (3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (4) and Sheffield City Hall (5). Their latest album "Misplaced Ideals" comes out on April 14.

SLADE: ANOTHER EIGHT

SLADE have added another eight dates to their current tour — at Aberystwyth University (April 18), Edinburgh University (21), Glasgow University (22), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (24), Coventry Theatre (27), Hull College of Education (28), Plymouth Polytechnic (29) and Portsmouth Guildhall (30). But their previously-reported gig at Port Talbot Troubadour tomorrow (Friday) is cancelled.

GLADIATORS U.K. VISIT

TOP JAMAICAN band The Gladiators, whose latest album "Provincial Reggae" was issued recently on Virgin's Front Line label, undertake their first British tour later this month. Dates so far set are Brighton Top Rank (April 19), London Oxford St. 100 Club (20), London Harlesden New Roxy Theatre (21), Liverpool Eric's (24), Manchester Elizabethan Room (26), Birmingham Rebecca's (27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (29) and Edinburgh Clouds (30).

THE RETURN OF AC/DC

AC/DC return to Britain next month for an extensive nationwide concert tour. It will run through the whole of May, and special guests on all dates will be British Lions, the band comprising former members of Mott and Medicine Head. The itinerary is at present being finalised, and details will be announced in a week or two. A new AC/DC album will be issued to coincide.

Meanwhile, British Lions continue gigging in their own right and latest April dates for the band are Middlesbrough Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), Rochdale RocRock Club (Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Liverpool Eric's (10), Bristol Locarno (11), Plymouth Woods (12), Penzance The Garden (13), London Camden Music Machine (14) and Birmingham Barbarella's (17).

Wings making ready to fly

PAUL McCARTNEY is now seriously looking into the possibility of getting Wings back on the road in the fairly near future. The main obstacle to live work so far this year has been the fact that the band is now down to a nucleus of three — Paul, Linda and Denny Laine. But he is now considering names to fill the vacant guitar and drum spots in the line-up.

Recently Wings have been working with Steve Holley, drummer with the five-piece Vapour Trails band, who are the first signing to the new Criminal Records label (formed by Max Hole and Geoff Dukes, managers of Camel and Michael Chapman).

A spokesman for Wings commented: "It doesn't necessarily follow that Holley will join them permanently. But you could say it's an indication that Paul is taking the first steps towards augmenting Wings in readiness for live work."

An animation film titled "The Oriental Nightfish", based on a new Linda McCartney composition, has been selected for showing in this year's Cannes Film Festival. Directed and animated by Ian Emes, it features music by Wings, who also perform on the soundtrack. The movie will be screened in Britain later.

Wings guest in the first of a new fully-networked Granada TV series titled "Paul", starring Paul Nicholas, on May 9. Also appearing in the first show are The Pleasers and Showaddywaddy.

A 160-page book of photographs titled "Hands Across The Water", documenting Wings' 1976 American tour, is published by Paper Tiger on April 14 priced £3.25.

BETHNAL
DANGEROUS DATES
APRIL:
6th – SWANSEA, Nutz
7th – NEWPORT, The Village
8th – BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's
10th – WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
13th – LONDON, MUSIC MACHINE
14th – NORWICH, Toppers
19th – PLYMOUTH, Woods
20th – PENZANCE, The Garden
21st – NEWTON ABBOT, Sealehayne College
26th – FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliffe Hall
27th – BRISTOL, Poly
Other dates to be announced.
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Band of Joy hit bigtime

BAND OF JOY, the outfit that's become something of a rock legend because of their past association with Led Zeppelin's John Bonham and Robert Plant, undertake their first major tour this month as support to Manfred Mann's Earth Band. The tour opens in Newcastle tomorrow (Friday) — see Gig Guide for details. Despite their cult reputation, the group have never previously recorded, but that omission is now rectified with the release by Polydor this weekend of their album "Band Of Joy", produced by Shel Talmy.

The new Band Of Joy came together just over a year ago, at the suggestion of Robert Plant, who was trying to arrange a benefit for the dependents of a previous member of the band, who had been killed in a car crash. Original members Paul Lockey (guitar and lead vocals), Kevin Gammond (lead guitar) and John Pasternak (bass) are now joined in the line-up by Michael Chetwood (keyboards) and Francesco Nizza (drums).

MOTORS IN U.K. RALLY

THE MOTORS tour Britain throughout May, playing a total of 25 dates, supported by The Jolt and Marseille. Their U.K. outing is preceded by a European tour opening in Berlin on April 13, and followed by an eight-week U.S. jaunt starting June 14. Their new single "Sensation" is issued this weekend by Virgin, and their latest album "Approved By The Motors" on May 5. Gigs are:

Birmingham Town Hall (May 1), Cardiff Top Rank (2), Oxford College of Education (3), Bournemouth Village Bowl (4), Cambridge Corn Exchange (5), Malvern Winter Gardens (6), Manchester Ritz (7), Edinburgh Tiffany's (8), Dundee Caird Hall (9), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), Newcastle Mayfair (12), Bradford University (13), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (14), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (16), Keele University (17), Coventry Locarno (18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19), Liverpool Eric's (20), Plymouth Castaways (22), Bristol Locarno (23), Bath Pavilion (24), London Strand Lyceum (26), St. Albans City Hall (27) and Croydon Greyhound (28).

CULT ADD SIX More by Tull, Styx

BLUE OYSTER CULT have now confirmed another six dates in Britain for the late spring, after they return to this country from their European trek.

As reported by NME seven weeks ago, they headline eight shows here from April 26 onwards, before shooting off to the Continent. Ticket demand for these initial concerts has been so heavy that the promoters, Straight Music, are bringing them back when they've finished in Europe.

The extra dates for Cult, together with the most advanced laser show currently on the tour circuit, are at Liverpool Empire (May 30), Edinburgh Odeon (31), Newcastle City Hall (June 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (3) and London Hammersmith Odeon (4).

They will be making returns to three of these venues, as the first leg of their tour already takes in Leicester (April 26), Newcastle (30) and Hammersmith (May 3 and 4).

Tickets are on sale now for the further shows priced £3, £2.50 and £2 at all venues, with additional £1.50 seats at Liverpool, Newcastle and London.

● STYX, the American five-piece band whose debut British visit was announced three weeks ago, have now been set for two more dates — at Liverpool Empire (May 13) and Sheffield Top Rank (14). Gigs already reported are at Manchester Apollo (11), Birmingham Hippodrome (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15). Support act on all five shows will be the Roy Hill Band.

● JETHRO TULL have added another London date to their upcoming British tour itinerary. Their four previously-reported gigs in the capital, at the Rainbow (May 7-8) and Hammersmith Odeon (9-10), have now completely sold out. So they have slotted in a fifth concert at Hammersmith on Thursday, May 11, for which tickets are now on sale.

Blast joining Wilko outing

BLAST FURNACE & The Heatwaves support the Wilko Johnson Band in the majority of their Biritsh tour dates, reported last week. Furnace & Co. appear in 17 gigs including the opening date at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), London Camden Music Machine (April 26), a new booking at Bradford University (May 3) and London Marquee (10 and 11, not 9 and 10 as originally announced). The band's EP "Blue Wave" is issued by Nighthawk Records to coincide with these gigs.

CARROTT'S CONCERTS

JASPER CARROTT follows his recent highly-praised ITV series by undertaking his most important and longest tour to date. Over 30 gigs have already been confirmed and it's likely that more, including a major London show, will be added. So far set are:

Jersey St. Helier Opera House (April 10 and 11), **Taunton** Odeon (12), **Hatfield** Forum Theatre (15 and 16), **Slough** Thames Hall (18 and 20), **Bracknell** Sports Centre (21), **Chatham** Central Hall (22), **York** University (26), **Chester** Deeside Leisure Centre (28), **Stroud** Leisure Centre (May 6), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (8 and 9), **Bath** Pavilion (18), **Crawley** The Hall (20), **Tunbridge** Wells Assembly Hall (22), **Reading** Hexagon Theatre (23), **Dorking** Halls (24), **Oakengates** Town Hall (26), **Swindon** Leisure Centre (27), **Ebbw Vale** Leisure Centre (June 1), **Corby** Festival Hall (2), **Aylesbury** Civic Centre (7 and 8), **Ipswich** Gaumont (11 and 12), **Gt. Yarmouth** ABC (17), **Peterborough** ABC (18), **Northampton** ABC (24) and **Colchester** ABC (25).

...And if you missed last week's issue

MANY READERS in the London area were unable to obtain NME last week, due to industrial action by workers who distribute newspapers and magazines in the capital. For the benefit of those who missed out, here's a reprise of last week's main news headlines:

QUEEN play their first British concerts for two years at Stafford New Bingley Hall (May 6 and 7) and Wembley Empire Pool (11, 12 and 13). No support act. Tickets on sale now.

IAN DURY and the Blockheads begin a 26-date nationwide tour on May 11, including two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 13-14).

WILKO JOHNSON sets out this weekend on his first major U.K. tour with his new band. He'll play upwards of 30 dates running through to mid-May.

ELO have confirmed four more dates at Wembley Empire Pool — June 12, 14, 15 and 16 — making eight in all, and confirming NME's exclusive forecast.

X-RAY SPEX have been signed by EMI International and this week start their first full British tour.

FOREIGNER make their British debut at London Rainbow on April 27.

CLIMAX TOUR NEXT MONTH

CLIMAX BLUES BAND undertake one of their rare British tours next month. It ties in with their first releases for Warner Brothers, with whom they recently signed — the single "When Talking Is Too Much Trouble" (out April 14) and album "Shine On" (released on April 21).

They play London Strand Lyceum (May 3), Birmingham Hippodrome (4), Lancaster University (5), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (6), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Cardiff Top Rank (9), Plymouth Castaways (10), Poole Leisure Centre (11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (12), Leicester Polytechnic (13) and Bristol Hippodrome (14).

Tickets are on sale now priced £2 (London), £1.35 (Glasgow), £2, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25 (Sheffield), £1.90 and £1.70 (Cardiff), £1.50 (Plymouth), £1.50 and £1.25 (Cromer) and £1.50 and £1.30 (Leicester). Poole prices are not yet known, but at all remaining venues admission is £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Promoter is Phil Banfield of Nems in association with Harvey Goldsmith.

Re-vamped Brand X for Knebworth show

BRAND X are to become a full-time band with a new line-up of musicians. Previously operating only as an occasional outfit, the personnel changes will enable them to operate in future on a permanent basis. And they make their new-look debut on June 24 when they appear at the Knebworth open-air concert, supporting Genesis and Jefferson Starship.

Peter Robinson, formerly with Suntreader, comes into the band on keyboards to replace Robin Lumley. And the new drummer is Chuck Bergi, taking over from Kenwood Dennard, who in turn replaced Phil Collins. Rest of the line-up remains as Percy Jones (bass), John Goodsall (guitar) and Morris Pert (percussion). They'll be touring extensively this year — including visits to America, Europe and Japan — but are first working on a new studio album to be released in August.

Lumley quit the band because of his heavy production commitments. He'll be producing Brand X as well as Warhorse, the group formed by Clive Bunker and Jack Lancaster. And he's also discussing a film adaptation of "Peter And The Wolf".

RECORD NEWS

Pirates: album, tour

THE PIRATES' new album has now at last been scheduled officially for release by Warner Brothers on April 21. Titled "Skull Wars", it contains 12 tracks — including two Chuck Berry and one Fats Domino standards, plus several originals. The band will undertake a full British tour to tie in with the release, details to be announced shortly. Meanwhile, The Pirates perform at Luxembourg's Blow-Up Club on April 22, and their show will be broadcast live by Radio Luxembourg at 10pm that evening.

● **Steve Hackett** releases his first solo album since leaving Genesis on April 14. Titled "Please Don't Touch", it's on the Charisma label. Among musicians and back-up vocalists on the set are Richie Havens, Steve Walsh, Phil Ehart of Kansas, John Hackett and Chester Thompson — plus a computer called Necam! Among the tracks is a musical tribute to Agatha Christie titled "Carry On Up The Vicarage".

● Capitol this week launch their new Tower record series concentrating on soul, R&B and jazz. First albums out this weekend are by **Peabo Bryson, Sun** and **Raul De Souza**. Also this month seven albums, already available here, are being re-packaged for inclusion in the Tower campaign — among them two **Maze** sets, "The Golden Time Of Day" and "Maze".

● **Paul Shuttleworth**, ex-Kursaal Flyers lead singer, has signed a solo contract with CBS and is already recording a single with procucer Mike Batt. It's his version of Willy DeVille's "Mixed Up Shook Up Girl".

● **Tonight** follow their "Drummer Man" with a new single titled "Money", penned by band members Chris Turner and Phil Chambon, and released by WEA on April 21. They preview it when headlining at London Strand Lyceum on April 19.

● **Maria Muldaur's** first album since "Sweet Harmony" two years ago is released by Warners on May 5. Titled "Southern Winds", it was recorded in Hollywood and includes three Leon Russell compositions.

● **Gloria Mundi** go into the studios next week to start on their first RCA album, provisionally titled "I, Individual". Release is planned for mid-June, when the band begin a six-week promotional tour.

● Little-known Scots singer **Stevie Frey** has made an impressive debut for Phonogram, Matthew Kaufman, president of Beserkley Records, happened to be present at the sessions and was so impressed that he called in **Greg Kihn, The Rubinoos** and **Earthquake** to do backing vocals. Frey's resulting debut single will be issued in May 5, with an album to follow in the summer.

● **"Roy Harper** 1970-75" is the title of a Harvest compilation album due out on May 5, spotlighting his acoustic work during that period.

16 top stars in two-album soundtrack

MCA release an all-star double album titled "FM" on April 28, featuring some of the biggest names in the rock business. It's the soundtrack from an upcoming movie of the same name, which has its U.S. premiere this month, with British screening later in the year. The film concerns the behind-the-scenes life at an American FM radio station, and includes in-concert appearances by Jimmy Buffett and Linda Ronstadt. The album includes a specially written title song by Steely Dan, and full track listing is:

STEELY DAN "FM"; **BOB SEGER** "Night Moves"; **STEVE MILLER** "Fly Like An Eagle"; **FOREIGNER** "Cold As Ice"; **TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS** "Breakdown"; **RANDY MEISNER** "Bad Man"; **DOOBIE BROTHERS** "It Keeps You Runnin' "; **JAMES TAYLOR** "Your Smiling Face"; **JOE WALSH** "Life's Been Good"; **QUEEN** "We Will Rock You"; **EAGLES** "Life In The Fast Lane"; **STEELY DAN** "Do It Again"; **BOZ SCAGGS** "Lido Shuffle"; **BOSTON** "More Than A Feeling"; **LINDA RONSTADT** "Tumbling Dice" and "Poor Poor Pitiful Me"; **DAN FOGELBERG** "There's A Place In The World For A Gambler"; **BILLY JOEL** "Just The Way You Are".

● **Manchester's** Rabid Records celebrate their first birthday next week with the release of two singles — "Central Detention Centre" by **Gyro** and "Going Steady" by **Jilted John**.

● A new **Peter Cook and Dudley Moore** album, significantly titled "The Clean Tapes", is issued by Cube Records this weekend.

● Previously with the Sun and Epic labels, **Charlie Rich** has been signed by United Artists, for whom he is currnetly working on a new album.

● Albums scheduled for June release in Sonet include "Lift The Lid And Listen" by **Dave Swarbrick**, "Troubles Troubles" by **Otis Rush** and **"Lightnin' Slim's** London Gumbo".

● **The Depressions** have their debut album, a 14-track set bearing their name as its title, released by the Barn label, (distributed by Polydor) this weekend. A single titled "Got To Get Out Of This Town", called from the LP and penned by the band's bassist Dave Barnard, follows on April 14.

Stiff special

● Stiff Records have signed U.S. band **Jane Aire & The Belvederes** to a long-term contract. The six-piece outfit hail from Akron, Ohio, hometown of Devo. Their first single "Yankee Wheels" comes out next week.

● Meanwhile, **Devo** — who, as already reported, have just signed with Virgin — have their single "Satisfaction" out this week on the Stiff / Booji Boy label.

● April 14 sees the release of **Ian Dury's** latest single "What A Waste" (Stiff), and "Romeo" by **Ernie Graham** is set for April 21 on the Stiff 1-Off label.

● Stiff have now confirmed April 28 as the release date of the 15-track compilation album "The Legend Of **Mickey Jupp**", retailing at £2.99. Jupp and his band are currently supporting Elvis Costello on tour.

This handsome four-piece is THE AUTOMATICS, who were formed last autumn and earlier this year toured Britain as support to The Vibrators. They've just been signed by Island Records who release their debut single "When The Tanks Roll Over Poland" on April 28. Line-up is from left to right: RICKY ROCKET (drums and keyboards), DAVE PHILIP (vocals and 12-string), WALLY PIERCE (guitar and vocals) and BOBBY COLLINS (bass and vocals). Upcoming gigs include London Marquee (this Friday and April 21) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (April 11).

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JAPAN

ADOLESCENT SEX

A new album out now on ARIOLA/HANSA

Meet Tricky Ricky and the Denim Deliverers

Ricky Neilson and CHEAP TRICK, to be more precise, who're currently wowing the Heavy Metal Hordes and MAX BELL (who naturally feels there's a bit more to it than that . . .).

BIRMINGHAM. 11.30p.m. The Mayfair Ballroom, a Mecca stronghold and this Thursday evening doubling as glamorous venue for Cheap Trick. Both the hall and the majority of the audience hardly seem ready for what they are about to receive, only a few are thankful.

Jeez, they probably draw a bigger crowd on bingo night.

Round the corner The Boomtown Rats have ensured that the Brum rock populace is elsewhere and the complete absence of fly posters and the non-appearance of the door staff mean that the 200-odd staking out their 20 square yards of drinking space are in there for free.

That would be taking the music to the people, but they aren't exactly appreciative.

A few louts shout the odds from the bar perimeter; "Wankers", they quip and sometimes "Gerrof you wankers." To the objective eye I should say things aren't quite as good as they should be.

The band themselves are pleasantly optimistic afterwards. When the promoter shows a shamed face he leaves intact. In fact Cheap Trick play a flawless set. Lead guitarist, songsmith and general factotum Rick Neilsen tells me that they play their butts off regardless: "Doesn't matter if it's one kid from Birmingham or the President of the record company."

Criticisms of certain aspects of the tour aside (maybe college dates would have at least ensured capacity attendances) Neilson is not jiving.

The following night, Friday, and Cheap Trick headline in Newcastle's equivalent. Organisation is vastly superior and, what with it being pay day and all, the 1000-plus crowd learns just what these much vaunted sons of Chicago, Illinois, can really do.

A guy there with a home-made tee shirt sums up short and sweet: "Cheap Trick. Rocks like nuts" on his back.

On stage tonight's heroes do that and more. The Geordie audience is a restoration of faith in every sense. They are also the real future for the diverse foursome. Heavy metal devotees. Kiss freaks. Sabbath saboteurs. There's very little evidence that the fashion end of yon Punk explosion has hit the North East, not even with Bethnal as support. Up here, long hair, blue denims and noise are the order of the day and the fact that they take the Trick straight to their hearts is the surest sign that some mass acceptance is eminintly possible. At one point bass player Tom Petersson slips off the boards in the frenzy of the moment and is carried on his back over the outstretched hands of the frothing hordes, Iggy Poppery at its most dangerous.

Petersson is by now having his guitar pulled and grabbed from his neck; he carries on playing in the horizontal position until roadies perform a lethal rescue act. What a trouper. At the end of the hour set the kids voice their approval with some rousing chants of "Howay the lads", a rare compliment.

IN AMERICA the fruits of nearly four years years continual touring have begun to reap their reward. A support stretch with Kiss, and B.O.C. tested their mettle. Where a false slip in billing compatability means instant death for the unfortunate openers the Trick managed at least one encore a night. The recipe for success in the U.S. has to be hard work and their giving 200 per cent has gradually worked them up to headline status in certain areas.

Nor have the band come to Britain with the attitude of the usual pamperd Yankie, 50 Rolls Royces and champagne on tap. They make the transition from 12,000 seaters to clubs at the drop of Nielson's baseball cap and captivate regardless.

Their admitted wackiness is no barrier to the quality of the material, simply the best short songs on the market. With the current taste for media bracketing, pure pap for non-people at one end, the publically unacceptable clique in-jokes at the other, Cheap Trick stride over formula and labelling with a flick of several hundred guitar picks. They impress because they are so obviously the best American outfit to emerge within the recent time span of the trans-Atlantic re-think.

While American New Wave has imitated (without understanding) the revolution in attitudes pioneered by our homegrown sons of the street, Cheap Trick have culled and defined an aesthetic based on ability.

In addition to their live stamina they have cut three albums in 14 months, an unprecedented output that matches The Beatles and The Who in their hey-day. Their influences are similarly of the finest. This isn't just a bunch of disparate weirdos resting on the unusual good-looks of a short back and sides leader but a corporate exercise in rock and roll dynamics.

Firstly, Robin Zander is the voice of today with a range that encompasses the blues shout, the angelic, the descriptive and the dreamy. The undoubted sexiness of his cool up-front appeal is matched by Petersson's own equine physiognomy and the tone of his unique 12-string bass which he describes as "Like a 12 string guitar playing along with a normal bass". He had a ten-string custom Hamer not so long ago but the effect of the new model has revolutionised the band's studio technique.

Drummer Bun E. Carlos (short for Bunezuela from Venezuela) pounds a 1948 Slingerland Radio King kit, saying more in 15 seconds than most panel beaters say in 15 minutes. He inhales a pack of cigarettes as he goes, only stopping to exhale at the end of a number, otherwise lost in a smokescreen so thick that dry ice would look tame in comparison.

And Neilsen is the real hot news — more prolific and consistent than any other songwriter around, with a backlog of over a 100 songs yet to be recorded to match his collection of 60 guitars. He tosses pick after pick into the hungry paws of the crowd, catches some in his mouth before adding to the spit trick and then zooming across the stage in a staggering blurred consummation of all the best Chuck Berry and Pete Townshend moves.

The collective visual humour outdoes any competition but the music is even better, spontaneous combustion allied to clear renditions of the albums performed in the manner of absolute mastery.

Before this tour British fans had only "their second record," "In Color" to whet the appetite. The Jack Douglas-produced debut is a hard to obtain import, but the third attempt, "Heaven Tonight", should be the clincher.

Petersson explains why: "It's Tom (Ted Nugent) Werman's second shot at the group. This time we walked in with the songs finished and ready to cut, before he was throwing out more ideas. We made the record in five days. At the moment our schedule is continual work. We've played 300 gigs a year for three years, including the Iowa bowling rink type place where the owner does everything he can to screw ya. It's great to go back and see how their attitude changes. Most club managers are complete assholes."

Neilsen and Petersson have been in bands together for ten years now, having gone to Europe to recruit the remaining nucleus. Their ride to somewhere near the top wasn't always smooth. All four managed to dodge the draft. Neilsen didn't have to plead insanity, he was obviously, a loony, but the alternative wasn't sunning on the beach and topless bathing. Petersson earned the odd franc in French subways with his acoustic while Zander hit the hippy trail to Scotland looking for a break, strumming his guitar in forsaken lochs until a judicious hitching thumb found him in the South of France with the ex-patriot American community.

■ *Continues over page*

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

CHEAP TRICK

■ *From previous page*

A lack of bucks and common nationality drew them together, then when the 18-year-old native of Fairbanks, Alaska, opened his mouth to sing they knew he was perfect. The threesome headed home to Chicago, stopping to pick up dapper Carlos and make it a unit.

A live tape reached the ears of Aerosmith producer Jack Douglas who said yes let's do it. Petersson opines: "He didn't really take enough trouble with us. Tom Werman has the sound of the band in mind the whole time."

Despite their apparent zaniness the group are perfectionists to every last detail. Dave Clark fanatic and avid record collector Carlos listens to a live tape of their shows after every performance to see if they might not improve someplace, but they are so manifestly tight, so gifted in structure and so resplendently spoilt by Neilsen's box of killer hooks that in songs like "Downed", "Southern Girls", "Big Eyes" or "So Good To See You" they genuinely evoke the feeling that here at last are the successors to the mid-60s cream of instant quality commercialism pioneered by The Move, The Kinks, The Who and The Beatles.

By comparison, the current vogue for rehabilitating the mop top vogue is patently ludicrous. The irresponsible bandying of the more and more blatant rip-off school of Parlophone teen scum shrivels and dies beside Cheap Tricks power chorded, brain catching progressiveness.

Petersson and Zander, in a corner of their tour coach, describe Neilsen's approach: "He's busting out with ideas, not all good, but if one of us doesn't like them he doesn't get offended or egotistic. Technically he's very good and doesn't get enough credit for that. He never practises Alvin Lee licks to get faster, his style is spontaneous, off the cuff like Jeff Beck was. We screw around a lot with the songs so they sound different each night even if we play within the same format. The rest of us are writing too, having learned from him and the freedom of working a studio, but we'll go along with Rick."

Neilsen is certainly the most outlandish candidate for rock and roll stardom this side of . . . (choose your own fave oddball). His stage gear is his normal clothing; bow-tie, one of a hundred puke yellow shirts, trousers wide enough to hide a Marshall stack and the kind of cardigans that are sloppier than usual. Underneath the eternal baseball cap he hides a hair cut courtesy of Petersson.

I ask Tom how long Neilsen's looked like that?

"Too long. It's very difficult to get into restaurants with him. He doesn't even take the hat off in the shower. I have seen him without it but only because I cut his hair with barber's shears."

On stage the rest of the band seem oblivious to Rick's left-field callisthenics but their set is so breathtakingly high-powered that there's no time for the movements to become mannered or fey, as they did, say, with a band like Sparks who on mature reflection were so sickly and deliberate in their antics as to be nigh on nauseating.

The recorded evidence begins to set Cheap Trick into a category of their own making, being comparatively 'straight' down the line rock allied to enough twists and melodic echoes to make you think that John and Paul had a hand in the arrangements. Unlike Devo the Trick rely on a far more common denominator when it comes to visuals. Neilsen's personality is surreal anyhow, he has a way with his words and he shows it.

As for the economy of their numbers, Petersson says: "Playing long songs is mostly a waste of time. Who wants to hear tedious instrumental passages? Most people who aren't musicians don't care and we know we could do it so we don't care either."

A measure of Cheap Trick's fanatical American following is evidenced by the presence at their gigs of three guys from Rockford, Illinois, who came to England to see 'em play! They tell me that years back Neilsen and Peterson would perform Velvet Underground type material — ten minute versions of "Old Turkey", even Fats' "Ain't That A Shame". They were Chicago's most way-out band even when The MC5 used to visit town and get booed off stage.

Their following built up from underground to what Neilsen describes as: "a lot of people coming out of their holes to see us play. From 200 to 2,000 to 12,000. Our local following is still the best because the kids know us personally."

The brunt of their performance now is original, stopping off only to tinker with covers of idiosyncrasies like Terry Reid's "Speak Now (Or Forever Hold Your Peace)", The Move's "California Man" and an absured heavy metal rendition of Dylan's "Mrs. Henry" which has to be heard to be believed.

A MAN OF simple tastes, Neilson's only ambition is "to have as many guitars as Rick Wakeman has sparkles on his cape. . . that would be mind boggling. I saw him playing in the States, terrific. He was pushing a Mellotron over an ice rink on skates trying to catch it. That's art. Rock now with the big bands is just about getting in the newspapers, not music.

"The reason why the newer bands detest the establishment is for their life-style. They say they're entertainers and performers so come on and perform. It would be better if the Stones said they were going to tour Tasmania for six months and stayed at home rather than just making it obvious they stayed at home. Mind you, touring doesn't seem to be doing us much good so maybe we'll try that. I can't wait to retire and keep some goats."

Neilson likes nothing better than writing songs. "A three-minute song takes three minutes to write, a five-minute song five minutes. We're quicker than The Bee Gees. There's no limit to what we can do. I wanted to run for President but our touring schedule wouldn't permit it. In fact I haven't been home since December and haven't had a holiday for four years."

I asked him if he wasn't self-conscious about looking the way he does. "My hair did once touch my ears, which was embarrassing. Until I got Tom the shears I used some emery boards I found in a Hilton hotel but the scabs take too long to go away."

Backstage some 25 of his 60 guitars are lined up against the wall where most bands would squeeze their groupies. Neilsen owns some rarities, including a '58 Gibson Flying 'V', the world's only electric mandocello (the subject of a song on their debut album) and two 19th century acoustics. He mostly plays a custom Hamer on stage "Because the angles suit my personality."

"I choose guitars for their shape and colour, so what for the sound. That's why the kids are into punk 'cos it's basic and simple. You don't need programmers and the latest synthesiser to do it. I only play three guitars at once on stage, just like any three kids could do. Generally girls prefer me, I think. They're in such awe of my playing they barely speak to me. They think that instead of me wanting to. . . uh. . . that I'm going to lobotomise them with a screw driver.

"Actually, I'm cuter than Paul McCartney so all the girls with cameras should go out with me. Maybe there's a Linda Kodak I can date then my wife can play in the band."

During the long and boring intervals between carbon copy Holiday Inns and a lunchtime diet of sausages and mash Cheap Trick do not waste their punters' money on nefarious substances, although Neilsen admits he once drank a beer.

He writes the occasional drug abuse song to make up for it, namely one on their debut album, name of "Oh Candy":

"She was a friend who ended up dead. A sad story but if she hadn't died there'd have been no song. That's cold but millions won't mourn at my death. People offer me stuff all the time, very flattering."

Petersson says that if they' adopted the customary rum and coke routine of their American contemporaries they'd be so wired up they couldn't play.

"Most bands rely on it but what happens one night when you can't get high? It screws the audience, it's unprofessional."

Neilsen: "It never affected Jimmy Page. . . they just slide him on and off the stage as usual. Besides the less we have the more there is for everybody else."

They all agree that they have avoided the kiss of death that arises from being every critic's favourite band and still not having an audience by virtue of their playing every dive in the atlas. Neilsen adds: "Even in the most ludicrously sized halls we don't go through the motions. We don't give them that shit about 'here's a new song blah blah which sold a quarter of a million out of the box'. I don't think of us as being stars at all because I remember the thrill of really meeting rock musicians.

"We learnt from Kiss the value of talking to the fans and signing autographs. They're so pro the fans. If they have flu or they're ill they play on."

Part of their own professionalism is indicated by the fact that as Zander has a chronic sore throat he refuses to talk but uses sign language and writing in order to save his vocal chords for the audience on the supposedly prestigious London date where Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds, some Rods and Rats have moseyed along to check out the opposition.

Due to Zander's voice being completely shot from a Saturday stint in the Northampton Cricket Club they turn on their 'East Coast' set, which is an aspect of Cheap Trick not seen previously in England.

WHILE IT behoves writers to point out the lightweight, fun element in the Trick's catalogue I believe the group will win a much wider cross section of fans with their metal pop because as sure as shit in Texas audiences aren't going to fall over themselves analysing the metaphysical simplicity of Neilsen's sturm und drang. In a way the true H.M. fraternity is the only crowd worth associating with rock and roll enthusiasm. At The Roundhouse the customary quota of posers and polite clappers seemed bemused by the intensity of the nuclear blast and should get off the bus right now.

Neilsen says: "The band has no history worth speaking of. We are what you see". Mid-west historians and punk junk collectors might however like to know of previous Neilsen and Petersson incarnations. They were the only Illinoisians hip to the British invasion as it first happened — with Rick's garage breakers, The Grim Reapers.

Later they formed the only desirable part of an outfit who cut an album for Epic in the late 60s, The Fuse.

Neilsen's reputation and friendship with Todd Rundgren preceeded him when he and Petersson replaced the Runt and Carson van Osten to prolong The Nazz until that mutated into The Sick Man of Europe with Robert 'Stewkey' Antoni and a variety of drummers.

Depending on which day you catch him Neilsen will admit to some, all or none of his influences and has a healthy disrespect for the tacky end of the rock and roll business. His ethos is legit punk, what Lenny Kaye describes as 'the berserk pleasure that comes with being on-stage outrageous, the relentless middle-finger drive and determination offered only by rock and roll at its finest."

After the London date a backstage bore buttonholed him and waxed turgid on the merits of lunks like Queen and Foreigner and how let's face it all rock bands were comparable. Niesen fixed him an icy stare and retorted "Not us, we're totally original". Well. . . Cheap Trick have stolen a few licks but they replace them with care. In the future they are going to be the ones to get plundered.

Thanks boys, it was so good to see you.

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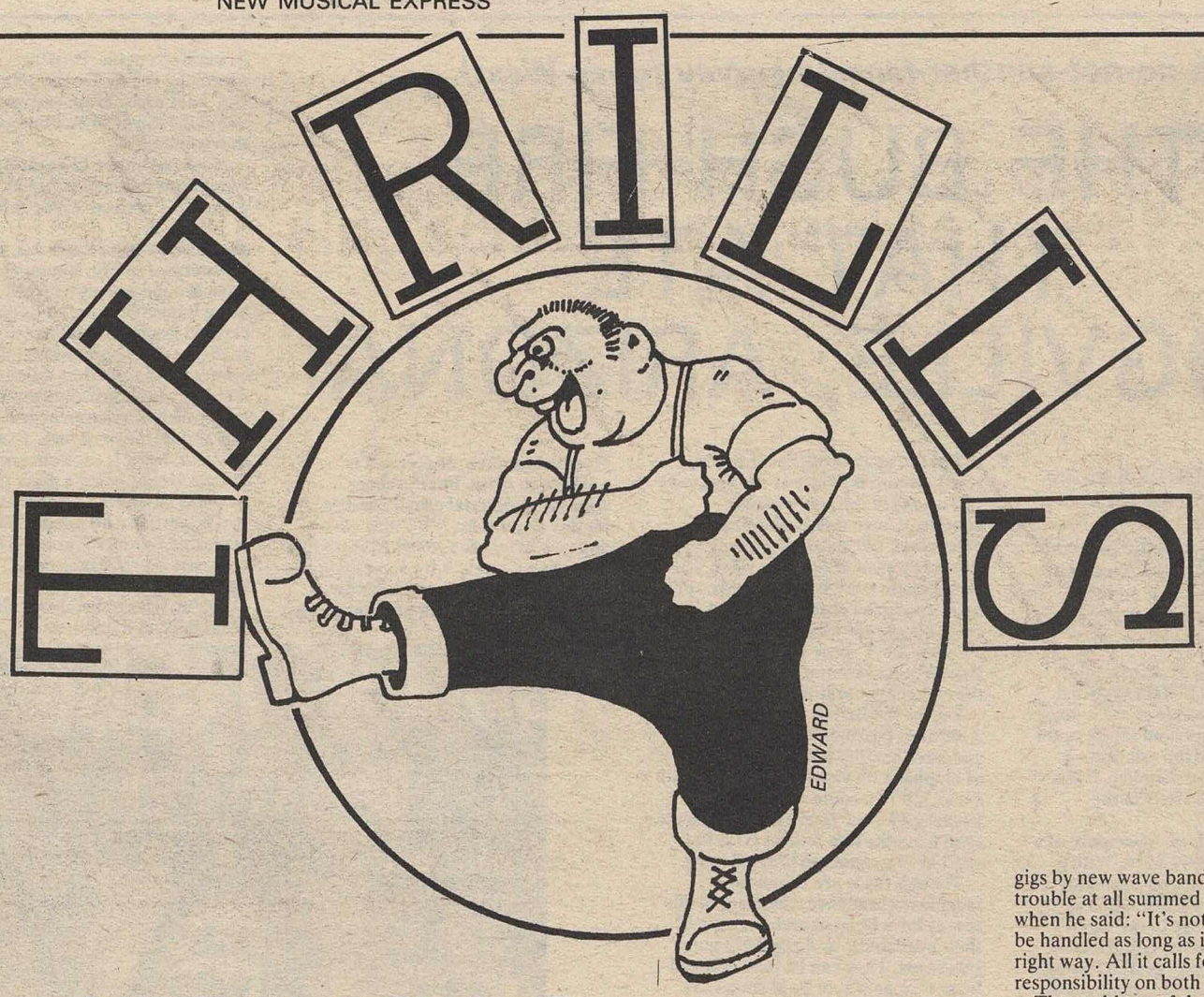

NEWCASTLE BROWNED OFF AT GIG VIOLENCE

FOR A LITTLE OVER A year now the sons and daughters of the city of Newcastle have been affording certain new wave acts the benefit of a traditional Geordie welcome. You know, the one normally reserved for visiting football supporters. Mindless aggression. To make matters worse, the supposed new wave fans have been soiling their own backdoor step as well.

One way or another, a lot of gigs — and we don't have that many to start with — have been halted prematurely or just plain spoiled.

Let me give you a few of the worst examples.

● **The Damned — Newcastle Polytechnic.** The band take the stage only to be met by a barrage of empty and some not so empty beer cans. Rat Scabies lambasts the audience, who reply with more weaponry. After four numbers The Damned concede defeat and leave the stage — for good. In the dressing room Dave Vanian displays facial bruising to assembled journalists and liggers.

● **The Clash — Newcastle University.** The Clash face a reduced barrage, but the off-stage action neatly complements the "White Riot" backdrop. Late arrivals, finding the gig sold out, flatten innocent stewards and bludgeon their way in. One steward sees the gig out in hospital.

● **Boomtown Rats — Mayfair Ballroom.** Geldof and Co. find themselves the victims of audience aggro. They leave the stage to allow things to cool down, but the missiles continue to fly for most of the evening. Geldof, attempting a Gordon McQueen, ends up with a gashed head.

● **The Jam — Mayfair Ballroom.** At the first of two appearances at the venue anything moveable, including tables and chairs, is hurled at the band. Several people in the audience sustain injury.

At the second gig, months later, the audience is a bit cooler, but trouble at the door leads to *ZigZag* editor Kris Needs suffering a broken nose. One member of the support band, New Hearts, gets his head cut by a missile hurled from the crowd. Much fighting in the audience.

● **The Rich Kids — Mayfair Ballroom.** After ten minutes on stage Midge Ure is taken to hospital to have his head stitched. Glen Matlock apparently takes it philosophically, but not so the rest of the band, who are much displeased.

● **Generation X — Newcastle University.** Colour supplement punks out in force at this one, not a smiling face to be seen. Gen X can't finish their set for lunatics who take over the stage. Billy Idol does his best to deal with the kids on stage, but they're in no mood for listening.

The list is endless, and whilst people living in the 'rock capital of the world' might be used to this sort of thing, we in Newcastle are not — not at rock 'n' roll gigs anyway.

There seem to be two problems in fact. One is the blind prejudice of kids reared on a heavy metal diet; the other is kids too eager to draw attention to themselves, even if it means spoiling gigs for other people.

When *Thrills* spoke to the manager of the Mayfair Ballroom, however, he didn't quite seem to see that there was a problem at all. He told us that he thought what had happened to the Rich Kids was an "isolated incident"

Perhaps he's right, but I think not. Sure, if they only put HM bands on at the Mayfair every Friday night there would be no problem at all. But the venue switches its policy every couple of weeks, so that rival factions keep turning up at each other's gigs.

New wave gigs will, thank goodness, continue at the Mayfair despite the trouble, but as long as they do there will be this antagonistic attitude to contend with, as epitomised by one HM fan who recently told me: "These punk bands shouldn't play at the Mayfair. It's their own fault if they get glasses thrown at them."

Even more disturbing is the attitude of some of the new wave followers. If their only reason for going to a gig is to behave in the fashion which the national media would have us believe is an integral part of the punk scene, then they should stay at home and pose in front of the mirror. At Newcastle University, when Generation X appeared, some of the audience seemed to think that leaping onto the stage in some way enhanced the gig. Needless to say, it didn't.

So where does the solution lie, if there is one?

First of all, the problem has to be recognised for what it is. It's not the case that every single new wave gig terminates in a torrent of spittle and abuse. Penetration have played successful, trouble-free gigs in the city with nary a can thrown.

Nevertheless, there is ample evidence that an unhealthy number of bands are leaving this city with less than fond memories. It can't be swept under the carpet, because one day something really serious is going to happen.

One local promoter who has staged gigs by new wave bands without any trouble at all summed it up neatly when he said: "It's nothing that can't be handled as long as it's done the right way. All it calls for is a little responsibility on both sides."

The problems of the Mayfair Ballroom may sort themselves out as the novelty of hurling glasses wears off. If not, then the only thing the promoter can do is switch the gigs to midweek, when the HM fans don't turn out. Recently Buzzcocks played a mid-weeker at the venue with no trouble.

The Polytechnic has encountered little trouble since it started operating its Students Only sign with a vengeance.

As for the University, it will probably be forced to put on less and less new wave gigs if the trouble there continues (unfortunately the social secretary was on vacation at the time of writing, so for all we know they may already be reconsidering their policy).

It's all down to responsibility. If the kids, both pro and anti-new wave, know what's good for music they'll stop their exhibitionism. If the moribund members of the council did a little more towards opening new venues — because it's more rock, not less, that will alleviate the situation. If . . .

And if it sounds like I'm just pushing the panic button, let me leave you with one thing.

When I talked to Generation X after their gig I asked them if they would think twice before returning to Newcastle. "Think twice?" said Mark Laff. "We'll think three times and still won't come." Ask Bob Geldof, ask Midge Ure, ask Dave Vanian.

TOM NOBLE

THRILLS

How much longer are we gonna take all this crap from Elvis Costello?

One of our favourite pin-ups of National Front boss John Tyndal (on the right) supervising an unarmed combat practice session at the HQ of the British National Socialist Party, predecessors to the NF. The mug on the wall, incidentally, is Hitler's erstwhile right-hand man Rudolf Hess.

ANTI-NAZI RALLY — FREE GIG

IN RECENT local London elections the National Front received over 119,000 votes — in some cases, enough votes to push the Liberals into fourth place. For local elections due in May the Front intends to stand at least 1,500 candidates, and at the forthcoming general election they will put up over 300 candidates.

Naturally, the Front's campaign in these elections will be both intense and extensive. Front candidates will also be entitled to a share of radio and TV time alongside the major parties.

To combat the proliferation of Front propaganda which we will have to face over the coming months, the recently founded Anti-Nazi League has been garnering support from a wide range of people from Jack Bruce to Brian Clough, from Glenda Jackson to Frankie Vaughan, with all the usual politicians in between . . .

The League's first major move will be to organise, together with Rock Against Racism and some Hackney and Tower Hamlets anti-racist bodies, a carnival on Sunday, April 30 with The Tom Robinson Band, Steel Pulse and X-Ray Spex.

The carnival will begin with a rally at Trafalgar Square, followed by a march to Victoria Park, East London, where the fun includes stalls, side shows, some Asian bands and, of course, the big three. It's free, which means you don't pay and the bands don't get paid.

The purpose of the carnival is simple. First and foremost, it is designed to show — through music — a stand of multi-racial solidarity. Secondly, to disprove the brick throwing image that things like the Lewisham confrontation have foisted on anti-fascist demonstrations — if you want to be violent then stay away. Thirdly, to prove that there are people who feel that NF policies are sickening racist sloganeering, designed to prey on the current confusion over the real problems.

If you don't think this is true perhaps you ought to write to the Anti-Nazi League at 12 Newport St, London WC2 and ask them for evidence. And then if you're convinced you might wonder what you can do as an individual.

As Tom Robinson points out, "It's important to realise you're not helpless. If people join together they become strong." Or, to put it another way, if everybody felt that their presence wouldn't make any difference, then no-one would show up . . .

I don't like to think of what the consequences of that might be.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

Runty little twerp in his fake clear glass hornrims . . .

Oh-no-not-another-fanzine-survey (goes West):-

THE BUSH FIRE THAT ATE BOGVILLE, ARIZONA

PUNK'S JUNGLE bush fire spread fast in the USA. Media fever, word-of-mouth, and the promise of respite from insipid American supermarket rock saw to that, and the fanzines were there to see it happen.

The groundswell of activity and enthusiasm that in Britain spawned seas of xerox and staple graffiti, made *Zigzag* get a haircut, and shook some of the debris out of the established music weeklies, had a similar, if less all round dynamic, effect in the States.

Fanzines in the U.S. have more of a history than they have here. With a de-centralised scene and no weekly papers other than the trade journals, and with the coverage in the biggies such as *Creem, Circus, Gig, Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy* geared through competitive strictures to whatever is selling the most records, there has always been plenty of room for the fan to write for other fans about whatever he or she is a fan of. Hence fan(maga)zines.

There are numerous hard-core record collectors and rock historians, professional or otherwise, who for years have been dedicated to preserving the memory of various cult figures in small-time print, and also in inflated collectors' item prices. Alan Betrock, for example, the man behind *New York Rocker,* once ran *The Rock Marketplace* — a goldmine of fact-packed articles on, say, the precise dates and times of every occasion Brian Wilson ever entered a studio.

But the main tradition of fanzines starts around the time of the original *Crawaddy* in the late '60s and continues, with things like *Teenage Wasteland Gazette* and a minor explosion around the time when The Raspberries were being touted as pop saviours, to the present. Most of the originals are gone now, and it took the New York scene and then the British punk supernova to precipitate the current generation.

Unlike the British brand, most American fanzines are well laid out and have lengthy features and plenty of emphasis on visual quality. The one xerox job I've come across — San Francisco's *New Dezezes* — is a direct steal from the late *Sniffin Glue* but can't hold a candle to the real thing.

Though there are dozens of fanzines in existence, the mags in this survey have been chosen because of their availability and regularly good standards. They can be mail ordered from Compendium Bookshop (234 Camden High St., London NW1), or Rough Trade (202 Kensington Park Rd., W11). All are 75p, and connoisseurs of rock'n'roll trivia and related junk info will love 'em. Where else can you read everything you always wanted to know about The Screamers before you knew they existed?

● *New York Rocker* has been going for over two years now and still gets better. It features, as you might expect, close coverage of the New York scene, yet thankfully avoids any nauseous in-crowd snobbery. There must be a limit, however, to how many Blondie/Talking Heads/Ramones/etc pieces it is possible to write, but the sheer volume of material usually makes up for any repetition. *NYR* also covers any new band around the country that looks like it might have something to offer the new wave, and is kindly disposed to all nascent or budding pop geniuses.

The writing is generally lively and conscientious, the latter quality being endemic to the genre and also one of its main strengths. Fanzines, especially *NYR, Trouser Press, Bomp* and *Back Door Man,* care too much about the music to be blind to its shortcomings.

NYR tries to be bi-monthly but sometimes fails and is late at the moment. Purchase with confidence.

● *Search & Destroy* is the top ranking West Coast fanzine. High on style and worth buying for its visual and photographic content alone. The writing I'm not so sure about . . . It's mostly straight lengthy interviews and therefore roughly dependent for success on your interest in the subject and the boredom quotient of same.

Though *S&D* usually ask good questions, when it comes to saying something themselves they are prone to drag in things like Andre Breton and the surrealist's sympathy with anarchy. Also, being a West Coast paper, they cover the West Coast scene — which, to judge from records by The Dils, The Avengers, The Weirdos and others, only really needs to be covered up, such is its mindless impersonation of what they've been told is going on here.

But that's not *S&D's* fault. *S&D* covers aspiring locals and judicious sampling of punks old and new. It comes out irregularly but has made fast and stealthy progress to No.5 and shows no signs of slacking.

● *Punk* is sort of the literary counterpart to The Ramones and has been around as long as *NYR,* but had more impact because of its reckless cartoon graphics and interviews that read like drinking sessions. The gutter humour and relentless dumbo mentality have grown tiresome of late, which is a shame because in '76 it was almost inspirational. *Punk* could be great, but it is too concerned with the niceties of being a punk to be relevant anymore. Aside from the odd interview with people like *Mad* magazine founder Harvey Kurtzman, coverage is predictable and lightweight.

Again, tries to be bi-monthly but often fails, and is late now.

● *Slash* is another West Coast fanzine that covers the local action far more than *S&D* and does it with tireless vigilance. They are passionately commited to established new wave values and somewhat stubborn because of it. Much of what's said in *Slash* we all heard hundreds of times last year, and hearing it again from the other side of the world is faintly laughable.

Thin on quantity, variable quality, but getting better, and because of its near total local orientation, as good a way of any of finding out what the options are for the punk loose in L.A. More or less bi-monthly.

● *Back Door Man,* another West Coast job, is like the stains on the backseat of daddy's car in the fanzine world. Fast, racy and sometimes very funny, the writing in *BDM* can vary from crude to excellent, but is always sharply conscious of its own definition of rock'n'roll, which more or less embraces anything that makes you sweat.

Features Kiss and Thin Lizzy alongside Television and the Pistols and gets away with it. Prone to ask questions like, "What do you think of the fact that Walt Disney was a transvestite?" or (to The Ramones), "At what age did you stop wetting the bed?"

WILKO JOHNSON UK TOUR

APRIL
7 WEST RUNTON Pavilion
8 ST ALBANS City Hall
10 SWANSEA Circles
11 CARDIFF Top Rank
14 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
15 THAMES POLY
16 REDCAR CoathamBowl
17 BLACKPOOL Jenkinsons
18 MANCHESTER Rafters
20 BRISTOL Tiffany's
21 KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall
22 WIGAN Casino
23 SHEFFIELD Top Rank
26 LONDON Music Machine
27 DONCASTER Outlook
28 NEWCASTLE Mayfair
29 GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union
30 ST. ANDREWS University

MAY
1 EDINBURGH Tiffany's
2 LIVERPOOL Erics
3 BRADFORD University
4 LEEDS Polytechnic
5 EAST RETFORD Porterhouse
6 SHEFFIELD University
10/11 LONDON Marquee
12 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette
13 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
14 READING Top Rank

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BOMP!
SPECIAL ISSUE?!
THE COMPLETE VANDA-YOUNG STORY!
THE WHO! EASYBEATS! RASPBERRIES! CREATION! MORE!
NEWS! RAMONES?! DWIGHT TWILLEY! ALEX CHILTON! THE JAM! NO DISCO?!
HISTORY OF GLITTER! SWEET! T. REX! SLADE! SURPRISES!

Predates *NYR* and *Punk*, and comes out regularly but with no apparent logic. Seems to sell quickly, and with good reason too.

● *Bomp* is run by eminent archivist Greg Shaw, who is also on-off manager of The Flamin' Groovies (an archive of a different kind). Not really a punk or new wave fanzine — apart from the current special issue — but dedicated to slowly covering local scenes and certain new bands, and interesting for that reason. The writing can be staid, and has been forecasting the return of real true youthful pop music for years now, but to no avail.

Comes out bi-annually and is a treasure of esoteric info. Everything I know about Annette Funichello I owe to *Bomp*.

● *Trouser Press* is again not strictly punk or new wave, and also not strictly a fanzine anymore. Sub-titled "America's only British rock magazine," *TP* has, to its credit, managed to encompass everything that has recently happened here without abandoning what was happening before — hence features on The Clash and Syd Barrett in the same ish (*Syd was 'happening' before? — Ed.*).

It also encourages and lately has had excellent coverage of the cross country local U.S. scenes, as well as up-to-date reviews of all U.S. garage records worth the light of day.

The American anglophile slant can be both refreshing and annoying, but the main points against them are a slight tendency to be dry and factual, and a possible crisis of identity as they move out of the fanzine bracket and into the racks.

Ten issues per year, two bi-monthly, the rest monthly. It's now got regular distribution over here so you'll be able to taste and try before you buy.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

TUBES TRAIN FOR U.K.

THE WHOLE OF the British Isles may be slavering impatiently for The Tubes' return, but in the meantime Fee Waybill & Co are still trying to break big in their native USA.

They've been at it for four years now, and there are still burgs in America's heartland that are seeing them for the very first time.

Believe it or not, most people out here in Boulder, Colerado, where the band appeared recently, are still under the impression they are a 'weird punk rock band' because of titles like "White Punks On Dope" and "I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk". Punk still hasn't made a dent in most Midwestern circles; there's a core of devotees, but 99% of the rock public are delightfully uninformed about any new kind of music. The new wave doesn't get any kind of shot on the airwaves between doses of Fleetwood Mac and The Eagles, so the attitude is that punk rockers are just a bizarre, crude aberration from the music scene.

Of course, The Tubes were hysterical on the night, regardless of preconceptions. The new show is pretty much the same one they did in the U.K., since the tour is to support the "What Do You Want From Live" album.

One neat new bit is called "Terrorists Of Rock", one of the most outrageous audience participation numbers ever — I won't spoil it, suffice to say you may find yourself taken hostage if you sit in the stalls . . .

It's a great addition to the show, but The Tubes evidently reckon it's wasted on American audiences.

"We've been thinking of calling it quits in the U.S. because it's so fucked," says Waybill. "We'll just go to foreign countries. We're big stars in England."

But Fee, do you like it over there?

"It's *terrible!* It has got the worst air, the worst water, the worst food, the worst anything-you-wanna-name. It is the pits. Every single person in the whole country smokes cigarettes, and they all have brown teeth and rotted-out gums. Everything is black from coal. The buildings are black, the streets are black, the signs are black. After you go there for two months you're wishing for the USA — anything. You go crazy over there."

But they wrote such nice things about you . . .

"They were into exploitation. Anything you said over there they just turned it around backwards and blew it up 500 times and then printed it. It's pretty crazy."

Now don't hold all of this against the boys; they were just as smart-assed to the Colorado audience. Anyway, they can afford their sassiness for the very first time; I see three bullets in the trades.

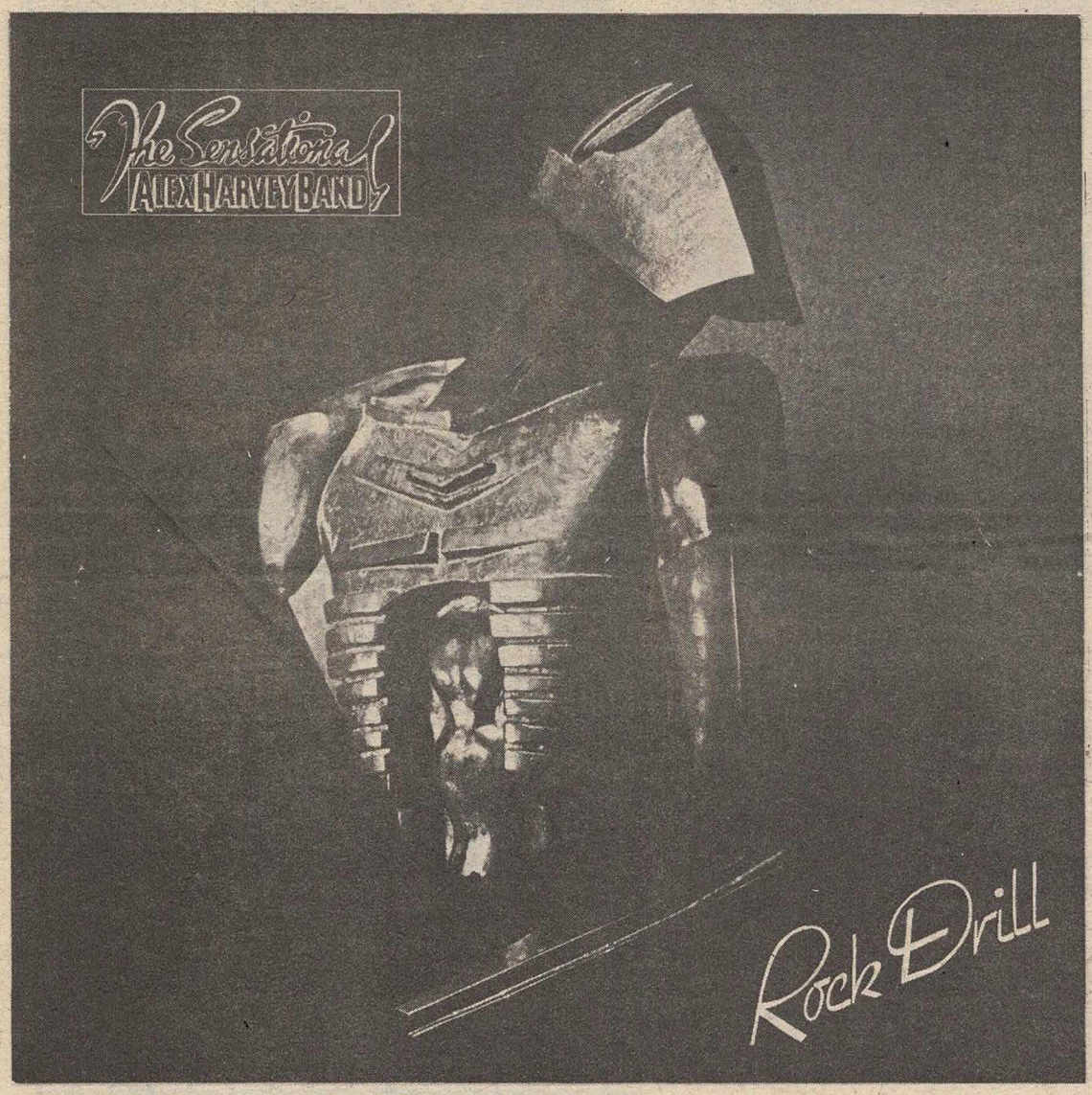
In the meantime, A&M is rumoured to be releasing "I Saw Her Standing There" as a single on a subsidiary label, listing Johnny Bugger & The Dirt Boxes as the artist. The company hopes to officially disclaim the connection between The Tubes and Bugger, so that the single can stake out a punk following of its own. Stay tuned to your video monitor . . .

G. BROWN

THRILLS

Pleasant Mr WAYBILL *Pic: ALAN JOHNSON*

The last bit.



Rock will never be the same again.
Rock Drill. The final statement from the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.
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TOPS 114 MOUNTAIN

"There you are Chief, he's not half as impressive when he takes his fur coat off."

BLACKMAIL CORNER

ABOVE: the pride and joy of Granada Television Records' 1970 catalogue, "Ena Sharples Presents The Lad From Coronation Street". Avid ***Thrills*** *reader Fred Dellar of Northampton, Northamptonshire, dug this little gem out of his private collection recently, and whilst listening to such favourites as "Jesu Joy Of Man's Desiring", he spotted the sleeve note below, by Ena herself. Now read on. . .*

You could've knocked me over with a feather! There's me thinkin' we'd got burglars in the Mission and all the time it was a skinny little lad! Mind you, he was determined! He shinned over that wall like a good 'un, climbed up to the window, had it open before you could say Albert Tatlock and he was in! And what for? To steal summat? To break the place up like some o' these silly kids do nowadays? Not likely! To play the 'armonium, if you please! Now I'm used to folk actin' daft – Minnie Caldwell's been me friend for a good number of years – but a young lad who couldn't say 'boo' to a goose, breakin' into a public hall to practise his party pieces on an 'armonium – that was summat new! Let's say it got me curious. As anyone round here'll tell you I'm not one for mindin' other folks's business but I had to find out more about this young feller-me-lad. His name was Tony Parsons and it seems his mother was dead against him havin' a musical career. Seems his father was a bit of a wrong 'un who played in a dance band and that was enough for her! Well, I told her! The Devil might have all the best tunes, I said, but that didn't mean he had all the best musicians as well! I can be a bit persuasive when I set me mind to it so let's say she saw the error of her ways. Bein' on the musical side meself I can spot talent when I hear it and I wasn't wrong with young Tony. He can play the organ, can this lad. And he can sing! And if you don't believe me, wind up your gramophone, put this record on and listen for yourself! An' don't say I didn't tell you!

Ena Sharples

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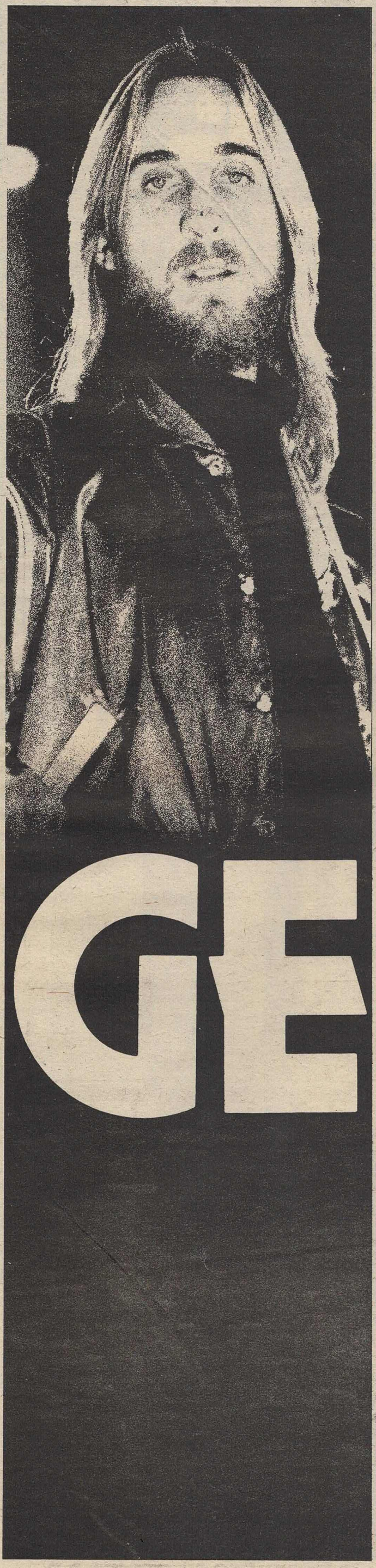


GENESIS

...and then there were three...

Produced by David Hentschel & Genesis

CHARISMA

Marketed by Charisma Records

FOREIGNER

When two musicians of the calibre of **Mick Jones** (ex SPOOKY TOOTH, WONDERWHEEL) and **Ian McDonald** (ex KING CRIMSON) joined forces with fellow Briton **Dennis Elliot** and Americans **Lou Gramm, Al Greenwood,** and **Ed Gagliardi** to form **Foreigner,** you'd expect the results to be pretty impressive. 'FOREIGNER' their first album, has already gone TRIPLE PLATINUM IN THE STATES, and the single from that album **'Feels Like The First Time'** proves them to be a force to be reckoned with. A force that Britain is about to experience for the very first time on THURSDAY, APRIL 27th when FOREIGNER headline their first ever British gig AT THE RAINBOW.

FOREIGNER-ROCK IN ANYONE'S LANGUAGE

Rainbow

LIVE AT THE RAINBOW APRIL 27TH

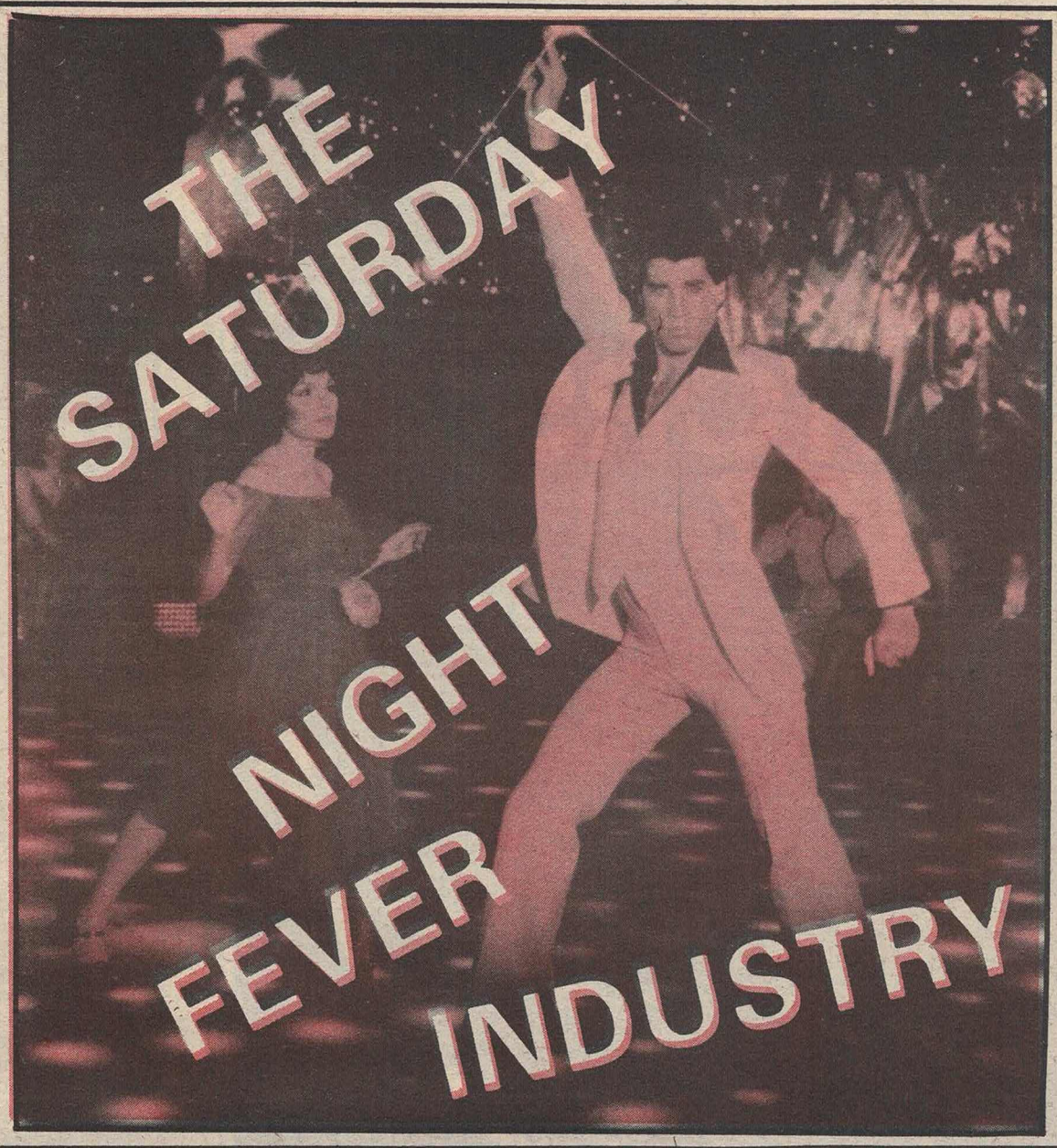
FOREIGNER
THURSDAY
APRIL 27TH

West End

BARRY DICKENS and ROD McSWEEN for I.T.B. presents FOREIGNER RAINBOW THEATRE APRIL 27th at 8.00 p.m.

Available on Atlantic records and tapes.
'FOREIGNER' K50356
The Single
'FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME' K10917

ATLANTIC



THE STARTLING RISE to popularity of *Saturday Night Fever* has been widely portrayed as a traditional success story — the rise of a brand new superstar in the form of John Travolta, whose mugshot currently adorns the front covers of publications as adverse as U.S. gossip rag *The Star* and the political heavyweight *Time*.

Far more interesting in many ways, however, is the story of how *Fever* was developed into a media goldmine which is now, according to *Variety*, "building into a music industry all by itself".

As *Thrills* predicted in January, music movies have come of age with a vengeance in 1978. In recent weeks in America, *Fever* has topped the film charts, the album charts *and* the tape charts, with five tracks from the album taking up no less than *half* the U.S. Top Ten singles in one recent week.

The financial facts are staggering.

Leaving aside the astronomical amounts of money the movie itself is grossing, the album has already sold 6 million copies, and is now selling at the rate of a million copies a week, with a projected final sale in sight of 12 million copies — which would make the double record set the biggest grossing album of all time. (*The Sound of Music* is still holding the record for biggest selling soundtrack album at 16 million copies to date, but that is only a single album).

All the album tracks (The Bee Gees and other RSO artists aside) were licensed from other companies on a deal which means that if *Fever* does reach the 12 million mark, the licensees will walk away with a cool $360,000 per track.

For those artists, this is only the beginning of course. Many of these tracks, like "Boogie Shoes" by K.C. & The Sunshine Band, have been re-released as singles and are now themselves climbing the charts. Obviously the album will also stimulate sales of each artist's other recordings.

Apparently a number of companies refused to license songs for inclusion in the soundtrack album. They must be kicking themselves right now.

The Bee Gees, who wrote eight tracks for the album, stand to split $1 million on publishing rights alone. Between them they also sang, wrote or produced all the five *Fever* singles recently residing in the U.S. Top 10, a feat which betters even The Beatles at their peak and which should allow the Gibb brothers to retire for life should they wish to.

The mastermind behind this financial bonanza is Robert Stigwood, who has managed The Bee Gees since their career began in the mid-'60s and is now poised to become one of the most powerful figures in the music business.

Saturday Night Fever was handled with consummate marketing skill. This was no word-of-mouth movie. Travolta was already a small screen star via his Fonzie-like role in the American TV sitcom *Welcome Back Kotter*. This, combined with the movie's eminently commercial disco music, backed by some extremely hard-sell advertising techniques, enabled the package to scale new financial heights of *Jaws*-like proportions.

Having successfully launched the film via a massive in-cinema campaign, the Stigwood organisation went on to spend a phenomenal amount on TV advertising for the album — a quarter of a million dollars in Europe alone.

This reflects current industry trends — movies sell albums and singles, which in turn sell movies. Soundtrack albums dominated the recent Grammy awards (America's music biz equivalent of Oscars), and are currently making huge dents in the 'straight' album market. Biggies to date are the two *Star Wars* albums (soundtrack and spoken word) and *Close Encounters*, all of which are currently approaching platinum status.

Nobody understands this present shift in the industry better than Robert Stigwood, and he is now about to capitalise on it in a way that is going to make even the *Fever* earnings look like chicken feed.

For a start, he has two more major music movies all ready for release later this year. First will be *Grease*, an *American Graffiti* style '50s pastiche based on a long-running Broadway smash, which once again stars John Travolta, this time teamed with Olivia Newton-John.

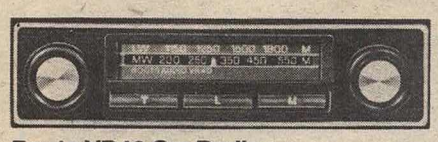
● *Next page*

. . . whining on about all those rejections from the youth he wishes he'd misspent . . .

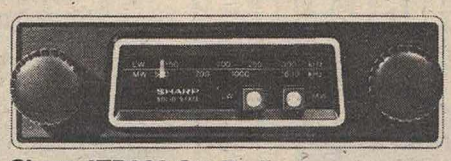
The Lone Groover — BENYON

WE'VE GOT BEATLE BOOKS, SPOOF FILMS OF TH' BEATLES, PLAYS ABOUT TH' BEATLES, MUSICALS BASED ON THEIR WORK!
WE'VE EVEN GOT THIS— MORNINGS-WAVE-BANDS SOUNDIN' LIKE TH' BEATLES!
JUST THINK, IT TOOK A YEAR OF SYSTEM SMASHIN' PUNKOLLA T'BRING US WALL T'WALL 60's NOSTALGIA!
IF MUSIC IS ART, AN' ART REFLECTS SOCIETY— WE'RE IN A BLEEDIN' RUT AGIN!
Y'KNOW, I PLAYED WITH LOS MOP TOPS A FEW TIMES OVER IN GERMANY— THEY MADE TH' SEX PISTOLS SEEM LIKE CLIFF PILCHARD!
HMM! ONE DAY THERE WILL BE A MUSICAL BASED ON TH' PISTOLS—ON BROADWAY.
FIRST WE'LL HAVE A REACTION TO 60'S NOSTALGIA— AN' THEN TH' PISTOLS REVIVAL.
EVEN ANARCHY HAS T'FIT INTO A PATTERN!
JUST THINK, AT THIS VERY MOMENT SOME DUDE IS PUTTIN' TH' PROJECT T'GETHER, MAAAAAAAN!

Now you can drive a bargain.



Boots VR40 Car Radio
Normal Price £18.45
Special Offer Price £16.45*



Sharp ATR933 Car Radio
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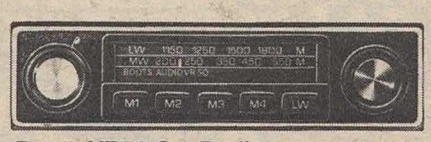

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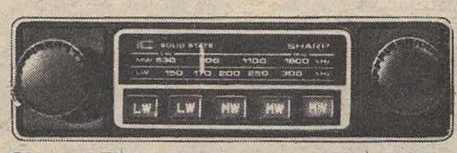

Sharp AR947 Car Radio
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Boots Special Offer Price £25.50*

Boots CC90 Car Stereo Cassette Player
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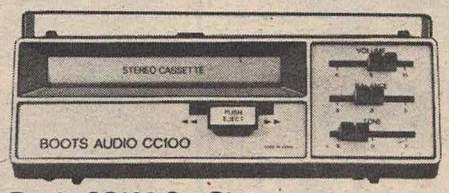
Special Offer Price £27.50*



Boots CC100 Car Stereo Cassette Player
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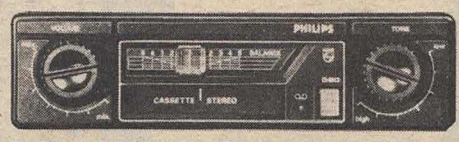
Philips AN361 Car Radio
Boots Normal Price £34.95



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* Available at these special prices until April 22nd from larger branches subject to stock availability.

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Produced by Vic Maile

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PUTTING THE CLASH AMONG THE PIGEONS

PAUL SIMONON and Nicky Headon of The Clash spent Thursday night in a police cell after they were arrested at seven o'clock that evening whilst allegedly shooting at pigeons from the roof of their Chalk Farm studio, 'Rehearsal Rehearsals'.

The studio backs onto — and indeed was once part of — British Rail property, and it seems it was British Rail police who called the cops. A helicopter, three or four detectives, a woman PC and several uniformed men were apparently called in to deal with 'a rooftop gun gang', along with three cop cars and a police van.

Headon and Simonon were taken to Kentish Town police station along with three other people including former Clash roadie Robin Crocker.

There they were charged with criminal damage to three racing pigeons, and held overnight, before appearing in Clerkenwell Magistrates Court on Friday morning. The magistrate demanded bail of £1,500 per person (a remarkably heavy bail for the offence — though ***Thrills* would like to think it reflects the magistrate's view of pigeon shooting rather than pop stars). This was eventually supplied by Clash guitarist Mick Jones that evening. Meanwhile, the five accused were taken to Brixton Prison for a change of scenery.**

The case is due to be heard on May 10. In the meantime, Headon and Simonon have to check in with their bail officer every day. Fortunately they aren't on tour, though it could hinder their schedules when they begin recording their next album at the end of the month.

As it happens, The Clash have seen more than their fair share of the law lately. Mick Jones himself had a run-in with the police last week, when he was stopped and searched one evening outside the Music Machine. Possibly a case of mistaken identity, Keef? . . .

INSPECTOR MIGRAINE

THRILLS

. . . which were probably only rejection slips anyway . . .

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER INDUSTRY

● *From previous page*

Shortly afterwards will follow *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which features The Bee Gees and Peter Frampton (to name but two), and which will be accompanied by a double album package of 30 Beatles songs recycled for mass public consumption.

As if those two potential money mountains were not enough, Stigwood has even more tricks up his sleeve. With the *Fever* and Bee Gees money flowing in, he is now moving into American TV.

He is developing six new television projects, mostly written by writers new to the medium and each one full of crossover possibilities for feature film, record or book developments.

Three of these are specifically music orientated.

Baby Needs Shoes, a two-hour musical comedy specially designed as a perennial Christmas item, is scripted by Ian La Frenais and Dick Clement of *Porridge* fame, and features music and lyrics by Paul Williams, who will also act. The songs from the show will be released as an album on RSO.

Music Inc. is a four-hour mini-series on the music industry, focusing on the saga of a fictional group and featuring original music. Due to begin production in August for 1979 release.

The Golden Oldies is a half-hour sitcom created and written by Henry Edwards, who wrote the screenplay for the *Sgt Pepper* movie. It's about a senior citizens' rock band and is described as a kind of *Happy Days* for the Geritol set.

Whether any of these will provide any worthwhile music is doubtful. But we have now entered an era where large corporations are increasingly intent upon developing entertainment packages which appeal to the lowest common denominator and can readily be translated from film to TV to record to book. Stigwood is blazing a trail which all the other corporations are eagerly following.

In this respect *Saturday Night Fever* should be seen for what it is — a new mass-market innovation and a precursor of things to come: the industrialisation of popular culture.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

AS8502
999
NINE NINE NINE
ME

AND
MY

DE SIRE

c/w CRAZY
From the debut album
New single UP 36376

Rory Gallagher

QUARRY PRESENTS

Rory Gallagher

AND HIS BAND

with Guests

JOE O'DONNELL'S VISION BAND

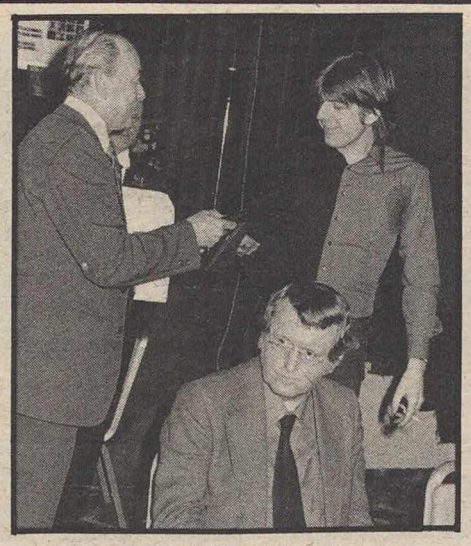
April 1978

Sunday 9th — GLASGOW APOLLO
Tuesday 11th — NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Wednesday 12th — SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Thursday 13th — MANCHESTER APOLLO
Saturday 15th — BRIDLINGTON, ROYAL HALL
Wednesday 19th — LEICESTER, De MONTFORT HALL
Thursday 20th — WEST RUNTON PAVILLION
Friday 21st — BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Saturday 22nd — COVENTRY THEATRE
Sunday 23rd — IPSWICH, GAUMONT
Tuesday 25th — CANTERBURY, KENT UNIVERSITY
Wednesday 26th — SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
Friday 28th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Saturday 29th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

. . . we here at Thrills wish the twisted little buffoon would piss off back to his computers and Gram Parsons records.

1978 NME AWARDS TO INDUSTRY

IF IT AIN'T STIFF!



Head boy NICK LOWE receives his prize from IPC Managing Director GERRY WYNVELDT. BILL GRUMPY keeps his eyes open. Pic: GREG HOULGATE

STIFF RECORDS, PIONEERS of the UK small labels boom and still among the sharpest and wittiest of the independents despite Jake Riviera's defection to Radar, were on the receiving end of some well-deserved recognition this year in NME's annual Awards To The British Music Industry.

Stiff and Elvis Costello, who left to join Radar with Riviera, earned mentions in four out of the five categories they were eligible for — including winning the Best Produced British Record section with "Watching The Detectives".

Nick Lowe, who produced "Detectives", and Jake Riviera collected their awards at a presentation lunch held last week at London's Europa Hotel.

Stiff/Costello's other awards were *Highly Commended* mentions for Best Sleeve, Best Marketing Concept and Best Designed Advertisement Appearing In NME — all for Elvis' "My Aim Is True" album.

Winner of the Best Designed Sleeve, rock category, was The Stranglers' "No More Heroes", designed by Paul Henry for UA Records. Best Engineered Record was Joan Armatrading's "Willow", engineered by Glyn Johns; Best Designed Advertisement was an RCA spread for David Bowie; Best Marketing Concept was the campaign EMI ran for The Shadows' "Greatest Hits" set.

Some of the thunder of the winners was undoubtedly stolen by guest speaker Bill Grundy, journalist, broadcaster and associate of The Sex Pistols. Mr. Grundy, in time-honoured Fleet Street tradition, appeared a shade tired and emotional during a speech designed to produce after-dinner amusement at the expense of the Pistols. This ended somewhat abruptly to untumultuous applause when Mr. Glundly, as befits a BOF of his standing (53 years' practice), was overcome by sudden tiredness. "Unforgettable" was how one observer summarised Mr. Glundly's contribution to the event.

The awards scheme is organised by NME Advertisement Director Percy Dickens and this is the tenth year they have been presented.

Full details of the 1978 awards are as follows:

BEST DESIGNED SLEEVE

ROCK

"No More Heroes" The Stranglers, designed by Paul Henry for United Artists Records.
Highly Commended: "My Aim Is True" Elvis Costello (Stiff), designed by Barney Bubbles and Jake Riviera; "Get Stoned" Rolling Stones (Arcade), designed by Colin Birchall; "Overnight Angel" Ian Hunter (CBS), designed by Roslav Szaybo and John Berg.

POPULAR

"The Monty Python Instant Record Collection" (Charisma), designed by Terry Gilliam.
Highly Commended: "The Muppet Show" (Pye), designed by Henson Associates and Paul Chave/Tactics; "Daylight" Hudson-Ford (CBS), designed by Lyn Moore; "Michael Chapman Lived Here" (Cube), designed by Dobney Johnson Studios.

CLASSICAL

"Salman Shukur-Oud" (Decca), designed by Laurie Richards.
Highly Commended: "An Album of English Songs" (Enigma Records) by Ian Partridge, designed by Peter Whiteside; "Schubert Mass In A Flat" (Decca), designed by Roderick White; "Walton Facade Suite" (EMI), designed by David Anstey.

BEST BRITISH PRODUCED

"Watching The Detectives" by Elvis Costello on Stiff Records. Produced by Nick Lowe.
Highly Commended: "Sound And Vision" by David Bowie on RCA Records, produced by David Bowie and Tony Visconti; "Boogie Nights" by Heatwave on GTO Records, produced by Barry Blue; "First Thing In The Morning" by Kiki Dee on Rocket Records, produced by Elton John and Clive Franks.

BEST BRITISH ENGINEERED

"Willow" by Joan Armatrading on A & M Records. Engineered by Glyn Johns.
Highly Commended: "We Are The Champions" by Queen on EMI Records, engineered by Mike Stone; "Meaningless" by Cafe Jacques on CBS Records, engineered by Peter Kelsey; "Sweet Jamaica" by Cat Stevens on Island Records, engineered by Freddy Hansson.

BEST DESIGNED ADVERTISEMENT APPEARING IN NME.

RCA Records for "There's Old Wave — There's New Wave — And There's David Bowie" . . . designed by Steve Weltman and Primary Contacts.
Highly Commended: Stiff Records for "My Aim Is True" by Elvis Costello, designed by Barney Bubbles and Jake Riviera; CBS Records for "Hard Again" by Muddy Waters, designed by David Pilton Advertising; A & M Records for "Rick Wakeman's Criminal Record", designed by Michael Ross.

BEST BRITISH MARKETING CONCEPT

EMI Records for "The Shadows Greatest Hits".
Highly Commended: Motown Records for "Diana Ross & The Supremes — 20 Golden Greats"; Stiff Records for Elvis Costello "My Aim Is True"; United Artists for The Stranglers' "No More Heroes".

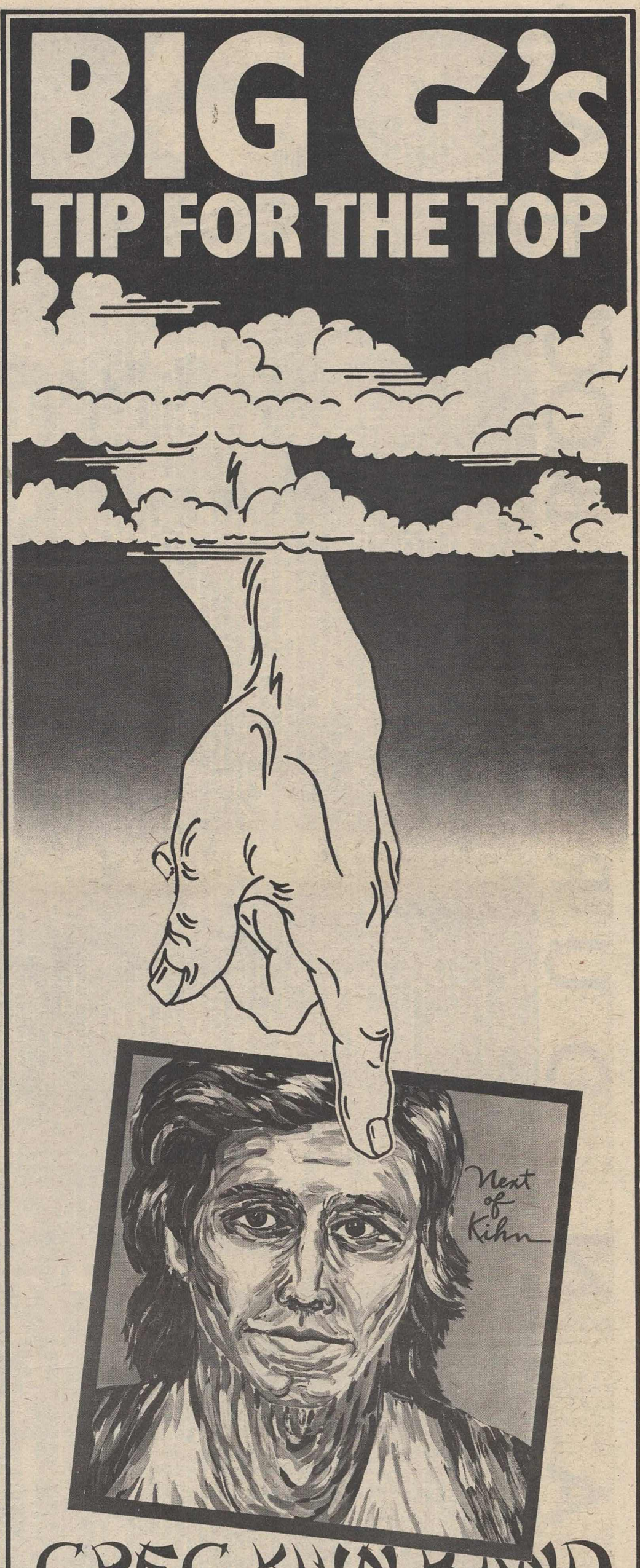
THRILLS

THIS WEEK'S LIGGERS

Top left: Phil Lynott at the Patti Smith reception, accompanied by the demure (?) Gaye Advert. Top right: Poly Styrene backstage at the Spex' CBGB season, doted on by Richard Hell. Left: Mr. and Mrs. McCartney queue to get on the boat waiting in Southampton to repatriate illegal immigrants ***(Are you sure you got that right? — Ed.).*** *And here's* ***your*** *chance to be with the stars — all you have to do is aim off down to Woolies, get yer mugshot took, stick it in this space (with dotted line to make it easy for you), and you're quids in, no need to bother with all that tiresome 'ligging', see? (Pix: DENNIS O'REGAN & ROBERTA BAYLEY).*

THE END

BIG G's TIP FOR THE TOP



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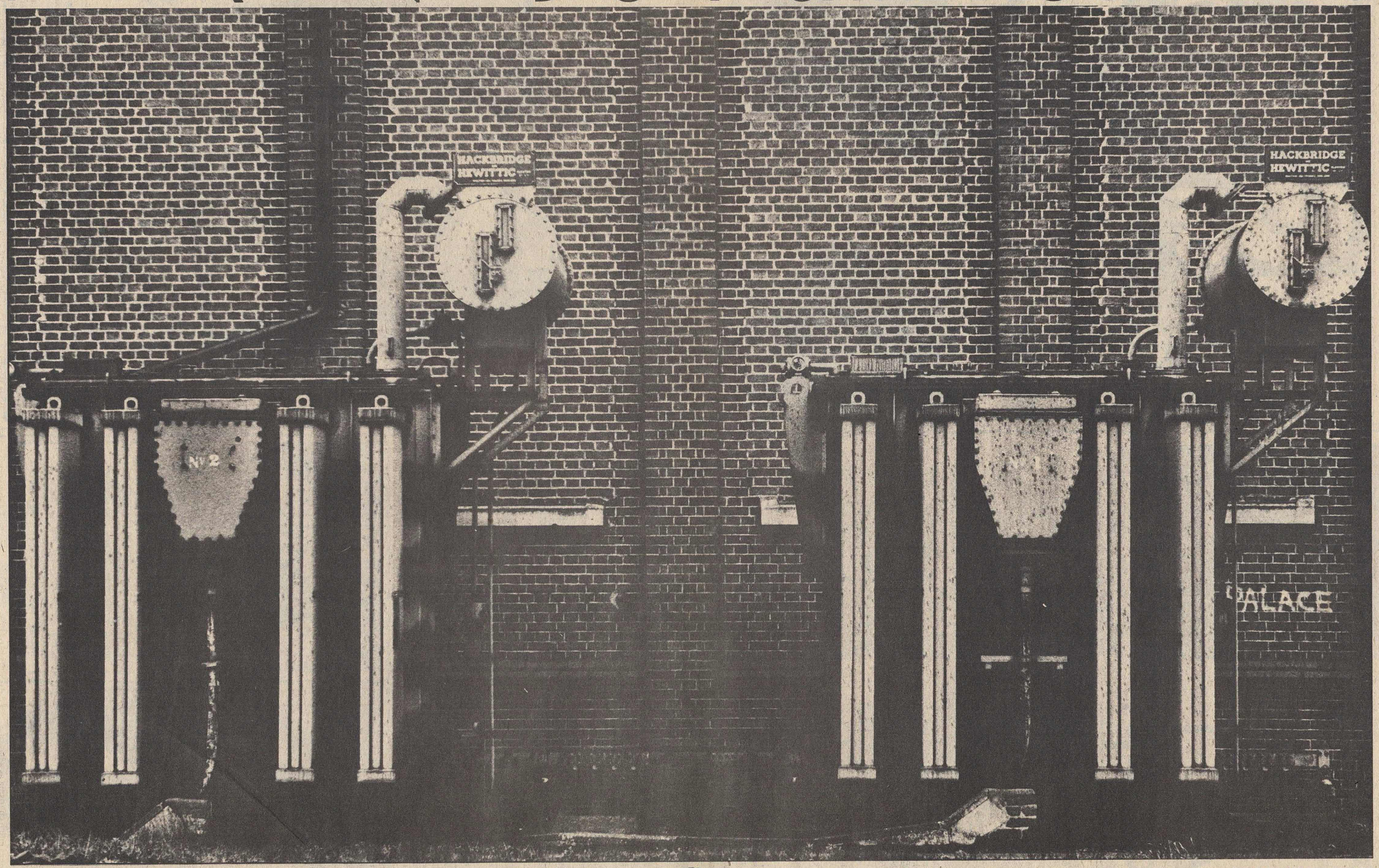

NO 1. WHAT A WASTE!

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STIFF RECORDS

Wreckless Wreaks Havoc On Leeds — runs up £32 phone bill talking to Mum, shock horror . . .

ERIC spills the beans, ADRIAN THRILLS buys the beers and PENNIE SMITH reloads the camera in another payola special brung direct from Stiff Wrecords.

ERIC IS THE WRECK. Wide-eyed and witless, he staggers about the stage at Leeds Poly as his band, The New Rockets, undergo a cacophonous soundcheck.

Decked out as on the cover of his Stiff album — pink suit, crumpled shirt, no tie, hair lank — the emaciated, diminutive Eric looks a bit like a latter-day Norman Wisdom, greeting the Whole Wide World with a grin which suggests naive, good-natured innocence itself.

On that same album sleeve, he's pictured aiming a flashy red Rickenbacker, the sort that Paul Weller plays. For gigs he prefers the sound of a second hand Top Twenty guitar which cost him a tenner in a junk shop. Between the strings at the neck of the instrument a smouldering fag end pokes out, antennae-like, an old Eric Clapton trick.

The Rickenbacker is still kept handy, but only as a spare in case a string snaps on the battered, tinny Top Twenty. Adorning the strap of the axe is a bold "I'm A Mess" badge, black on white.

As the ads say, he makes even Nick Lowe look cool.

And as for the New Rockets, an unlikelier bunch of misfits, rejects and general discontents you'd be hard pushed to come by — an ex-T Rex drummer, an ex-Chelsea, the sixteen year old brother of an ex-Kilburn, and an ex-Ray Spex.

Dave Lutton, looking more like a roadie than a drummer in his all-purpose denims and Stiff T-shirt, was with the late great Cosmic Elf for four years, from shortly after the "Tanx" album.

Smoovie John Glyn of the curly Mohican haircut used to blow his sax for X-Ray Spex until the whims of Ms Styrene got too much for him.

On keyboards, since about a fortnight ago, is "Hello" Henry, formerly of Gene October's Chelsea and Capital Radio's in-tune-with-nothing Flat Share Line.

Bleached blond-haired bassist Barry Payne is the younger brother of Davey, the sax player who himself went from the Kilburns to the Blockheads via a stint with Eric's band on the Stiff tour.

Wreckless and the youthful, posturing Payne aside, they have about as much charisma as a bag of soggy peanuts. So, it's Wreckless Eric who commands attention.

When he looks at the smug, aloof vocalist of the God-awful support band and asks me "How can that bloke be so cool?", it's more from incredulous bewilderment than any sense of envy. But it isn't until the largely student audience trundle into the hall that his awe reaches fever pitch. His mouth gapes as, in the absence of any disco, the punters sit on the floor forming orderly arcs around the stage in eerie silence.

"What is this?" he exclaims, peering through the window of the spacious dressing room, which backs onto the hall, "Flower Power Pop?"

WRECKLESS ERIC IS 23. The same age as Pete Shelley and only a year older than the likes of Mick Jones and Johnny Rotten. After a period at art college in Hull ("Art schools ain't what they used to be these days, he says ruefully), he moved to London. There, he delivered a demo tape last summer to Stiff Records' Notting Hill headquarters and, in typical style, disappeared for three drunken weeks on the spoils of a tax rebate from an old job.

"I'd been in London for two months. I didn't know anyone and I was feeling right pissed off. I couldn't join a band . . . I mean, no-one would have me. Guitar playing's never been my strongest point," he concedes.

Meantime, Nick Lowe picked up on the demo tape, traced the holidaying Eric and the "Whole Wide World" single was on the way, to be followed by the Stiff tour, "Reconnez Cherie", a dung-coloured 10" album and now his own tour. The rest might soon be history, for beneath the nervous, innocent exterior lies a sharpness and an idiosyncratic songwriter of no mean talent — or imagination.

Maybe, all he lacks for the moment is confidence.

"It takes me a long time to write songs. I do write quite a lot, but it's mainly bits and pieces. I've got a whole suitcase of things from the Stiff tour, but as we've been rehearsing I haven't had time to finish songs. I haven't got much confidence like that.

"There is a sort of thread with the songs on the album," he says, elusively. "But it's in my head, and hard to explain. Some of them tell quite a macabre little story. It's a question of different levels."

But Eric doesn't feel any pressure to try and emulate immediately the mighty achievements of Stiffs and ex-Stiffs like Dury, Costello and Lowe. But he does seem to be aware that there are some who will expect too much of him.

"They've all been around a little bit longer than me. You could get incredibly screwed up by thinking about that sort of thing. What would I do? Would I have to write songs like Ian's, put them to tunes like Elvis's and develop a Graham Parker voice?"

His nervous grin broadens at the prospect.

"It's not really on, is it?"

Talk of Dury leads us on to the subject of the Kilburns, and Eric's eyes start to burn as he talks of that particular band with undisguised admiration.

"They were great. I used to go to their gigs."

So is your version of "Rough Kids" a sort of tribute then?

"Yeah, that's a good way of putting it. I mean, there's some lovely songs knocking about there."

He goes on to tell of an album's worth of unreleased Kilburns' stuff which languished for years in the vaults of a now-defunct record company. An avid collector, he says he'd love to get his hands on those tapes. As it is, he spends much of his spare time searching for old records in junk shops — '60s R&B, Chuck Berry, John Lee Hooker. . .

"There's something really charming about stuff like that. It stays with you for ever."

As he chats, he periodically sips from a mug of natural orange juice, laying off the beers for an evening after some much-talked-of alcoholic excesses on a set of Scottish dates a few dates earlier.

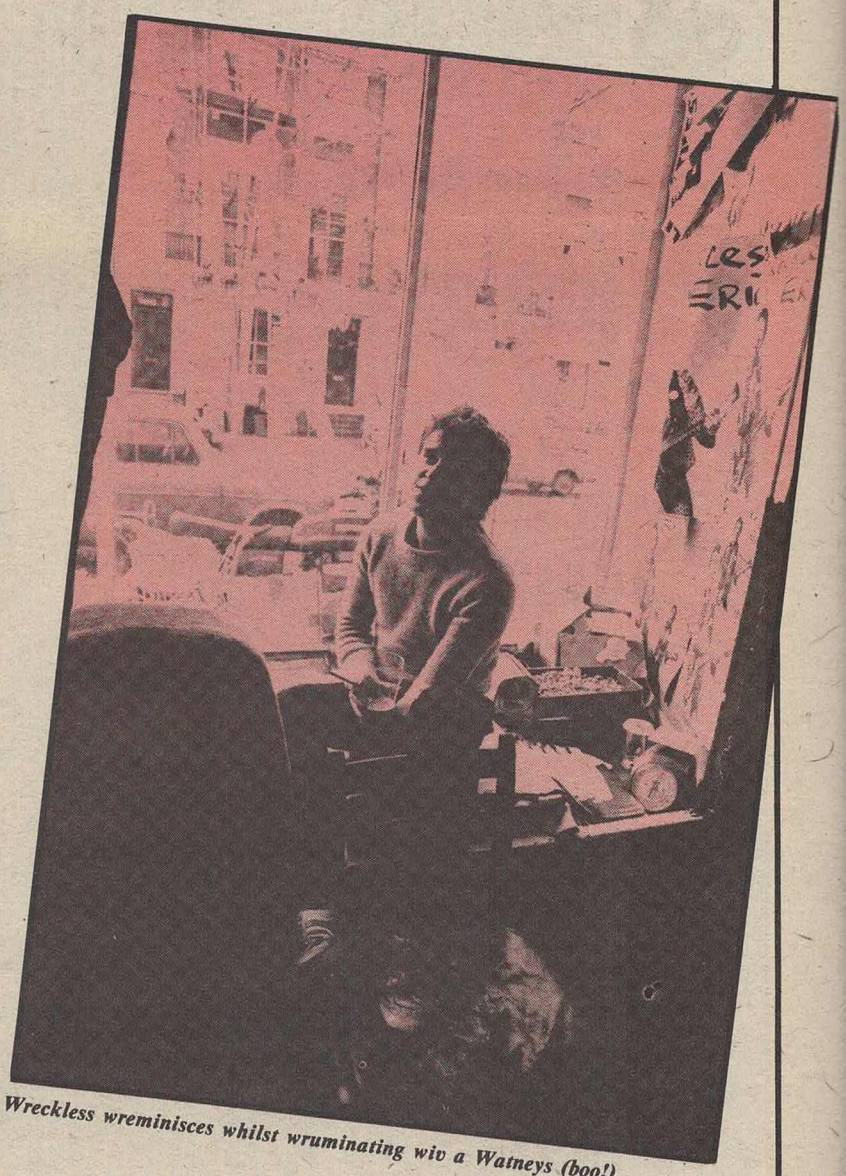
"You've got to go on stage straight once in a while;" says the little boozer. "Just so you can remember what it's like."

What it's like, the general backstage concensus afterwards seems to suggest, is the best gig of the tour so far. Mischievous songs scratch discomfortingly beneath the surface in a set which is varied enough to avoid monotony and is lifted by Eric's very open on-stage persona. He plays heavily, and entertainingly, on the wide-eyed-and-vacant angle, particularly in "Waxworks", his self-proclaimed 'hymn'.

"We're falling about and walking into walls/'Cause we're not sure who we are/We're singing songs in concert halls/'Cause we're not sure who we are."

The grim; compelling "Waxworks" stands out as a high point from the schoolboy whackiness of numbers like "Grown Ups". But in the eyes of the audience it's "Whole Wide World" which remains the Wreckless Epic, a fact which the singer finds irksome.

"It annoys me that people just come to see me do that, although a few have come up and said that they prefer 'Reconnez Cherie'. I don't think many people like the album at first. It takes a bit of getting used to. I suppose it's natural that people see a band and want to hear the things they know. That's why I leave 'Whole Wide World' till the last number. I think most people would go home after they've heard that, if I played it earlier!"



Wreckless wreminisces whilst wruminating wiv a Watneys (boo!) . . .

AFTER THE ORGANISED chaos of the Stiff jaunt last year, the present outing is a bit low-key Eric even ran up a phone bill of £32 with a call home to his mum, such was the after-gig boredom at one Scottish venue.

"There were 40 madmen in every hotel on the Stiff tour. Like, if you were going to have a bath, someone would usually call your room and you'd end up in the bar instead. People were piling about all over the place," he reminisces.

"This is a lot smaller. More like a youth club outing. I mean, I've only been carried away from one gig on this tour!"

Back in the dressing room, Eric watches as the hoards file away from the hall, back to their books and bedsits.

"Most of the people who go to concerts aren't into the music at all. I can remember a time when audiences were much smaller," he says. "Then for some reason it got to be a fashionable pastime to go and see bands and talk about music. The greatcoat, T-shirt and wide flares brigade are still around you know."

Where are they hiding then Eric?

"They're not. They just all wear different clothes now."

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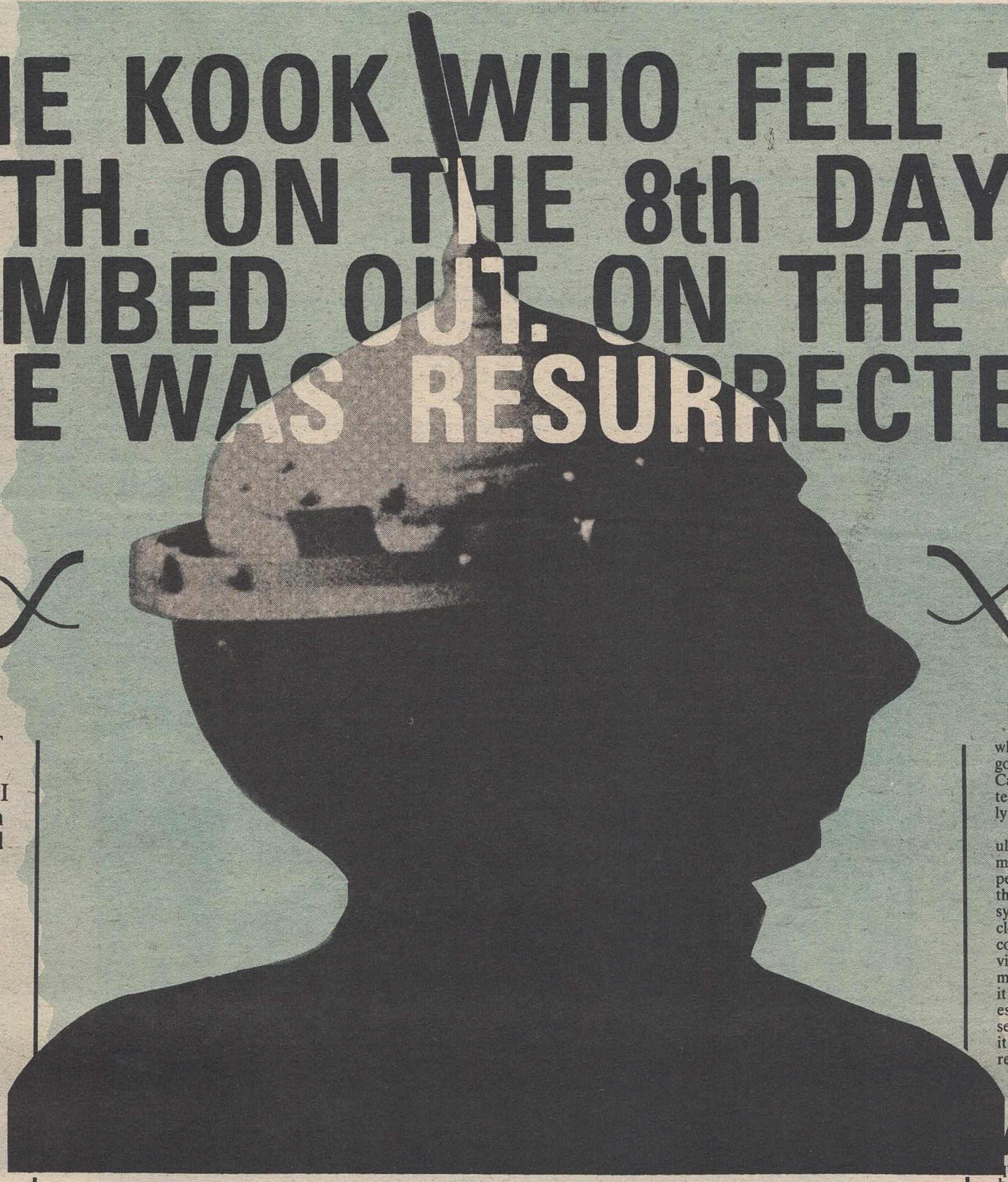
THE KOOK WHO FELL TO EARTH. ON THE 8th DAY HE BOMBED OUT. ON THE 9th HE WAS RESURRECTED



Growing up with Captain Beefheart. A retrospective by LESTER BANGS. Pt 2.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST two years now since the Zappa thing, and I had just about forgotten the Captain ever existed in the first place, when one day a friend happened to mention, "Captain Beefheart's coming to town".

"Oh yeah?" I said, only half paying attention. "Think he'll be any good?"

"Jeez, I dunno — I'm almost kinda scared to go. It could be *really* pathetic. But I promised somebody a story."

He had an extra ticket, so I went along, more or less for the ride though I was mildly curious to see what the old guy might be up to. In my mind what had begun when "Trout Mask Replica" first exploded on my turntable that night back in '69 just seemed like an experiment that had ultimately failed. It seemed perhaps even more natural to have given up on Beefheart than Lou Reed, Dylan and the rest of them, down to almost every last musical idol I held in the Sixties and early Seventies.

He walked onstage calmly, with the sober, knowing, probably more than a little resigned air of a man who has been there and back, seen the whole cycle and ended up just about where he started out, with the added knowledge that whatever dream might have once seemed close enough to breathe on his fingertips was now forever, irrevocably out of reach.

You see lots of ageing musicians with that look: it's tired and it's very very set and it's not as cynical really as it seems or probably should be; it even carries a certain taint of majesty, the kind of authority or even wisdom built up by hard dues paid steadily, boringly, soul-crushingly over slow and endless years, on the road, in bars, waking up in strange rooms in the middle of the night and perhaps not even knowing what country you're in, never having quite enough money and having to play gigs you loathe just to get enough to try to catch up for once, countless nights lying awake wondering where you'll be and what you'll feel like in ten, twenty years, knowing that even though you've put out a dozen brilliant records and have fanatical fans around the world, it doesn't make a damn bit of difference because there's no new records coming out and they've been deleting all the old ones steadily and you're not winning any new fans that you know of and gradually you sense that people may be forgetting you, that at best you might be a footnote in somebody's history of the music.

Finally comes the feeling of utter uselessness and futility, which can cause you to come to hate the art which has been your life's greatest passion precisely because it seems so increasingly evident that for that passion you have thrown your life away . . .

At least, I thought, he doesn't look pathetic. He looked very good, in fact, very strong, in a dark brown suede hat from a bandito movie, the lines in his face and his air of solemn assurance saying that unlike most rock 'n' rollers he wears his age very well. But then, he was never exactly a rock 'n' roller in the first place, was he?Perhaps part of the trouble with public acceptance of the man's music was that he always resisted easy pigeonholing. Probably all the giants do — what is Van Morrison, or Randy Newman, or Ornette Coleman for that matter?

His band set up, plugged in — all new young kids, not an original Magic Bandman in the lot. They're dressed kinda funny, as in the old days, though not so freakish. One wears a sort of priest's robe.

But then they began to play.

IT STARTED with one guitar player, whanging out a jangling, angular solo.

A kind of wave seemed to roll across the room then — everyone at my table felt it, at any rate — a tidal blast of recognition, of memory circuits lighting up, of old dank centres in the mind and heart long since shut down because they hadn't been reached in years stirring as of some love supreme rekindled, then the whole band began to play, railing at and ricocheting off each other in that familiar beloved paradox of how such caterwauling cacophony can be so tight, so right, so packed with swing and rock solid as oak and broad enough to span decades on end, reaching back into the Delta mud for a water moccasin bottleneck slithering up to recoil off the banshee blares and hottentot honks of the Captain's soprano sax from which he hurls the most monstrous growly reptiles warring till they shake the earth.

And then he sings, just when you think it can't get any more intense he begins to bellow like a bull in heat, caw like a crow, laugh like a wolf one half second from tearing his prey to shreds, growl like a bear then grunt and snort like a hog, and as we whooped and cheered and beat our beerbottles on the table when we weren't agape in astonishment, we might have wondered just how long it had been in these poisonously sterile times since we had seen a stage full of humans who played like beasts, who threw themselves with such animal gusto into what they were doing that they fell out of themselves entirely and into a collective riptide with a momentum of its own, truly American music coming to ravenous life again like a great blast of hot dusky wind off the plains, up out of the folksod guts of this country. Here take this, New York, and all you cats that sit around practicing at raising one weary unflappable eyebrow because you think nothing can ever knock you off your cool highchair again. Well guess again, because this was it, the real rawfaced unalloyed hoodoo devil jivedrive from ancient bogs to forever jetstream . . . which felt even better because for some stupid reason we had not been expecting it at all, yet here it was, naked and looking for nothing but trouble.

The totality of the feeling is what stays in the mind, what that music made happen in that room, the atmosphere so dense with heat and energy you thought this must be somewhere akin to what it felt like to be in at those great legendary jams of the 52nd St. '40s, although there wasn't really time to think such things till later. We rocked. All of us, maddened with the love of it, and it felt so strangely thrilling that we were almost embarrassed, as if reminded that it seemed like years, through all the goddam stupid boring tepid contemptuous uninspired superstar competent professional drudged-out concerts we'd sat still and even sometimes made excuses for.

I don't even know exactly which songs they did, although I know there were a lot of whoops of delight when they launched into "Abba Zabba" from his very first album. I know it spanned all his eras except the Mercury bilge, and that I kept screaming for "Pachuco Cadaver", which he finally did play second set. There was a whole lot of new stuff too, strong as the old, from the finished album "Bat Chain Puller" which has yet to find a record company. Which is almost laughable when you consider how alive this music is and simultaneously how it runs against the entire grain of the music industry ca. 1977, how much stronger then is its self-belief and more important its fuck you to the dispensaries of tissue music for total regressives.

Yeah, nobody wants this weirdo shit . . . I only went two straight nights and would have gone as many as they played and both nights there were only people hanging from the rafters with their tongues lolling out in ecstasy. So you can eat shit, you puny souls who would deny this music in favour of suresell treacle, and also what was that I heard somebody saying about a "New Wave" of something or other that was supposed to be such a challenge to the existing order, such a brave stand?

Yeah, right, tell me all about it when even the best of 'em ain't really gonna even barely catch sight of the Captain's flying bootheels for years in terms of sheer audacious originality of lyrics or music.

I don't know or care what's going to ultimately become of most of the music being slung out today or the people making it, but I do know this: that we all got something out of our systems that night, exorcised some clotted strain of death from our collective gorge, felt a little more vibrance in ourselves and hope in our musical culture. There's no escaping it: we became as beasts. And, especially in a time when most people seem to be aspiring to machinehood, it felt so good there really seemed no reason to go back.

AFTER IT was over a few of us went backstage to congratulate him. Jan was there, of course, quietly carrying those same angelic beams as when I first staggered into the Record Plant and saw her back in '71, and Beefheart himself seemed delighted by our presence in a way that contrasted remarkably with memories of dressing room receptions past.

There was something ineffably calm, settled, resolved and resolute about him: you sensed no rage, no jangling neuroses, no obsessive clutching need for that all-consuming "talk". No getting around it: the beast had mellowed, had seemingly come to terms with at least some of his demons in spite of all commercial rejections and artistic frustrations.

We went to a bar around the corner where he held court. I think it was probably the first time I was ever able to sit next to him and just relax while he talked to somebody else, just like you would with an old friend instead of someone who is almost more of an idea than a person. He hadn't stopped giving out with the occasional verbal pretzel, but it seemed more as if he was having fun with them, toying with the possibilities of language and others' possible responses to them, rather than setting up a complex and highly strained evasion system all around himself based on the principle of managing an ever-threatening reality by constantly mangling it via linguistic shifts and slashes.

He joked, he laughed, he could give and take, he was fun as well as The Captain, a responsibility he seemed to take a good deal less seriously than ever in the past. If this is what failure does to the creative temperament, then let me never be a success.

THE NEXT day two fellow writers and I went up to his hotel to interview him. I almost never bother interviewing people I do stories on anymore, shlepping the tape recorder up and all that crap. It's usually so boring and ultimately pointless for both of you, since most of them have nothing to say that would come out in a situation like that in the first place.

■ *Continues p.27*

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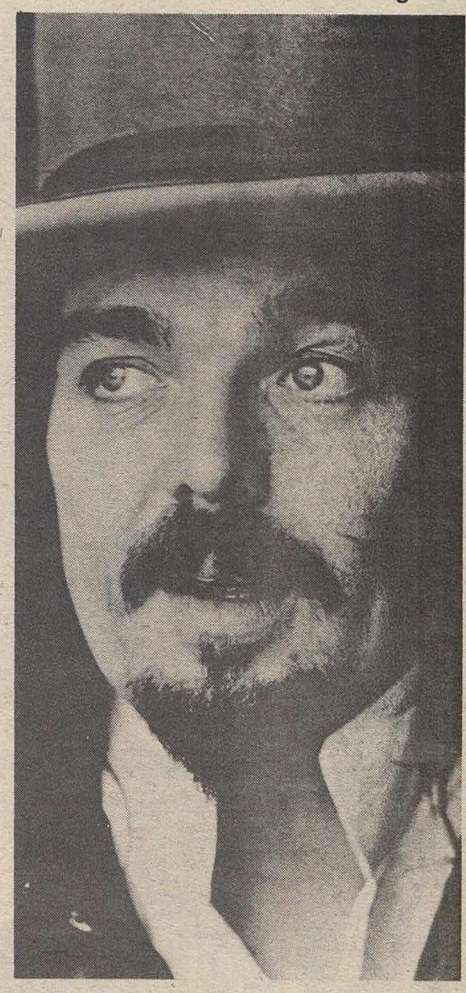


■ *From p.25*

But this felt good — we knew that there was no reason really to even bother thinking up a bunch of questions, that we would just turn our tape recorders on and the Captain would start to talk about whatever was on his mind and it would be good and funny and ramble all over hell and back and we would interrupt him every once in a while to ask some question which he might or might not answer and even if he did we might not know the meaning of the answer he gave, in fact he might not even know what it meant himself, but in any case it would all work out fine.

Somehow there was a palpable feeling that in being all a little older, we had not only sort of aged together but miraculously all of us seemed to have aged for the better, won some kind of battle that could not be verbalised but nevertheless constituted a real victory over what forces had driven us to demolish and diminish ourselves in the past; I don't know if there are very many feelings finer than that.

So, in the transcription which follows, I've left out the Old Home Week stuff, but I hope you will forgive me if information and free-association may seem to flow out of this subject in the manner of oil and water.

One of my friends mentioned Beefheart's New York appearance on his ill-fated Mercury Records era tour with the hurriedly assembled post-Magic Band pickup group. Beefheart said: "I put on a pair of size 32 underwear, and I like to wear a 40. And that group played as good as they could play, but they didn't have my stuff down. I think those guys had more guts than the Magic Band ever had. *That* group kept me in fuckin' slavery under my cape; if I'd leave for one minute they'd fall apart."

When you did "Unconditionally Guaranteed", I wondered, was it just that you'd gotten fed up and decided fuck it, I'll give 'em what they want?

"No, I did that for the group. Because of lending me their fingers — that sounds real corny but it's the best I can say it — for "Trout Mask" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby". I just wanted to make some money for those guys, and for myself, because I had to survive, and I can't take welfare. But to just stand there all the time and play for money, I can't do that either. I'd rather be a salesman. I'd make a great one, too. Never have been able to sell myself, but . . .

"That album 'Bluejeans and Moonbeams' was out-takes. Those assholes figured they'd put 'em out because that would be stupider" — hence more commercial — "and they got $280,000 for that. I called Mercury and they wouldn't even talk to me. I said, 'I don't want that out!' My cousin, Victor Hayden The Mascara Snake, did that painting on the cover, and it ain't that bad a painting. He went down there and — GOD damn! That's too loud, I can't take it!" He has abruptly leaped out of the chair across from me and stalked across the room.

"What's that?" I enquire.

"Some kind of a way-out clock", he growls, picking a weirdly futuristic sort of little digital clock off the mantlepiece and shoving it in a drawer which he slams shut. "I'm of a mind to flush it down the toilet, only I don't wanna bother the alligators."

NOW HE is up and pacing around the room, free-associating full-tilt but with a perhaps slightly self-mocking good humour, from country music — "I like Hank Williams — *Senior* — and Slim Pickens is my cousin by marriage, but screen doors don't make it" — to Andy Warhol: "He did soup things up. I like Warhol, but what about Elizabeth Taylor telling him that she'd let him have the poodle in her trailer on location, but not to let him 'pee-pee'? . . . She also said that success is the best deodorant . . . a psychiatrist is somebody that wants to die in your other life . . . Did you see Liz in *Virginia Woolf?* She was great in that. But you can't be bad on a tin roof: a cat, a mouse, a human being, the percussion alone is enough."

"So", interjects my co-interviewer John Morthland, "What made you decide to jump back in?"

He's referring to Beefheart's current band, but the Captain takes it to mean the Mercury Records phase: "Well, I was writing and everything, and these people got hold of somebody that was feelin' sorry for himself, and goddam, you gotta have a right to yawn, but the thing is when you're yawnin' in public . . . Those songs were good, though, man, before they did what they did to them. They took Winged Eel Fingerling" — Elliott Ingber of the original Magic Band — "off. He did a *bad* thing on that cut 'Party Of Special Things To Do', and they took it off after I went up to the redwoods to finish this novel I'd been working on for a long time.

"I was workin' my ass off on my vacation, just like you always do, but the Mercury corporate structure . . . I didn't even know that goddam 'Bluejeans and Moonbeams' album was out. Elliott Ingber still hasn't got any money and he wrote some of those songs with me. Andy Di Martino did that co-writing thing as *manager* under the auspices that Zappa's lawyer Herbie Cohen had something on me. Boy, I'm talkin' about the Jamaican Switch, the flimflam."

What were you doing after the two Mercury albums, I wondered.

"After I got over my poor lonely child hurt because of the Magic Band pulling out . . . I dug those guys. I slept on the floor with my wife, six years, but those guys had houses with full accommodation. All the money I made went right into that group, and to have those guys go" — he makes a fist-up fuckyou sign — "that's juvenile delinquency. I kinda had a sneaking suspicion, because they lied so cleverly. Every day I would ask them, 'Are you doing what you *really* wanna do?' I mean, don't let me scuff your head, I mean every day before we'd play, and they successfully put me on all that time. I'm an only child and I'm not coppin' out, but goddammit, man, I never had a brother and they really flipped me . . . *whuh!*

"Yeah, I was stupid. God knows the world didn't need the kinda shit that was on those last two albums, but I got bagged by 'I' consciousness — 'I see that, I do this'. It's easy for a painter, and in order to paint you have to do that, put on that ego cloak."

SO WHEN did you put this new band together?

As I finish the question the traffic noises from Central Park West umpteen stories below reaches a crescendo of blatting taxi horns, and Beefheart seems caught between what's drifting up through the window and our questions. "Between the horns . . . I wonder if that's where they got 'Between the Buttons' . . . it's easy to write classical music or at least what they call avant-garde, but I put that thing together right after the tour with Frank.

"You hated me then . . . I just wanted a goddam cup of coffee with somebody I could talk to, but you were obstinate with me too, you wouldn't come to see me. Zappa's like John Phillip Sousa — neither of 'em would let women come on the road, Kept a real tight ship. So Jan couldn't come with me. He just doesn't wanna pay for the hotel rooms.

"After I got back I bought a Corvette and headed for Yreka (California). After about three months Jeff, the new guitar player you saw last night, with the long coat, he came up there and I went, 'Uh-ah-oh, they found me!' He was up there studying Marine Biology and Art at Humboldt State, and says 'I'm up here looking for a house'. I said, 'I know who you are, I saw you at the Bitter End West in '72. Look', I said, 'Why don't we do a group someday, I'll get you a fucking *house* . . .'

"I had a house that was incredible, seals barking out there, deer, a doe came and brought her baby right into our yard, and that really flattered me. And then I went . . ."

We hear a siren outside, nothing unusual in New York City, but it sends Beefheart clickclack to a whole other track. Several of them, in fact: "Who is that guy? Oh, did you ever see that painting 'Broadway Boogie Woogie' by Mondrian? Boy, he got this thing right here, forever. Elizabeth Taylor's got 'em all now . . . Remember 'The Man From Utopia'? *'There is a man who lives in Utopia/He's a funny little fella with feet jus' like I showdja . . .'*

"You know that? Oh, I gotta — I'll find it and tape it and send it to ya . . . Thank God there's still *men!* You're one," pointing to me, thanks Pops, "you're one," Morthland, "you're one", fellow rock-crit Billy Altman, "I'm one — we look queer. I'll tell ya about the dictionary meaning of queer, not what that orange juice chick squeezes that acid on those poor cats. That's different, that's NAZISM!" He slams his fist on the dresser. "There aren't very many men and there aren't very many women, and I tell ya, I hate to see that — it's the fish food."

This seemed as good a time as any to ask him if he liked reggae.

"No. 'Cause I'm tired of seein' those people's smiles wiped off their faces by American people. I've talked to some of 'em, and they're not in any bubble either, man; I mean, who is to say we're not in the bubble, with turrets? I mean those steel drums, man, the minute that little Capricorn that went down there, what's his name, Van Dyke Parks, the minute I met that cat I said 'Yeah, you're a Capricorn; you've got too much corn in your cap'."

Somehow this took a commodious vicus of geographic recirculation to Detroit. "Detroit audiences don't intimidate me. Shit, how could they — all they could do is ride over me with a whale."

They're pinheads in Detroit, I said.

"I heard everything you said up to the word 'pinheads' and then I started thinking about that picture Tod Browning did — I tell ya, those pinheads in there excited me. They were good looking women, man. That picture moved me in a way I haven't been moved before, other than a sea cucumber or something: the dresses were *nice, damn* that was nice."

AND SO ON into the night. Later we went across the street for a drink, and while waiting for the light to change Beefheart said "Hi!" to a total stranger woman standing next to us. Except the way he said it, it came out like a speeded up Martian voice — or pinhead.

When we had finally packed up our tape recorders and caught the F train home, I remarked to Morthland on how easily maturity seemed to rest upon Beefheart's brow.

"That's funny", he said. "I was just thinking of how amazing it is that he's managed to remain so childlike."

And the unity of that contradiction just about sums it up.

Jimmy Cliff

Too good to be forgotten - four classic tracks

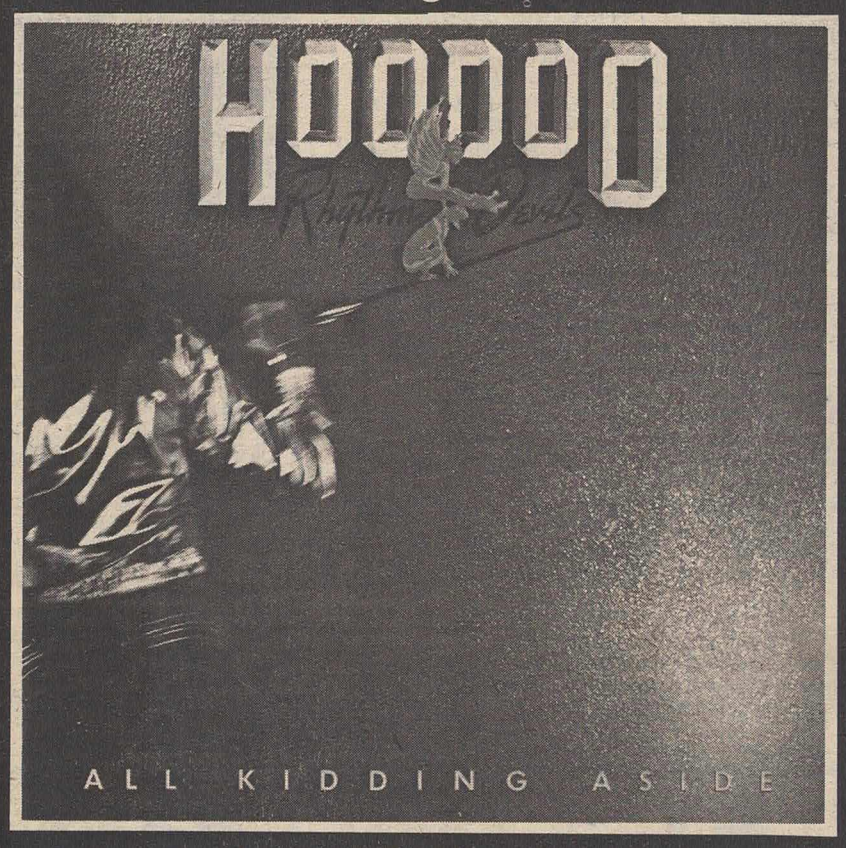
Wild World · You Can Get It If You Really Want

The Harder They Come · Wonderful World, Beautiful People

IEP 9

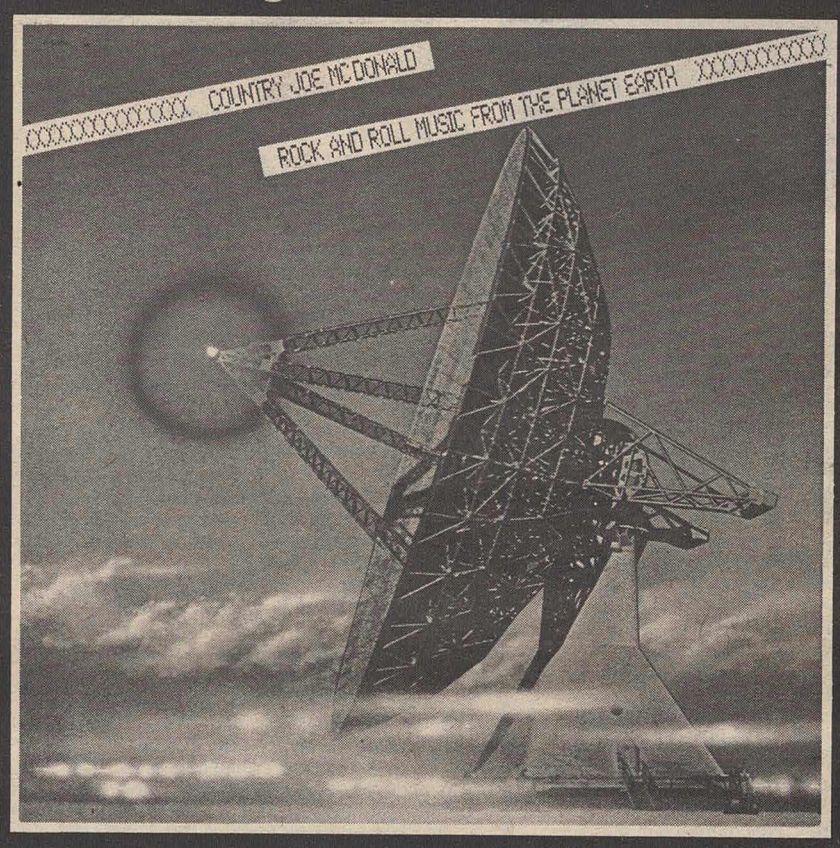
ISLAND

Hoodoo Rhythm Devils



ALL KIDDING ASIDE FTC 540

Country Joe McDonald



ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC FROM THE PLANET EARTH FTC 539

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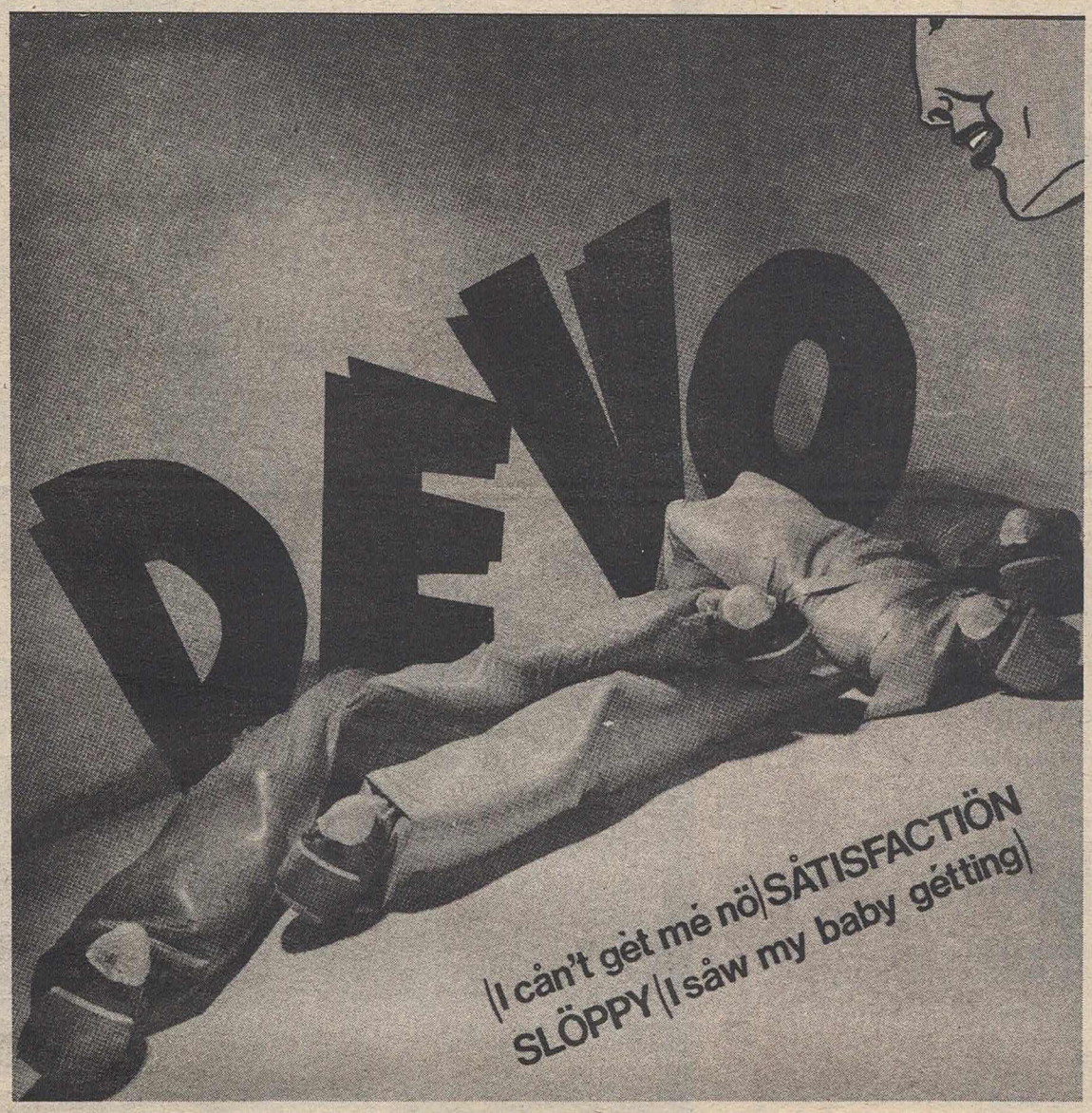
SINGLES



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DEVO: (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction/Sloppy (I Saw My Baby Getting) (Booji Boy). Had enough of this d-evolution schtick yet? Does the name Devo invoke a long aching groan and an offhand shoulder shrug? Good. Read no further, instead rush out this minute and lay your sweaty clams on a copy of the second seven-inch wonder from the clean up squad.

If Devo never make another record, and simply vanish back into the suburban blight with suitcases full of the loot from record company advances, they'll have justified all the media knicker twisting with this singularly brilliant little manoeuvre.

Not one ounce of fat or indeed flatulence to be found here. Devo strip the old Jagger/Richard warhorse down to its constituent parts then re-assemble them with unflinching functional precision. Binary logic as applied to one of the all time great rock'n'roll songs. An art of process rather than creation. And it works so well that there's a strong case to be made for this as the definitive version.

What the hell, this *is* the definitive version. Absolutely contemporary. It would even make a great disco record.

When you've worn the A side to a frazzle flip it over and savour the delicious clockwork Devo-dance of "Sloppy". Feel those tense muscles growing lax then tight again as Devo touch parts of the body I never even knew existed.

Stiff are to be congratulated for making this hitherto expensive import available in an improved pressing state for all you nascent spud boys and real tomatoes out there. We're all devo and it's too late to stop now.

THE MOTORS: Sensation (Virgin). Actually I always thought The Motors were a pedestrian hard rock combo with a neat line in promo tactics, one good song in "Dancing The Night Away", and a four-part block vocal trick that didn't exactly suggest the sort of vast creative wellspring on which careers are based. But this ain't bad. A dense production (dense seems to be an operative word with The Motors) complete with vibraphone, oopshedoop harmonies, guitars and yet more guitars. The dry

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY PAUL RAMBALI

enunciation that follows from their massed vocal style serves the lyrics well, the song being a wry look at image masturbation. Sufficiently tuneful to guarantee exposure, and sufficiently jaunty to benefit from same.

GRAHAM PARKER: Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions (Vertigo). The fetid smell of commerce hangs heavily around this disc, or *disco.* Admittedly, the honky reggae prototype from GP's first album has always gained an acceleration of pace, and inherent subtle shift in rhythmic emphasis, when performed live, but that's no excuse for the inclusion of brass, strings and synthesiser on this Robert John Lange produced revamp from the forthcoming "Parkerilla". It must be said that it's all very tastefully adulterated and won't overly offend Parker stalwarts, but it must also be said it's leagues behind the cold raging bitterness of the original version. At least when Nick Lowe makes a disco record he has the good sense not to be serious about it. The most this record evinces is business sense, and eyes fixed firmly on the American market.

IAN GOMM: Come On (Albion). Speaking of Nick Lowe, his former Brinsley Schwarz compatriot Ian Gomm now returns to the recording world after failing to notch up high returns as a shoe salesman. This exquisitely badly packaged item on foundling Albion records features a stylish interpretation of Chuck Berry's "Come On", produced by the ever popular Martin Rushent. Gomm turns Berry's lightweight plea for reconciliation with his sweetie into a brooding and desolate cry, playing out the darker side of the lyrics in much the same way as John Cale did with Elvis's "Heartbreak Hotel", Obey sleeve instructions and turn the hi-fi high and lights down low. A worthy purchase.

RADIO STARS: From A Rabbit (Chiswick). Radio Stars continue their off-the-wall attempts at making what they think are pop records with a splendidly catchy little bounce about the pitfalls and joys of bodybuilding. Except this time they've managed to construct something that acutally does sound like a pop record, and a chartbound one at that. Borrowing large chunks from the Roy Wood production repertoire and resembling, not unexpectedly, all those Wizzard rekkids that used to provide relief of a kind from the endless Slade and Sweet releases, this is Radio Stars' most digestible cookie yet. Tired of getting the sand kicked in your face? Buy this and learn how your too can have a physique like Andy Ellison.

KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND: Boogie Shoes (TK). You'd have to be wheelchair-ridden or else terminally insensitive to the delights of utterly disposable pure pop hokum to fail to appreciate the fact that Howie Casey and The Sunshine band, working from a small eight track studio in Miami, Florida, have put out some of the best pop records of the decade. They have all the requirements of the genre. They're dumb, just like Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" was dumb, and those early Beach Boys singles were dumb, and "Sugar Sugar", and "Telegram Sam", and "Rockaway Beach". All you hear are those senseless lyrics, lots and lots of hooks, about three chords, and that great big monolithic back beat. That's all your really need.

ROBERT GORDON: Fire (Private Stock). Every song Bruce Springsteen writes seems to embody in epic romantic proportions the seminal qualities of all the great rock songs from "Hound Dog" on down. They all sound like classic hit records — so why aren't they? Even Southside Johnny's letter perfect Drifters pastiche — "Little Girl So Fine" — failed to score. Maybe Patti Smith's "Because The Night" will change things, because it certainly won't be "Fire" as rendered by Robert Gordon. The song is good enough to curl your toes but Gordon's performance is too low key — not to say plain insipid — to do it the justice it deserves.

FRANKIE FORD: Sea Cruise (Chiswick). And from the pretender to the genuine article. Gordon's latest waxing features a version of "Sea Cruise" that pales significantly alongside John Fogerty's '75 version, itself about a notch under this, the one and only Ace original as released by Chiswick through their acquisition of the long defunct label's catalogue. Could somebody please explain why that second street New Orleans syncopation and Huey Smith's walking piano lines sound timeless whereas Gordon sounds aged and archaic already?

WINGS: With A Little Luck (Capitol). Here's another puzzler: How does this 35-year-old man keep on putting out singles for which chart success is a foregone conclusion? What's his secret? The elixir of eternal schmaltz perhaps . . .?

JONATHAN KING: Old DJs Playing New Sounds (Epic). What is happening with the doyen of garbage records? First he admits the only reason he hasn't put out any records lately is because he couldn't afford to hype them into the charts, and now he comes clean with a ditty designed to be the swansong of all washed up BOF's everywhere, and has the cheeky humility to include himself.

STYX: Fooling Yourself (A&M). More flaccid techno rock from prissy cosmic opera purveyors who deem it necessary play with their legs surrounded by dry ice and their brains fixed on the third Yes album. I don't even need to ridicule this record, all I have to do is quote the lyrics: *How can you be such an angry young man when your future looks bright to me".*

SLIME: Controversial (Toadstool). A timely solo release from Moped guitarist Slimey Toad, trainee channel swimmer and idiot graffiti specialist. It's actually quite pleasing to the ear, if unintelligible to most other nomal human faculties, and proves the Moped/Toad team do have some kind of future beyond decorating the portals of large 19th century stations.

THE DYAKS: Gutter Kids (Bonaparte). And after Johnny Moped the Surrey Sound now offers The Dyaks for nationwide consumption. Tight and raucous enough in a Jam/TRB vein, but close inspection reveals some precarious seams.

GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES: Only Death Is Fatal (Big Bear). The ultimately meaningless title reflects the contents. Sounds okay in a sub Heavy Metal Kids way, but turns to waffle on a second glance.

THE YOUNG ONES: Rock'n'roll Radio (Virgin). Any song sporting the words rock'n'roll in its title is immediately suspicious. Saying it doesn't necessarily mean it's going to happen. And this disc offers yet more proof of the veracity of that statement. To compound matters, the word radio also figures in the title. Which again doesn't necessarily mean it is the kind of transistor shaker it would like to be.

THE TABLE: Sex Cells (Chiswick). Sex sells, yes, and if it can sell paint then why not also The Table, who claim — whilst no doubt sweating profusely under bulky over coats — to be *"Obsessed with a mad desire for sex, especially with schoolgirls".* The keyhole comedy element saves it from accusations of base exploitation, though it still has few socially redeeming features. Even more wacky than "Do The Standing Still", and favourably comparable to XTC, but somewhat shallow in both humour and execution.

PARLIAMENT: Flash Light (Casablanca). Not up to the standard of "P Funk" or "Tear The Roof Off The Sucker", but still gloriously devoid of anything beyond the celebration of the motion of the hips, and well suffused with the usual Parliament whimsy and assorted strange noises.

BROTHERS JOHNSON: Love Is (A&M). Too sunny and syrupy to be a worthy successor to "Strawberry Letter 23" or their great debut single "I'll Be Good To You", and also failing dismally to follow up the Philly tradition that the latter indicated they might be heirs to. Bland-out city beckons invitingly to The Brothers Johnson.

EMMYLOU HARRIS: I Ain't Living Long Like This (Warner Bros). A tight ass 12-bar serving as a reminder that Emmylou once cut some classic country barrelhouse boilers on Gram Parson's treasured first album, a fact that she and I both had all but forgotten. It is a real pity that Parsons' original vision had to fall into the hands of people like Linda Ronstadt, and that Emmylou just doesn't have what it takes to snatch it back.

JAPAN: Don't Rain On My Parade (Ariola). A fairly clever Tubes-like overkill job on the old Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney showtune by a group whose ad motif — a hand down a pair of trousers — has been liberally plastered on walls and papers over the past few weeks. Unfortunately, it's a bit too clever and smacks, like the ad, of some gimmick merchant's idea of the easiest route to a fast buck.

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: Coyote (Fantasy). I never liked Don Fardon's "Indian Reservation" and I don't like this, despite the worthy subject and because of the oh-so-smooth-and-oozing LA sophistication. There is something laughable about an old crusader trying to turn a succession of popular causes into hit records. In the new ex-conscious society Country Joe's bound to hit paydirt somewhere along the line, though, and it's odds on that his next will be about baby seals.

GENERATION X ROCK & ROLL SOUL

Have GENERATION X got redeeming social merit? What is BILLY IDOL'S dark secret? And where do GRANDMA JONES and CLAES OLDENBURG fit into this? CHRIS SALEWICZ has the answers.

MIDNIGHT IN THE basement console room at Advision Studios, London W1.

As Generation X bassist Tony James avidly demands of producer Martin Rushent that he explain the details of his craft ("Gotta learn how to do it myself so *I* can produce that sound that's in my head"), guitarist Derwood and drummer Mark Laff pore over a pile of *Health And Efficiency* magazines that they've unearthed.

Anxiously singer Billy Idol runs his fingers through his tartily bleached hair and carries on walking in circles behind Rushent's chair. Though totally absorbed in listening to the final mixes of the first Generation X album, there's no hiding the nervous tension that has been building up since the band started putting down the backing tracks three weeks previously in a small studio across town on the Fulham Palace Road.

Idol hasn't slept for the last couple of nights. This album means a lot more to him than he'd probably admit: his tightly furrowed brow reflects his concern. As he nods out the beat to "Youth Youth Youth", he carries his head slightly bowed, as he does onstage — almost as an expression of the slight lack of confidence that he might feel after all the stick with which his band has had to contend.

His prime emotion, though, is relief. "We felt *great* when we started making the album," his slight South-East London accent whines nasally, "But *great* in that way you feel when you're about to go out and run a race you really want to win.

"And once we got into it, everything went so well, everything coming out *so-o-o* much better than we imagined it could.

"After all," he breathes, flicking a stray hair out of his left eye, "I still imagine other people making records but not us, which shows how the whole thing is just to go out and do it, y'know, because . . . because *this* is all I've ever wanted to do, and just the fact that I'm doing it feels like a personal triumph.

"And I hope that means something to other people who feel they can't do anything. Because *I* never believed *I* could."

Though each of Generation X's three singles — "Your Generation", "Wild Youth", and "Ready Steady Go" — has made the Top Fifty and notched up a minimum of sixty thousand sales, the group have endured more than their share of negative criticism, and plain old apathy, from the press.

Not that the band have been beyond criticism, but it's somewhat depressing that of all *NME's* writers only Nick Kent, who assessed their first bill-topping Roundhouse gig as containing "the mark of greatness", should recognise that the group's inconsistencies have resulted merely from Generation X being a very young band. It was, after all, only in May last year that the present line-up came together when drummer Laff moved over from Subway Sect as replacement for John Towe.

The band who opened the Roxy Club on December 21st of '76 spent 1977 checking their own possibilities and disappearing up assorted creative tangents until they could measure their true abilities. Generation X were finding themselves. Once the strengths within Generation X were to be recognised and measured by the four members, they could then be harnessed and used properly. At the appropriate moment Generation X could then emerge in the fecund wholeness of first maturity.

That moment would appear to have been the moment the band booked studio time for their album.

Until then . . . *well, screw it!!!* Macchiavellian drives to the top of the charts are, after all, not only a complete irrelevance in terms of good art, but are also totally antithetical to the punk spirit which Tony James had been fostering, along with The Clash's Mick Jones, in the legendary London SS since the beginning of 1975.

So Generation X haven't toured enough. So they've had management problems (former *Snouds* staffer Jonh Ingham recently left his partnership with Rough Trade founder Stewart Joseph to leave Joseph to direct the band's future). So the outfit got landed early on in their career as the punk group being steered to clean up the teen-bop market . . . this the result of some public relations activity that resulted in spreads in the likes of *Pink* and *Fab 208* (and of which Idol comments: "I'd rather it was rock 'n' roll groups in there than stinky disco-soul, right? Although they *did* stick me in there in the first place without my knowing.") . . .

Well, so what? Maybe Generation X have had so much stick because they're more open and more honest than most other punk bands. In particular, both James and Idol are afflicted with an idealism that could be described as naive if it didn't contain such breadth of musical vision. Listen, the others may be very adept at keeping schtum, but there is nary a single name or semi-name punk outfit that hasn't required major surgery of the soul over the past 12 months.

NATURALLY, John Rotten was being sarcastic when I told him Gen X's album was an excellent record and he retorted, "Is it as good as their singles?"

All the same, Generation X's singles have sold well ("And they'd have done more if Chrysalis had made us an instant big act by buying us into the Top Thirty. We asked them to, of course, but they refused." — James) and they are very good 45s indeed, but in the light of the album "Your Generation", "Wild Youth" and "Ready Steady Go" (the first song Idol and James ever wrote together, incidentally) are revealed as little more than sketches, studio experimentations maybe, for The Real Task.

"Ready Steady Go" would, I'm certain, have been less one-dimensional (the fault of all three singles) had it not been the first thing recorded with Stranglers producer Martin Rushent in the transitional period which followed the departure of ex-Sweet producer Phil Wainman after "Wild Youth".

Also, it's hardly their fault that there is such a collective cuteness about the group. If anything, Idol's good looks are his biggest hang-up: "It's only very recently that I realized I looked good. Maybe it's because my own head creates the problems — 'She's too good-looking for *me*' — but I don't get any more girls than anyone else. I've known really ugly guys get a lot more girls — perhaps because they're more forward.

"If that's why some people don't like us then they're a long way from what their reality could be: I didn't believe I could be in a group until a while ago.

Plus, the Idol tonsils may not exactly be those of a Caruso but since when has a great rock 'n' roll singing voice been measurable in such classical terms? Rather, just like Mick Jagger and other great non-vocalists of rock 'n' roll, Bill uses his voice as yet another instrument. Also, although ostensibly a front man, Idol — whose almost staccato stage movements bear more than a passing likeness of those of Jim Morrison — has a real task that is closer to that of mere band member, a point emphasised by the naturalness and ease which surrounds the group whenever he picks up a guitar onstage and slips anonymously into the visual mix.

"I used to get up and sing with people and they'd say " 'E can't sing'. But in the end I just thought *'Fuck it!* Maybe I can't but I'm going to have a go. If no-one listens then it must be the truth: if there's just one person left listening then is must be okay. And all I know is that every time we play more and more people come to see us and seem to like it.

"There's a lot more to it than just wanting to make a lot of money. I'd always wanted someone to say 'What a great song you've written'. And now people have said that, y'know. Which was always my dream.

"Yet everyone else seems to be out for something else."

BOTH BILLY and Tony James — a songwriting team of pure fire (ho-hum) — hold to an attitude towards mankind that is essentially a belief in every man's ability to raise himself from the mire — for each and every member of society to achieve divine status, if he or she so desires.

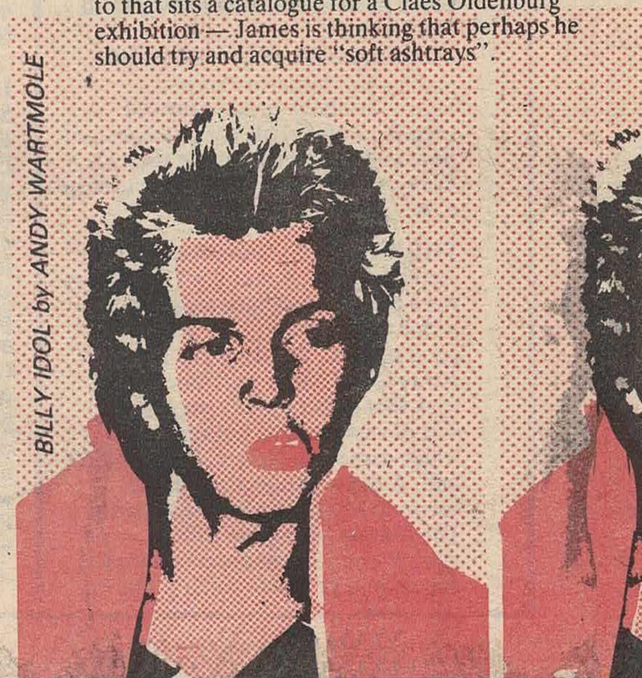
They each believe fervently that we can all be what we want to be.

Until first Idol, and then James, found flats in Notting Hill, the singer remained down in Bromley living with his parents while James was tucked away in his Granny's two-roomed flat by the Thames in Fulham — just a little more than a stone's throw away from where Derwood lived with his parents. During the final week of cutting the LP James and best pal Mick Jones unearthed a vacant top flat close by Portobello Road, and James now has his rent paid by his management, as well as his £20 a week pocket money.

Jones is out for the weekend when I call round one Saturday night a few days after seeing Generation X down at Advision.

Next to a copy of *That Kind Of Girl* — Tony James is a collector of any early '60s paperback of redeeming social merit — sits a copy of *Generation X*, the 1964 study of mod culture which Bill found in his mother's bookcase and from which Clash manager Bernie Rhodes appears to have spirited the first paragraph for use as the liner note for The Clash's album. Next to that sits a catalogue for a Claes Oldenburg exhibition — James is thinking that perhaps he should try and acquire "soft ashtrays".

TONY JAMES (left) and WILLIAM BROAD (a.k.a. BILLY IDOL): "There isn't a single name punk musician who doesn't have some skeleton in his cupboard — even if it's only education." These boys are no exception. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.



BILLY IDOL by ANDY WARTMOLE

There is a full-length poster of Lenin on the far wall. Trinity's "Three-piece Suit" album plays on the stereo.

James wears a yellow Dylan t-shirt, scuffed quasi-Beatle boots, and faded ice blue jeans. The "Blonde On Blonde" era Dylan-style hair is constantly flicked and tousled and played with.

Tony James likes his new flat. Living in Fulham — the album's Springsteenesque "Kiss Me Deadly" is about the area — he became, he says, "very good at running".

Also, much as he's fond of his Gran, living with a grown-up had got out of hand: "Generation X was becoming the sound of five o'clock tea . . . but now the sound of Grannyland is over. It had to be. I'd exhausted all the possibilities of writing songs about living with Granny."

The bassist spent ten months with Granny. Before that he was staying with Mick Jones, who, funnily enough, was living with *his* Granny. After Jones had picked up his Clash advance from CBS he invested some of it in buying an air ticket for Granny Jones to go to the States. James accordingly moved into the 18th floor of the Jones towerblock and Granny Jones' possessions were tucked away out of sight.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Granny was coming back that night. Pausing only to replace the flying ducks on the walls, Tony James fled into the night . . . the only home which he could possibly call his: Granny's.

As well as being a great fan of Granny, Tony James is also a great art aficionado. Not even being obliged by his school to take first science "A" levels and then a science course at college ("so I could get a grant and not have to work and then go out and form a group") dissuaded him from his love of aesthetics. Though it's a word we should all be wary of, James is certainly something of a conceptualist. He even ensured that the band's album cover was shot by early Stones' photographer Gerard Mankowitz in a near-parody of his own '60s work.

He also declared that he, Billy and Derwood should be prepared to wait "two years if necessary" until they found exactly the right drummer. Indeed, so determined was James that his band should be in a position to play the music he and Idol were writing — James writes the lyrics and handles the arrangements whilst Idol comes up with the actual songs themselves — that he actually started learning the drums himself: "There just didn't seem to be any good drummers about. So I figured maybe it would be easier to find a bass player if we'd already got a drummer . . . but I didn't really like doing it too much, It's difficult looking good and moving about onstage if you're a drummer."

James also writes — stories as opposed to songs — and is a very able artist. Amongst a series of cartoons he drew whilst in London SS are some highly astute vignettes — Malcolm McLaren as diabolic figure, for example, and Brian James playing guitar with a hammer.

Presumably because it can be seen as reflecting the person as much as the music he plays Tony James believes avidly that a rock 'n' roll musician must possess an image that fits both the musician and the group he intends to join. "As soon as someone walks in the door," he says, "You know whether they're the right person or not." And he recounts a tale of a drummer auditioning for London SS who came all the way up from Brighton to London on the train with his kit only to be shooed away for not looking the part.

This belief that the aesthetics must be right appears to extend to the other three members of the band. Mark Laff, for example, was not overly impressed by the standard of musicianship amongst the punk bands he saw playing in London before he auditioned for The Clash the same day as Nicky Headon and gained the consolation prize of a gig with Subway Sect. However: "I did like the clothes, I thought the clothes were great."

GENERATION X. A brief historical perspective: Frustrated from their personal attempts to stave back the threat of Hip Easy Listening, Tony James and Mick Jones knocked London SS on the head in the spring of '76 — before it had ever played a gig, incidentally, thereby ensuring the band mythical status within the annals of punk.

In August of that year Tony James answered a *Melody Maker* ad for a guitarist. Meeting Billy Idol — for it was he! — in London's West End the pair, at a loss for somewhere to talk, disappeared into an empty cinema where James whipped out from behind his mackintosh the shocking truth that he was, in reality, more of a bass player than a guitarist. "Cool," quoth Idol. "You're just the man I need. I play guitar myself. And a vocalist has already come my way in the person of one Gene October."

With the addition of John Towe on drums this quartet became the first edition of Chelsea, lasting for only a handful of weeks and gigs. On November 21, 1976, they played their last ever show supporting The Stranglers at the Nashville. October was abandoned to his own devices and, with Towe for the time being still in tow, it was decided that Idol should put down his instrument and concentrate on vocals. A guitarist, it was reasoned, would turn up when he was meant to turn up.

Three weeks later Idol was invited to a Saturday night bash at the Fulham Arts Centre. There, as "Fulham Grease" stared out the punks on the other side of the hall, a band called Paradox went onstage and played its one and only gig. Though their set included a fairly stock mixture of Status Quo and Deep Purple, in addition to such faves as "Shakin' all Over", it

Boys Together Outrageously: Left to right, DERWOOD, LAFF, IDOL, JAMES. Photos above and below, PENNIE SMITH.

was the manner in which guitarist Bob Andrews was handling the material that impressed Bill: "It knocked me out the way he could just handle any of those numbers. I thought 'this guy's got the same influences as me.' I felt he felt the same things as me."

Down at Advision last month for example, with a heavy outbreak of blond stubble about the chin, and his grease monkey bare arms sticking out of his biker's sleeveless denim jacket, Idol seemed more like an out-take from the Grateful Dead than the pretty punk he is often thought to be.

"I didn't want," claims the singer, "people who were just into the same things as me. But I wanted someone with the same feeling: with the same spirit. And Derwood wanted to make a noise and find other people who were equally as strong as him."

Gene October, both Idol and James had felt, failed much of the time to comprehend what they were talking about: "So we decided to find people to play with who would be our friends. With both Derwood and Mark that feeling was so much more important than who they were into or what their hair or clothes were like. We didn't just want punk rock people."

Tony James is highly amused by the manner in which punk musicians lay down false trails to mask their middle-class identities and gain greater street credibility: "There isn't a single name punk musician who doesn't have some skeleton in his cupboard — even if it's only education. Although Rotten has managed to cover his traces very well, maybe it's because it's genuine. Who knows?"

BILLY IDOL'S dark secret, for example, is that when James and he met up the singer was still enrolled in an English Literature course at Sussex University in Brighton. "I put a stop to that, though," laughs James. "Couldn't have him disappearing all the way down there when he was supposed to be forming a group. I went down there with him and made sure he left."

Just off Notting Hill Gate, Billy Idol drinks a mug of tea in his seedy bedsitter. He's wearing a scarlet frayed sweater and pair of black leather pants.

The proverbial hopeless case at school, Idol quit after O levels and went to his local college of further education to attempt A levels. There, with assistance of a heavily politicized lecturer — the first person, says Idol, to have supported the singer's beliefs in himself — he managed not only to pass his exams but also to get into university.

In addition, he was making time to dye his hair — its natural colour is dark brown — and starting to go up to the Sex shop to check out the threads. At the time his heroes were John Lennon and Lou Reed. They still are.

The iconoclastic Bromley punk scene has been, feels Bill, just a little overplayed. "There were actually five people involved," he laughs, his gaze resting on the Plaka hairspray and jar of Max Factor Clear Gel on the mantlepice. "It's made to sound like some huge army now, but it was just five people who happened to like the same things.

"So we all moved together towards the same scene. Into what we are now. It wasn't a question of trying to create some hip scene. It was just what we were liking and finding different and exciting. We just wanted to find something different and new which would mean something to us.

"But all the time the reason for the clothes and the hair was because I wished I was in a group.

"But Bromley was just one place. I'm sure if you went to Hackney there as a small scene going on there, too."

Although James went off to college with the specific intention of using his time in academia to ensure he could become part of the annual quota of graduate entrants into rock'n'roll, Idol was more escapist: "I went to Sussex because I got frightened that otherwise I'd have had to go out and get a job. I locked myself into a limbo world where nothing ever happened but in which I wouldn't be hurt by anything. I totally turned off.

"Then I realised that was the wrong thing to do. I understood I should try and meet people and get a group together."

At Sussex the Robin Trower and Jethro Tull freaks apparently found it difficult to relate to the young English student with cropped blond Lou Reed locks and black leathers. "I joined a group there that was playing the sixties' stuff but the people in it were just total dorks."

Then, at the end of his first year shortly before meeting Tony James, Bill went up to the 100 Club in London for his first Pistols' experience. Ah, epiphany! Suddenly, as though in a trance, he saw his future before him. "I thought: 'Now you know you can do something. Theyre just the same as you. It's gotta be done now. If you ain't got the guts to do it then you're the biggest turd out'.

"No wonder," he rubs his face in his hands, "people in straight jobs can't take rock'n'roll. It must be *so-o-o* painful to see people enjoying themselves and making a loud noise and then they've gotta get up and go to work in the morning.

"I realised when I saw the Pistols that if I didn't do it then I was just the biggest shithead out because I'd just be like all those people I hated."

It probably distresses Idol to loathe certain of his fellow human beings. But then maybe that's their problem. After all, Bill feels, we each have the ability to save ourselves and for citizens of the UK salvation is always just a turntable spin away. "I really think English people have rock'n'roll in their souls," insists Idol. "So many great musicians have come out of this country."

And Billy certainly has rock'n'roll in *his* soul. Why, he even remembers how, when he was eight or nine, he cried and cried and cried when "She Loves You" was knocked from the number one spot. He is also sufficiently perceptive to have spotted Marc Bolan as — despite the awful bullshit he used to spiel — the great English rock'n'roll figure he was, and T Rex's "Electric Warrior" as being a classic English early seventies rock album: "Bolan was just standing there as flash as could be and saying 'Up your's'. He was giving kids my age the feeling 'I'm just a person doing what I want and nothing's going to stop me. Nothing's going to influence me except for the things in which I believe.'

"Rock'n'roll goes beyond almost any boundaries because it's dealing with feelings. Now," he leans over and turns up the unmixed tape of "Promises, Promises", "that's one thing I've got against punk rock. I think it's a great idea. But the concept of no emotion leaves me cold. I can't understand people who say 'The music should have no emotions. It should be stark and desolate.'

"Surely it's got to be ringing with emotion. Because that's what rock'n'roll's all about. Otherwise it's not what I would call rock'n'roll.

"I think," he continues, "that Generation X has proved to us all that you *can* do things. You can do the things you want to do. And if other people don't like it it doesn't mean it's not happening. Once you break out of all the restrictions people try and place on you you *can* do it. But it's tough breaking out in the first place. In fact, it can be real scary."

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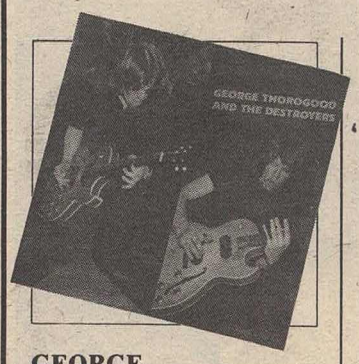


GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS
George Thorogood And The Destroyers (Rounder Import)

FIRST TIME I heard about George Thorogood was from Nick Lowe, during a conversation wherein I asked him if there were any acts floating about that he dug enough to want to produce.

Well, he blathered on about The Soft Boys and then launched into this rap about this geezer called George Thorogood.

"George Thorogood's someone else I've got this feeling about. George Thorogood and The Destroyers, they're a blues band from somewhere in the Midwest and it's all straight-down-the-line blues. They're a three-piece, and the guy's just 19. I've never seen 'im, but he's got an album out at the moment, and you hear it and he's just one of these guys that you get a feeling about — you think, 'Yeah! He's *got* it . . ."

George Thorogood *has* got it, and on the strength of this album alone I'd mark him down as the best and heaviest white bluesman to emerge this decade — the hottest since Johnny Winter came stumbling cross-eyed out of Texas in '69, in fact.

He's from Wilmington in Delaware, sings in an intriguing cross between lip-curling white-punk-on-dope snarl and bluesman slur, and plays a fiercely traditional blues firmly based on the music that developed when the original country blues first started to get to grips with electricity: an earlier blues than the Muddy Waters-styled Chicago Southside blues of the '50s and the frenetic Buddy Guy/Luther Allison Chicago West Side music of the '60s, the blues that fuelled the likes of The Stones and The Feelgoods, Butterfield and all those guys.

Thorogood's into electric country or "citified country" blues based around the music of men like John Lee Hooker and Elmore James, only revved up for the '70s: brutal, slammimg, almost consciously restricted slide guitar over a bitch of a backbeat (supplied mostly by drummer Jeff Simon, since his bass player Billy Blough seems — on the basis of this recording, at least — to be almost totally out to lunch).

It's unusual enough for someone of Thorogood's tender years to want to play the blues (most American teenagers would seem to want to be in Kiss or Fleetwood Mac), but it's doubly extraordinary for him to pick a musical area that's esoteric even within the already esoteric blues field.

What can I say? Thorogood's feel for his chosen idiom is virtually unparalleled: his electric guitar work is both vitally exciting and alive, solidly rooted and unselfconsciously traditional.

There's no distance between him and the blues when he cranks up his big old 1950s Gibson Byrdland and gets to work on material like Elmore James' "Madison Blues" (which he plays great even though it's one of Elmore's less interesting songs) and — best of all — Hooker's "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer", a personality-jive *recitatif* boogie which almost sustains interest for its over-elongated eight and a half minutes.

Curiously, he almost loses his grasp on his music on the acoustic cuts. Robert Johnson's "Kind Hearted Woman" comes over as fussy, academic and *learnt* (as opposed to *felt)* despite an enviable delicacy with the slide on the top notes. The other acoustic track — an adaptation of the traditional "John Hardy" — is the only non-blues cut, and features wheezy Dylanesque oops - mah - harmonica - harness - is - slip - slidin' - away mouth harp. Not exactly a standout.

This is very much a debut album — an extremely impressive debut, but still an album that indicates that Thorogood has barely started. Me, I'm interested to see what'll happen when he starts getting properly into songwriting and sings George Thorogood's *own* blues instead of Elmore's and John Lee's.

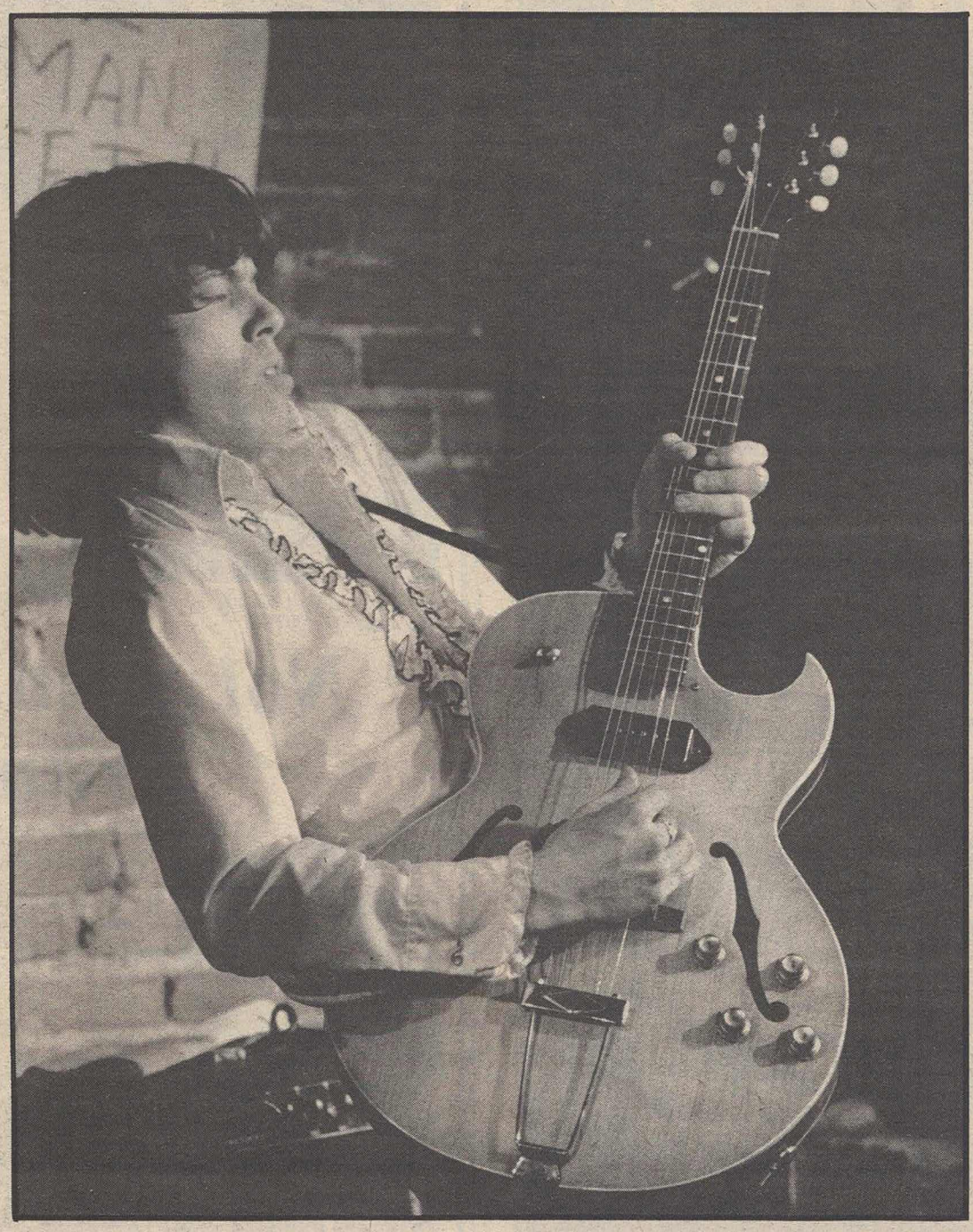
Furthermore, I'd dig to hear him kick some life into his bass player or else get someone who'll carry the weight properly. There's no room for passengers in a three-piece group, and Blough's reticence is the main reason why this album sounds so bare and exposed in too many places.

On his excellent and sadly long-deleted live album "Blues Is King", B.B. King tells his audience, "We're going to try our best to move you tonight, ladies and gentlemen, and if you dig the blues I think we can." George Thorogood, barely 20, is already man enough and bluesman enough to be able to say that to his audiences, and I salute him at the beginning of what looks like being a lengthy and distinguished musical career.

Rock your socks off!

Charles Shaar Murray

(The Destoyers' opening move will be released in the UK by Sonet on April 24.)



The younger they come, the faster they last. *Pic: MICHAEL UFFER*

Can Young Men Play The Blues?

The TV Backlash Starts Here . . .

TELEVISION
Adventure (Elektra)

SPRING AGAIN and a young man's fancy turns to product.

Yet another American Artist with no guilt — I don't know how they do it!

I don't know about you, but I'd rather sit through a Nick Lowe album than listen to the latest lax waxing by yet another "New Wave" American band, with their selfish fantasies of individual reality and desperate desires for the root of all evil

Well, why do you think Television persist in putting out records stamped on red or green plastic? Is Tom Verlaine's creative genius burning? At least Kiss gives you a free sheet of transfers.

Still, as the Roman Emperor who hid his money in his chamber-pot was fond of saying, *"Non olet"*. Money doesn't smell — not like this record anyway.

Drag yourself past the 'literary' sleeve — they're not a pretty band and Tom faces up to baldness with bad grace — and what you get is more acid-casualty-type gibberish in the tradition of "Marquee Moon".

You remember. Verlaine sings like a woman from that African tribe where they stretch their necks to giraffe-like lengths by wrapping brass coils around them. There's your usual ponderous and profound musical preening, featuring guitar solos which make Segovia look like a handless man.

The single "Foxhole" is here, but the only good song on the record is "Glory", a clean, simple, unadorned song almost worthy of Talking Heads. It's good because it's the only time Tom doesn't angle for a date with Salvador Dali and use dumb Dada-reject imagery.

"She got mad/She said 'you're too steep'/Put on her boxing gloves and went to sleep."

Now I think that's smart, but the rest is strictly Surrealist and often unintentionally funny, like when Tom *really* gets into his namesake Paul Verlaine's (Rimbaud's possessive boyfriend) skin for the immortal line *"Last night I drifted down to the docks . . . ".*

Verlaine did two years bed-and-breakfast courtesy of the French Government when he shot old Artie Rimbaud in the wrist — if there was any justice in this world, Verlaine Reincarnate should do a similar stretch of boulder-breaking for this arty abomination.

If you were auto-suggested into buying "Marquee Moon", you might be interested in this — but I doubt even that, since the new little piggy isn't getting a page-plus review and a front cover-ridiculous overkill.

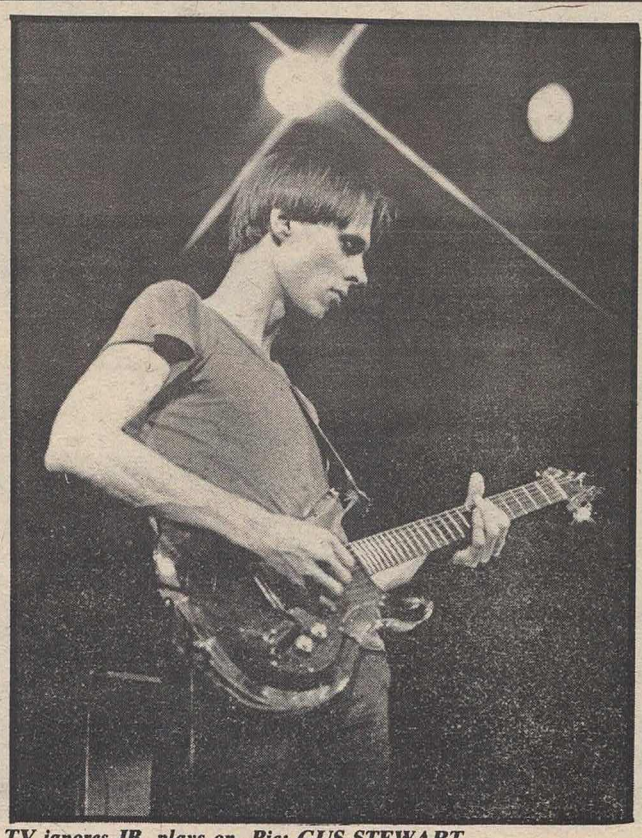
Tom's loved one might like it (cheers, Patti Lee!), but "Adventure" is really just wallpaper backing for the Woosome Twosome to read each other French poems to.

"Truth for the poet," said George Santayana, "is only a stimulus."

Which means that a poet doesn't give a damn about anyone or anything much beyond his nibs' nib. Stateside new wave bands have honed this stance to near-perfection, all to the good of their bank balance.

But gee whiz, what a state to be in...

Julie Burchill



TV ignores JB, plays on. Pic: GUS STEWART

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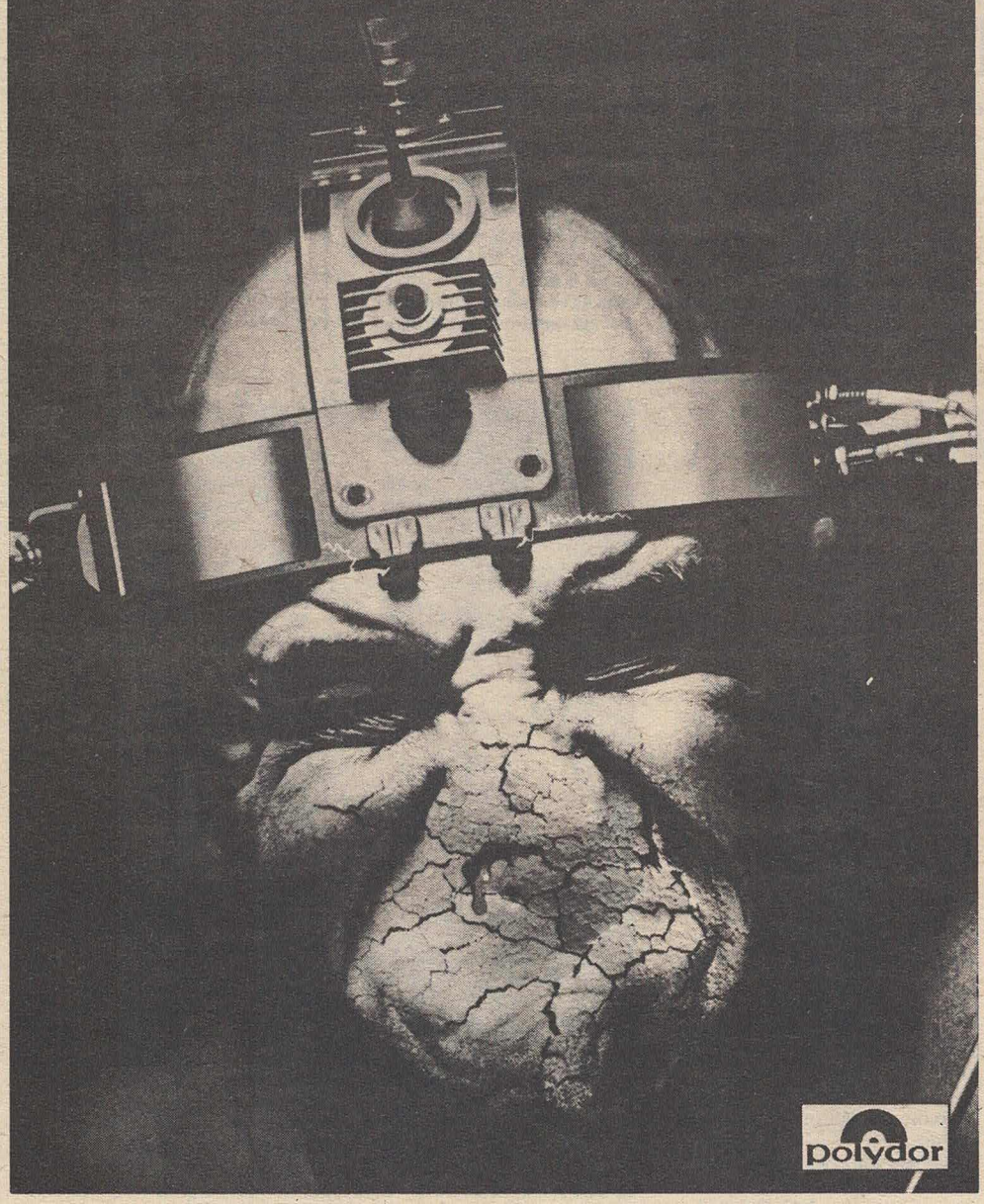
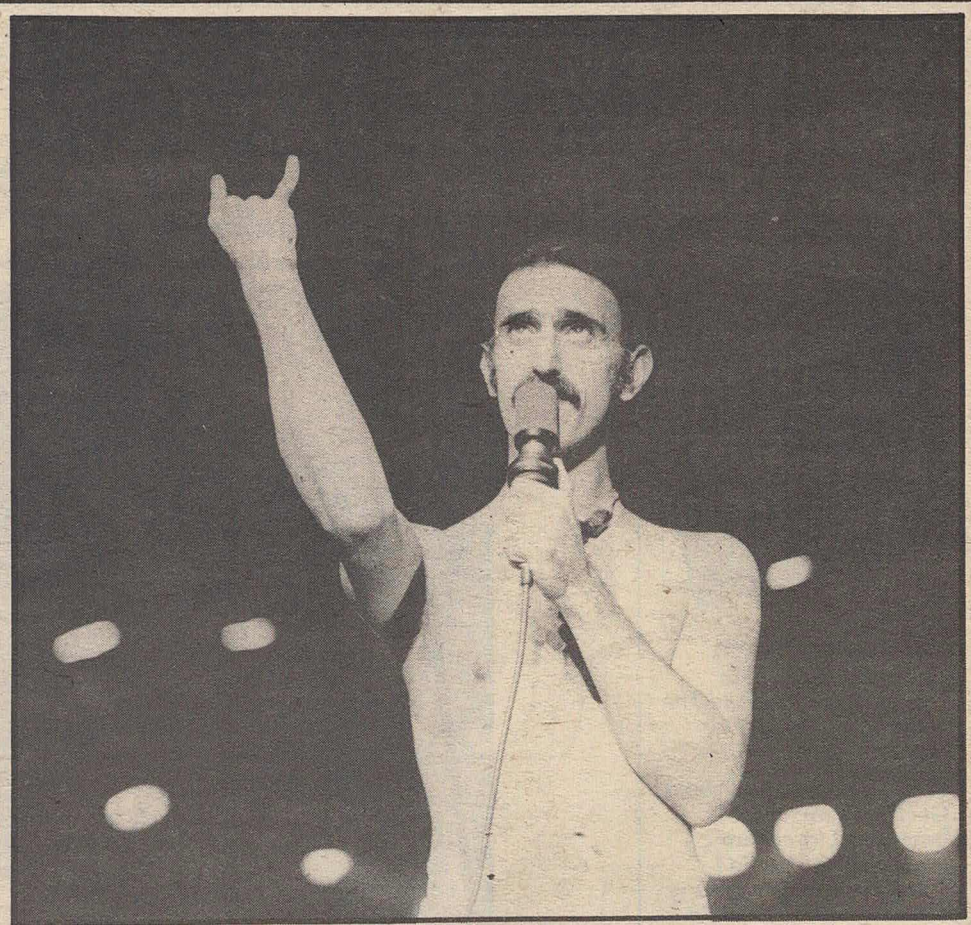
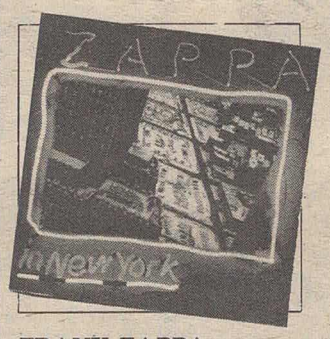




What can a vegetable like me say to a human but . . .?
Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Not Funny But Frankly



FRANK ZAPPA
Zappa Live In New York
(Discreet)

FRANK ZAPPA can be an erratic and frustrating — if not frustrated — old goat. He balances moments of cunning compositional splendour with a penchant for excessive debasement.

It's almost as if he's afraid to have his music taken seriously. Or perhaps he's all too aware of the limited audience that exists for the modern day composer and is therefore forced — and by implication damned — to cooking up scuzzy little routines in order to sell records and concert tickets and thus gain means to continue his further education.

Observers of recent Zappa gigs will have noted that his normally patronising attitude to his audience has developed into a fine art. There can't be many entertainers around who can get people to pay good money to have their tastes, lifestyle and social habits insulted for two hours at a stretch.

Some of it is deserved, and some of it also is good, biting comedy, but lately the comic quota has begun to eclipse other aspects of Zappa's work, becoming repetitive and tired enough to verge on self-parody.

Which is one of the central bugbears of "Live In New York". Recorded in the winter of '76 with Eddie Jobson, Ray White, Pat O'Hearn, Terry Bozzio (now well entrenched in George Duke's old role of Zappa's comic foil), Ruth Underwood (since departed because, says Zappa, she wouldn't dance), extra percussion and a brass section, but delayed by contractual wrangles, it features roughly one instrumental jam, one side of orchestrated ensemble gymnastics, and two sides of the aforementioned routines.

I'll tackle the funny stuff first, since, as Zappa seems acutely aware, it presently constitutes his most bankable asset. Those Dinah Moes are still hummin', so to speak.

Zappa's sense of humour has always been abundantly bizarre, but in recent years it has acquired a distinctly lavatorial odour. It might be, to paraphrase the lyrics to "Honey Don't You Want A Man Like Me" and "Illinois Enema Bandit", just what all them college educated women need. It might not. The trouble is the laughs now wear off fairly fast.

The amount of band in-jokes that can be mutated into skits to which Zappa's by now highly polished technique of aural dramatization can be applied is no doubt endless, also blessed to varying degrees with a redeeming social commentary value. But the technique itself has become far too facile — Zappa probably knocks these numbers out before breakfast — and hence perilously close, again, to self-parody.

As for the instrumental selections, beyond a cheesy horn-led version of "Sofa", and sax solo by Mike Brecker proving he can be more than merely an insipid session hack, it's all just expertly performed Grade B material.

Admirers of Zappa's guitar prowess are redirected to "Bongo Fury", and those who wish to sample proot or Zappa's musical gifts should opt for "Zoot Allures" or, especially, "One Size Fits All".

Probably owing in some way to Zappa's contract troubles, "Live In New York" is irritatingly short — one side, after the removal of "Punky's Whips", runs a mere ten minutes — and musically inadequate and inconsequential.

Good only for a few chuckles, dispensable thereafter.

Paul Rambali

SCORPIONS
Taken By Force (RCA)

THESE FIVE German guys reckon they play a style of music "quite different and strange". Needless to say, they reckon wrong, this album being nothing more than another dreary forty minutes or so of standard heavy metal fare. It's cliche all the way, right down to the lousy title and the cover pictures where they all do their best to look frightfully butch.

The two guitarists make with the sub-Sabbaff riffs and the unimaginative solos while drummer Herman Rarebell (good name, huh?) makes with the sledge-hammer but the vocalist will have to work on his ear-splitting scream.

As for the "songs", there's the obligatory head-down HM charge in "Steamrock Fever", examples of sexist cock-rock in "I've Got To Be Free" and "He's A Woman — She's A Man", pseudo-cosmic pretension in "The Riot Of Your Time" and "The Sails Of Charon," and HM ballads (i.e. they save the volume until the end of the song) in "We'll Burn The Sky" and "Your Light". Even allowing for the fact that they're writing in a foreign language, their lyrics, as you might have guessed from the song titles, are dreadful.

Neil Peters

CARL PERKINS
The Original Carl Perkins,
(Charly)
Rocking Guitarman
(Charly)

THIS IS more like it. Not another case of seminal though ageing rock'n'roller getting into the studios with a bunch of wide-eyed second generation adulators, overawed at playing in the Master's presence — but the real thing.

The original Carl Perkins Sun recordings recorded way back when Perkins was a strong contender for Presley's crown with his compulsive blend of rockabilly and rhythm and blues (this *is* the man who wrote "Blue Suede Shoes").

Over 20 years old, these albums still swing like a wind sock in a hurricane. There's a great, flat-earthy sound to them, 16 tracks on each. They still sound fantastic.

Patrick Humphries

FROM A RABBIT

Radio Stars

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW

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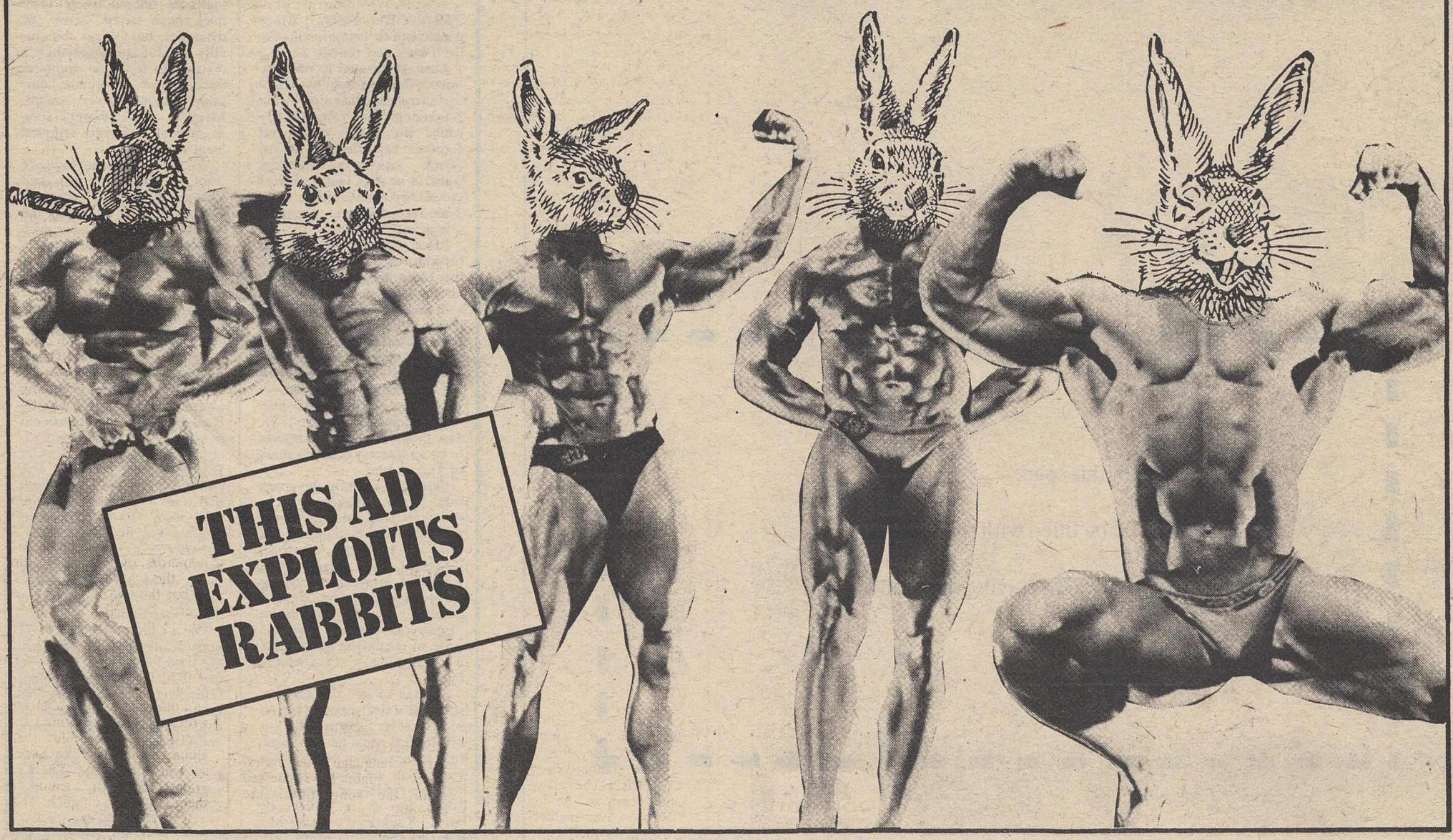


THIS AD EXPLOITS RABBITS

Can One Man On A White Horse Save The Western World?

WINGS
London Town (Capitol)

PURE POP for Then People. As Paul McCartney's audience grows old, cosy and inert, he's evidently happy to satisfy their every need. No wonder Lennon's stopped working. There simply aren't enough sour, sardonic, aged bohemians to keep him in royalties.

So here we are again. Another year, another McCartney family album. So what's new this time? Predictably enough, very little.

There's the familiar Wings mixture of medium to soft rock and MOR mawkishness. Some moments of inspiration, but too few and far between. With the lyrics, McCartney has nothing in particular to say, and says it at some length. The melodies tend to be agreeable, but not classic.

In a way, it's possible to see Wings as a continuing, brilliantly realised piece of nostalgia. They represent The Beatles as softies would like to remember them — minus much of the wit, the aggression, the weirdness and the insights of the original model.

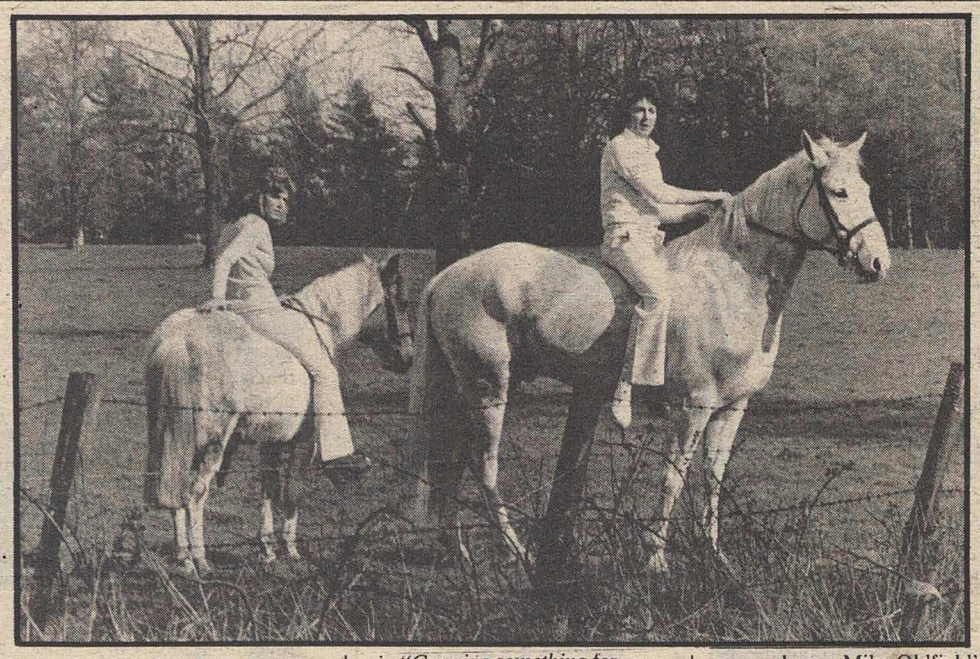
Wings music is defused, safe and (with the exception of the appalling "Mull") almost unobtrusive. Just the job for '60s rebels who've matured or decomposed into '70s suburbanites. Ownership of a Wings album entitles you to assert youthfulness and adult composure at the same time. It's no surprise that this stuff sells.

The saddest and most inevitable aspect of the album is the dearth of rock'n'roll. McCartney's always been undervalued as a rocker. Too few people recall, for example, that he wrote and performed the flat-out Heavy Metal classic "Helter Skelter". When McCartney wants to sing rock, he can make a primal scream sound like a whisper.

The closest he gets here to letting rip vocally is during all too brief segments of a tune called "Morse Moose And The Grey Goose". Since the song is primarily a sea shanty, the bursts of frenzy seem oddly gratuitous.

Otherwise, there's an attempt at boogie called "I've Had Enough", which never quite matches the likes of "She's A Woman" or "I'm Down". In fact, the album's most satisfying rock song is a brilliant Elvis pastiche in "Name And Address". Had Elvis had songs of this calibre, his later years might not have been so desperate.

But the thing that most people expect from McCartney is strong, memorable melodies. Unhappily, there's not too much here to rival his own best work. The single "With A Little Luck" is



pleasant, but a mite lightweight. Much the same is true of a little piece of McCartney philosophising, "Don't Let It Bring You Down". It's a pretty enough tune, but almost too delicate to survive.

Perhaps the most stunning melody on the album is "I'm Carrying", a love song that drips with sentimentality. The chorus reveals that McCartney is *"Carrying something for you"*. Quite what he's carrying is never revealed, but it hardly matters.

"I'm Carrying" is a useful reminder of McCartney's remarkable gift for potent, emotional pop songs. Few writers can convey intense feelings with such deceptive ease. It's a gift that's deployed all too rarely here.

Among the weakest cuts are the two openers, "London Town" and "Cafe On The Left Bank"; both are little more than postcard accounts of their respective locations. It's hard to tell why he bothered.

Five of the songs here are collaborations with Denny Laine. (Linda McCartney seems to have lost the prolific songwriting talent she gained shortly after The Beatles' split). Laine himself seems to have something of McCartney's knack for writing kiddies' songs. Their joint effort "Children Children" is in the same class as Mike Oldfield's "The Horse Song" or Ringo's "Octopus's Garden".

"Children Children" may well serve to confirm the notion that McCartney is happier when he's avoiding adult themes. One verse begins: *"I know where there's a fairy/Who will invite us all to tea"*. Lyrics like that are enough to make you bring back your jelly.

It's obvious really that McCartney would never have got away with that kind of thing when Lennon was around. And it's undoubtedly the lack of critical appraisal within the band that leads to Wings' characteristic blandness.

Where The Beatles' isolation brought about radical innovation, Wings' seclusion has resulted in a kind of musical regression. McCartney was so much older then. He's younger than that now.

Bob Edmands

Sensation/The Day I Found A Fiver.....a new single by The Motors

"Watch this space

It could be filled with the fiver

that you win by buying the brand

new Motors single"

HOT TUNA
Double Dose (Grunt)

STRANGE FISH. More coelacanth or living fossil than flesh pink and tinned.

Casually formed to pass the time of day and night by Jefferson Airplane stalwarts Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady whilst the band's Slick and Kantner axis flapped off to hijack imaginary starships some of us wish had been real (good riddance, etc.), Hot Tuna recorded an easy, honest live debut.

"Hot Tuna" reflected an obvious respect for and love of the blues and associated folk idioms. Six subsequent albums — a total that excludes Kaukonen's "Quah" solo — have seen the original acoustic duo expand, adding drums, adding and losing fiddler Papa John Creach, adding keyboards.

"Double Dose" was also recorded live (at Theatre 1839, San Francisco), and purports to be a summary of seven years of Tuna tunes.

Side one is barely the green side of go. Kaukonen picks disinterestedly through acoustic blues and folk items, among these Jelly Roll Morton's "Winnin' Boy Blues", the Reverend Gary Davis' "Keep Your Lamps Trimmed And Burning" and his own "Embryonic Journey", which I seem to recall first surfaced on The Airplane's "Surrealistic Pillow."

Strange to say, the guitarist sounded a deal more involved with what he likes to claim are his musical roots on that same first album. Here you get the impression he could just as well be rattling a bag of old bones for all he knows or cares. Kaukonen's taste may be impeccable, but his traces are badly knotted.

The other three sides spread the fish paste pretty thin, despite potent production from Felix 'Heavy Melody' Pappalardi of Cream and Mountain fame. The all electric Tuna blithely slip their own standards alongside others' like Chuck Berry's "Talking 'Bout You" and Muddy Waters' "I Can't Be Satisfied".

Not that you'd notice the difference without checking the credits. For self-professed bluesophiles, Tuna come on like heretics with hellfire hanging right behind them. They may have some sense of dynamics, but it's an abominably slothful one. Everything's rescued to a lowest common denominator of wham bam, grand slam heavy metal. Mandrax music. Waters' song in particular emerges crippled from the ordeal.

When I want the blues, I want them blue, not red. And another thing — Kaukonen and Casady are still way the wrong side of '68, jiving with feedback, fuzz and sustain like they've set themselves up as the lone stars of some latterday psychedelic revival. It wouldn't matter a third as much if they injected a certain lightness of touch (as they did with The Airplane) — but no, it's all points to atrophy and lethargy.

The mercilessly numbing assault's beaten off only by Kaukonen's occasional penchant for quaint romanticism in songs like "Serpent Of Dreams" and "Watch The North Wind Rise". Back into the time capsule with those titles, man. Granted the chord changes are nice 'n' dreamy, but they're *so* self-consciously pretty; it's also unfortunate that Kaukonen's oddly adenoidal voice is barely as strong as his subject matter.

On a purely technical level both Kaukonen and Casady are double alpha players — a fact that makes their resolute refusal to either enter the '70s or to add just a snatch of colour and shade all the more ennervating.

Much too much mercury, boys. Why not stay off the poison and stick to the seaweed in future, eh?

Angus MacKinnon

PROCOL HARUM
A Whiter Shade of Pale / A Salty Dog (Cube), Shine on Brightly / Home (Cube).

A WELL deserved re-packaging of the first four Procol Harum albums.

The combination of Keith Reid's elusive lyrics, Barrie Wilson's powerhouse drumming and Gary Brooker's music and arrangements marked them as a band of calibre. They were often stigmatised as a band with a peculiar line in 'Gothic' rock, enigmatic and epic (as amply demonstrated in the marathon "In Held Twas In I" from "Shine On Brightly") but when necessary Procol could rock like a bitch.

It was the potent blend of Brooker's voice and piano and Matthew Fisher's grave organ tone which gave Procol their distinctive sound, a sound particularly eminent on their debut album. However as various members came and went, the music changed — from the good natured ragtime of "Good Captain Clack" to the sepulchral and majestic "Wreck of the Hesperus", the folk-influenced "Too Much Between Us" and the hardcore rock of "Devil Came from Kansas".

Of the four "Home" is the weakest *(Rubbish — Homebound Ed).* It was the band's first without influential founder member Fisher and highlighted Trower's ever-growing, intrusive presence within the group.

Patrick Humphries

TANGERINE DREAM
Cyclone (Virgin)

TWO STEPS forward, two steps back.

So the Tangs now have a drummer in Klaus Krieger, occasional extra on Edgar Froese's solo albums. Krieger's arrival has pushed the 'music' forward into disco territory; his kit work is cumbrous, predictable (natch) and often robotic — standard synthetic time.

So the Tangs now have a singer in Steve Jolliffe, who trebles on flute, trumpet and keyboards. Jolliffe's arrival has pushed the 'music' back into period psychedelia; his lyrics are facile musings about such novelties as consciousness and cosmos, his singing archly mannered, his flute trills pure Moody Blues circa "In Search Of The Lost Chord".

I'm open to correction, but I strongly suspect Jolliffe is another of those late '60s British musicians who, like Nektar, expatriated themselves to Germany in the hope of finding an audience susceptible to such blatantly anachronistic blatherings.

Side one of "Cyclone" is two songs, "Bent Cold Sidewalk" (?) and "Rising Runner Missed By Endless Sender" (??) — toppling blocks of musical masonry buttressed by conventional Dream sequencing and auto-riffs, hideous electronic mutants of Barcaly James Harvest balladeering.

Side two is "Madrigal Meridian" — all sequencing and nothing new, vacuous meandering that suggests Froese and company are recording *much* too often for their own creative good, also that Peter Baumann's strong sense of structure and melody will be sorely missed.

Believe me, at one stage (around "Sorcerer") I really thought the Tangs were about to attempt something bravely new. Make the footwork one step forward and three back.

Angus MacKinnon

IMPORTS

SINCE 1966, when she first became signed to Chess, **Marlena Shaw** has promised much but — give or take a record or two — rarely delivered.

A singer who can handle soul, jazz of four star MOR with equal conviction, she's often fallen into the trap of trying to please everyone without really satisfying anybody in particular. "Acting Up", her latest CBS release, merely serves to reiterate the problem, Marlena blending run-of-the-disco hotsteppers alongside a modicum of Manhattan muzak, among which is included a bossa-flavoured workout on the theme to *"Looking For Mr Goodbar"*.

Of course, it's all totally professional, as befits an ex-Basie songbird. But the only moment when the album really catches fire is when the singer relinquishes all of Bert De Coteaux's orchestral trappings and simply provides her own pure church piano accompaniment to "Mama Tried", a real piece of straight-from-the-roots, 18 carat gospel.

I guess it's best to draw a veil over the subject of **Melanie's** "Phonogenic — Not Just A Pretty Face" (Midsong), a release which bears the message: "Dear folks out there — I've missed you and it's been too long, etc., etc.", and contains, quite unbelievably, Ms. Safka's versions of "We Can Work It Out" and "Knock On Wood" sung to an accompaniment provided by such funky flunkies as The Breckers, Richard Tee, Hugh McCracken, David Sanborn, Chris Parker et al.

Let's just say that the results are more Titanic than titanic and leave it at that. Glug, glug, glug.

This week's one-upmanship spot is devoted to the camp followers of **Iggy** and **Ian Dury.** The news is that the Ig's "Kill City" album is now available on Bomp in green vinyl, while the Blockhead-in-chief's "New Boots And Panties" is available on Euro-Stiff in a gatefold sleeve version that contains an extra track in "Sex Drugs Rock Roll". Odd thing too is that the latter is imported so cheaply that the disc sells for no more than the standard British release.

Logo are currently shipping in copies of **Popol Vuh's** "Coeur De Verrre" (Egg) soundtrack — which means that you'll now be able to obtain the disc even if you reside in deepest Heckmonwyke. While HMV, Oxford Street, have again Euro-hopped, hauling in **Ash Rah Tempel's** "Discover Cosmic" (Ohr), a double that lines up the band's "Seven Up", with Timothy Leary, alongside "IV — Invention For Electric Guitar". Another arrival is **"Dan Ar Bras"** (Hexagone), on which the Stivell guitarist leads a band that includes Patrig Molard (pipes and flute), keyboardist Benoit Widemann, drummer Michel Santangeli and Fairport's Dave Pegg on bass.

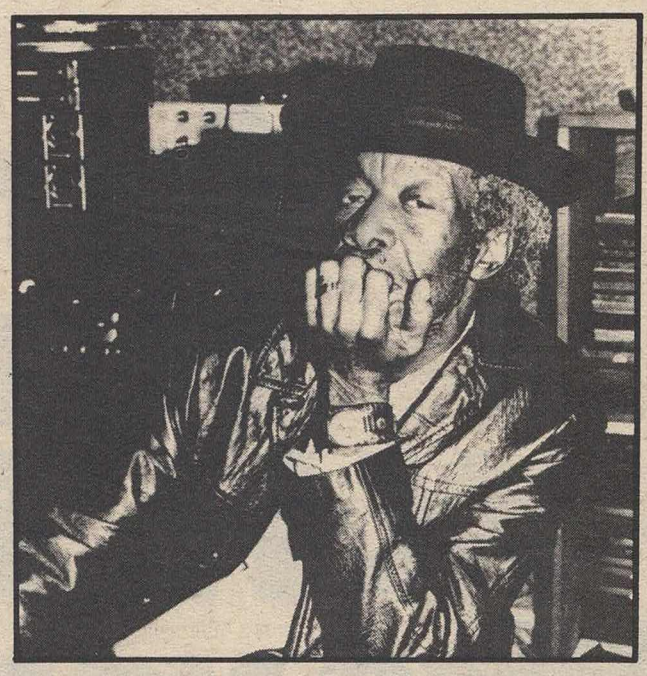
And while on a Fairport tack, it's worth mentioning the availability of four albums by **Ougenweide,** a German outfit of Conventional sounds. All on Polydor, they comprise "Ougenweide", the band's debut album, originally issued in '73; "All Dre Weil Ich Mas", from '74; and two more recent offerings in "Ohrenschmaus" and "Eulenspiegel".

Meanwhile, wingin' in from across the Atlantic have been **Mike Finnegan's** "Black And White" (CBS), **Red Steagall's** "Hang On Feelin'" (ABC), **Bruce Cockburn's** "Circles In The Stream" (True North), **Bat McGrath's** "The Spy" (Amherst), **England Dan and John Ford Coley's** "Some Things Don't Come Easy" (Big Tree) and "Keep The Dogs Away" (Midsong) by **Thor,** a blond muscleman whose vocals are boosted by The Tootonic Choir.

Fred Dellar

Balletic, Bionic, Black, Beautiful

PROFESSOR LONGHAIR
Live On The Queen Mary (Harvest)



HERE IT is, the third Professor Longhair album to hit your local record shop in recent years, Wonder if anyone will buy this one?

Fess (as his friends call him) and Fats (Domino, you fool) were the two king-pin R&B pianists in New Orleans around 1950. However, where Fats with Dave Bartholomew devised that streamlined, bomping beat that took him to such heights of fame that any member of the *Daily Mirror* Pop Club could name him, Fess stuck with the fancy stuff, and even Paul Oliver overlooked him in 'The Story Of The Blues'. (Why?)

You see, the Crescent City has always had a unique tradition of dance music — since the City's Fathers were the only whiteys to allow the 'niggers' to use their African drums (seems there was a widespread fear of them discussing politics in talking drum language) — and Fess has always kept, albeit with his own peculiar identity, close to the heart of that tradition; the Voodoo, the funeral bands with their mysterious 'Second Liners', the Mardi Gras and Professor Longhair all go together as one. Unlike Prof. Longhair and fame and fortune, unfortunately.

He was just too difficult for the days of rock'n'roll, where you made your point quickly or went home. To say he plays triplets in an 8/8 rhumba beat is true enough, but it doesn't show how subtle and crazy his music is, the way he shuffles, sways, topples and turns head over heels the rhythms with both his hands (the right one's almost balletic, the left it seems bionic).

He is still infinitely more inventive and daring than Domino, and has a voice of idiosyncratic charm. Field research has shown me that his records can get any party going. Though an old man now, he is still at the height of his powers, and could yet be a star.

Not necessarily with this album, though. The man is magic, of course, but the bass and drums are a little shaky and the guitar is wholly redundant. The Blue Star album of a year or so back also had a pointless guitarist, as well as four of the same songs, so neither add much to each other — another shame, leaving us still waiting for the complete modern statement (the way to which, I feel, is through ditching these guitars and getting him back together with those heavy old New Orleans saxes).

Until such a thing happens, I advise you to get this excellent, if imperfect, album. Know thy obscure genii! Buy Longhair!

Alynn Williams

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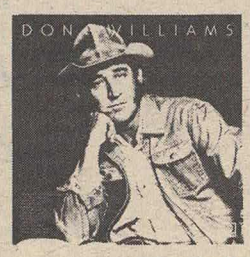

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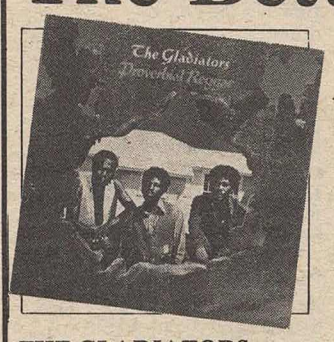


THE GLADIATORS
Proverbial Reggae (Front Line)
RED HOT in a Babylon or mauve in the Grove? A further package of proverbial reggae from man of prayer Albert *"none of my doings shall never go wrong"* Griffiths and his group of Gladiators, Gallimore Sutherland and Clinton Fearon.

The Gladiators in their original corpus were a neo-doo-wop outfit of US origin, led by a gentleman named Nero, who sang of "Those Oldies But Goodies" in 1961, a reminiscence they shared in common with Little Caesar and The Romans in the same iwah. Albert Griffiths' Gladiators are "Music Makers From Jamaica", serving platters of considerably different fare.

Their career stretches back to 1967, the year Albert Griffiths cut a tune entitled "You Are The Girl" alongside The Ethiopians for producer Leebert Robinson, followed by the first *bona-fide* Gladiators "Train Is Coming Back" recording for Wirl later the same year; their subsequent long-term association with Coxsone Dodd began with the chart-topping "Hello Carol" in 1968.

The Studio One partnership lasted until 1976, resulting in a string of superb rock-steady and low-key reggae parables: "Serious Thing", "Boy In Long Pants", "Roots Natty", "Bongo Red", "Freedom Train", to name just a few. Even now, Coxsome continues to issue choice Gladiators material from his seemingly limitless tape bank — with "Mr. Baldwin", "Be Hold" and "Peace" — the original version of Culture's "Stop The Fussing And Fighting" reworking — all emerging on Studio One labels in recent months.

Two years ago heir-apparent Tony Robinson took the group under his regal wing. Following a strong seller on the local market with their TR Groovemaster debut single, "Know Yourself Mankind", he went on to produce a Gladiators album, "Trench Town Mix Up" — a set abundant in excellence, eminence and ,as since has been proven, endurance, with which the trio secured Virgin a contract.

The album was released as part of Virgin's Front Line "rockers" campaign — to recall the term taken from an Augustus Pablo inspiration and used by the company's PR department, wary of the stigma attached to the word reggae, in a misguided attempt at the music's redefinition.

Of all the issues out of Vernon's Yard in this initial

rush, I defy contradiction of my nomination of "Mix Up" as the top ranking release. And this in spite of sets by U Roy, I Roy, Peter Tosh, Delroy Washington and The Mighty Diamonds, whose "Right Time" LP sold far in excess of The Gladiators set.

The understated tenor of Griffiths' lyricism, coupled with the surprisingly sympathetic Prince Tony production, effected an album vivid in warmth and wisdom. It seemed the perfect antidote to carnivals of carnage and NF demonstrations in Winson Green — to reiterate my conclusions at the time of its issue.

"Proverbial Reggae" exacts more of the same. Griffiths possesses a keen ear for the finely wrought melody, a facility he shares with those other two great reggae vocal trio leaders, The Royals' Roy Cousins and The Abyssinians' Bernard Collins, and to which he weaves plaintive lyrics of overstanding and love.

"Dreadlocks The Time Is Now", a reworked interpretation of his Studio One "Roots Natty", exemplifies this. *"Dreadlocks the time is now"*, he croons, *"stand up, fight for your rights; or you ain't gonna get your culture, maan. Roots natty, don't give up or down."*

There are ten tracks on this new album and not one really poor song among them. In fact, The Gladiators would appear to be incapable of making an indifferent record.

Other stand-outs include the chanting "We'll Find The Blessing", "Jah Works" and "Music Makers From Jamaica".

As far as comparing it to "Mix Up" — yes, I it very nearly matches the compelling quality of that superlative set. My only word of chagrin concerns the non-inclusion of "Learn To Dance A Yard Before You Go Abroad", which was certainly included among the tapes Tony brought over to Virgin and should have merited inclusion here.

Penny Reel

THE VIBRATORS
V2 (CBS)
THERE'S A rumbling from the record player; something's going wrong. Is the album going to self-destruct in five seconds? No, it's only The Vibrators being noisy.

That's something the band's always been quite good at. There's always been a certain cold, unsubtle strength about their stage act, which some people hate and plenty of V fans love. It's only ever transferred to grooves as raw, impenetrable riffing.

This second attempt is different and better. Although the lyrical content remains emphatically dumb, most of the songs are tuneful in an obvious bang-crash way.

The reason the project falls flat is that, apart from a couple of love songs, the material is concerned with creating an image of a cruel, frightening, militaristic future. You know the scene, a boot stamping on a human face forever, pure 1984. They've been strongly influenced by their German sojourn and they've produced the first new wave marching album.

Actually, it isn't quite that silly, it's just that "Destroy", "War Zone", "The Troops Of Tomorrow" and the rest are about as menacing as a toothless chipmunk.

"It's a war zone baby, ooh yeah!" Fab, let's all play soldiers. The Vibrators produce lyrics of death, insanity and fear but they haven't learnt the musical language of menace. "Troops Of Tomorrow" starts with a jackboot beat and continues with a slow, chanted, no future tirade. It's a dull song. You can't dance to it and the words aren't worth the effort of listening for.

The opening cut, "Pure Mania", illustrates the band's tendency to deal with serious subjects with the sensitivity of a Sherman tank. The Ramones are so amusingly naive and the inoffensively ridiculous that they can get away with it. The Vibrators try to write coherently about psychosis and finish by glorifying it in a very negative way.

"Automatic Lover" and "Flying Duck Theory" are examples of The Vib's recently developed melodic sensibility. The latter, with sneering vocal and snapping beat, is the most enjoyable track on the album and the suburban boredom theme is treated with some perception.

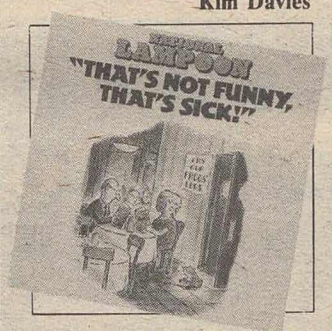
"Sulphate" and "24 Hour People" are the punk lifestyle anthems. The first isn't as fast as the subject and ends with a hilarious *"Now he's up there with the angels . . ."* narration straight out of "Ernie".

"They don't want their new subculture messed around by cash . . . "No, of course they don't. *"She's livin' in a fallout zone of new wave music and a broken home . . ."*. The Vibrators are parodies of street kids.

"Nazi Baby" has been waiting a long time to go down on record. Maybe they were too shy to put it on the first album. Despite the implications of the title it's no more than a bout of ineffectual juggling with a dangerous term over repetitive riff.

So that's The Vibrators, the unashamed, loud and fast punk band and their second musical statement — it's quite a step forward and it may be the right direction for a steadily growing audience. It's an okay head-bang/pogo record but the portentous overtones fall flat.

Kim Davies



NATIONAL LAMPOON
That's Not Funny, That's Sick! (Radar)
. . . HOW about "It's Quite Funny, But Not The Strong Stuff That *Real* Sickies Demand?

Now don't get me wrong. I like a good Larf just as much as the next fellow. A muffled snort of mirth, a quiet sardonic smile, a full-throated . . . this album runs the full gamut from A to B.

What made previous Natlamp albums like "Radio Dinner" and "Goodbye Pop" worth the price of admission were the gem-like musical parodies of such Monuments To Ouah Kulchah as Neil Young, Elton John, Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Helen Reddy. Here we get only a cocking of the snook at soft-porn disco which is only marginally funnier than the real thing (and let's leave The Real Thing right out of this, okay?)

Comedy records are only good for one of two plays unless you're dealing with comedic virtuosi like Lenny Bruce or Richard Pryor. The Natlamp team certainly ain't in that hallowed league, at least not this time around. Sure, there's a few Good Larfs, but I wouldn't recommend investing three quid and some change in it . . . Tell you what — if you've got half a dozen mates who're interested in this album, then club together, buy it, tape it and sell it.

Now *that's* sick — right, gang? **Charles Shaar Murray**

COMMODORES
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JAZZ

BRIAN CASE

Woody hornin' back into business

Bit of a downer when you work your trumpet up to Golden Chops Grade A Black Belt First Dan then find you're in a deserted scene. It happened to Woody Shaw but he solved the problem.

JAZZ'S TRUMPET tradition has somehow survived the sort of catastrophic mass deletion which befell the flower of a generation at the Marne.

A lethal bombardment by the cash register and the grim reaper variously saw off Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Booker Little, Kenny Derham, Lee Morgan, Miles Davis, Freddie Hubbard, Donald Byrd and Blue Mitchell — leaving the throne vacant and the hopefuls hopelessly dejected.

Woody Shaw was one of the few who kept the faith. "I knew a lotta these guys around New York. They've really let a lot of the younger musicians down, you know. I said to Freddie Hubbard once, 'You mother — I've grown up all this time listening to you and Blue Mitchell and Donald Byrd, and now here I am out here playing all by myself, man'.

"It's weird. Freddie Hubbard drifted out to the left — he wanted to make money, OK, he's achieved all of this — but that's not what he was put here for."

Woody shakes his head. "Miles said to somebody, I'm tired of doing it — I want somebody else to do it now. Well, I felt like WHAT'S HAPPENING with the scene? Everybody's rich now — how come they don't wanna play any more?"

Thoroughly disillusioned at finding the craft he had worked so hard to join sold for a mess of wattage, Woody split the scene and settled for teaching in San Francisco from 1972-75. Like, Woody Shaw really did know what the game was like when it was good. He was born in Laurinburg, North Carolina, into a poor family. His father was at school with Dizzy Gillespie, and Woody's first idols were Louis Armstrong and, surprisingly, Harry James. He got his first trumpet at 11 — and had it down in a week.

"I'd waited for a long time. See, I'd been playing with a drum and bugle corps which had a one-piston bugle, so I had pretty good chops by then."

At High School, his trumpet teacher earmarked him for a career in symphony orchestra, but was tolerant enough to let him also study jazz. Woody still digs the straights, Hindemith, Kodaly, Bartok, Messiaen.

Didn't he find the classical trumpet sound tight-ass and frigid?

He laughed. "Yeah, it is. That's the enigma about classical trumpet players. They say, 'How do you tongue all that shit?' I'm not tonguing it all — it's just my concept of articulation. The trick is to learn about the valves. There's only three valves but you gotta learn as much about them as you can. That's why I like to practice in all the keys.

"When I was developing, I said, well, I wanna play like a saxophonist, like Charlie Parker and John Coltrane. Clifford Brown almost did it, Dizzy did it in his prime years, Freddie Hubbard came close."

At 15, Woody went on the road with R&B bands, playing with Nat Phipps, Brady Hodge and Alan Jackson to the usual gin house punters. At 18, he was beginning to make a name for himself in New York, and was promptly taken up by Eric Dolphy.

"I was playing the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn with Willie Bobo's band when in walked Eric Dolphy. He was impressed and called me up the next week. I was more or less into the Be-Bop Jazz Messengers bag then, and though I'd been listening to Eric and Trane it was kinda new for me.

"After playing Eric's tunes and seeing how technically and harmonically advanced they were, I kept all that with me. I think it was his tunes that really influenced me, you know. I remember a lot of them just because they were so hard to memorise."

"They all seemed to be pitched very high," I mused, and burst into a tumbler-threatening rendering of "G.W."

"Yeah, they cry," said Woody. "Eric would write for like the upper parts of the chord — augmented 11ths, flat 13ths. He'd write up there so you'd have a sense of polytonality. I'll deliberately superimpose another key on top of a key, and I got that from Eric. It's just like hearing in two or three different keys at the same time.

"When people say I play atonally, I say no — I use polytonality. I don't really play free. I can sit down and prove what I'm doing.

"Eric was a beautiful cat, never anything bad to say about anybody, and practised ALL the time. I did the 'Iron Man' session with Eric, and I was scared to death. Wow! What was I supposed to play? That was like the last stage before he died, so he was really finding his shit. It took that album six years to come out."

ANOTHER formative influence was Coltrane. "Eric useta talk about him all the time. He introduced a more intervallic way of playing, using pentatonic scales and fourths and things. I'd simply never heard anybody do that on the trumpet, so it took a lotta practice."

The young trumpeter spent a year in Paris, playing with Kenny Clarke, Bud Powell and Nathan Davis, before Horace Silver invited him back to replace Carmell Jones in 1964.

"That was an experience that I needed in the basic fundamentals of music. Horace is very depth on form and discipline. At this time music was starting to go free, so it was a good experience for me to play his tunes and really learn about changes. He's a composer — you had to construct your solos, give the man what he wanted, you know."

Determined, despite his youth, to pay his Be-Bop dues, Woody moved on to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and then Max Roach.

"Blakey taught me how to control the emotional level. When I started playing, he useta say Where are you goin', man? Wait! Tell a story! By the time he'd play a press roll — BAM — I'd be tired, and he'd say, Hey — I was just getting ready to put the fire under ya!

"He taught me how to start down, build up a solo, reach a high one — and be able to come back. And he taught me how to be a band-leader because he'd leave me up there with the microphone sometimes."

And Max Roach?

Woody burst out laughing. "How to play FAST! He hasn't lost anything. He's another drummer musician, he can tell you what the changes are. Blakey too. Art Blakey's the type of drummer who never forgets an arrangement — he can sit down, write out an old Billy Eckstine arrangement, and play along with the record. I watched him setting the arrangement to an old Jimmy Lunceford record which was made back in the '30s — and he didn't miss one lick!"

Always stretching, he tried the New Wave, playing with Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders and Andrew Hill before deciding that the more traditional things like swing, structure and tunes, were more to his taste. He plays both trumpet and flugelhorn beautifully, bending his knees and reaching back for some of the most adventurous and exciting sounds brass can offer.

"I tend to think of flugelhorn like the tenor saxophone. Trumpet is soprano. It goes something like that. I use a Bach flugelhorn which has good valves and looks like a big cornet. It's richer and rounder than trumpet — but let me clarify this: I am a trumpeter, first and foremost. A lotta guys have given up trumpet for flugelhorn, but it still separates the men from the boys.

"Instruments are very personal, you know. There's something about the quality of old instruments that they don't have today — but it's the conviction, though. You've gotta transcend the instrument."

Then, somewhere near the trumpet title-shot, Woody found that some fink had moved the rink. Fusion became the order of the day, and Woody decided to sit that one out.

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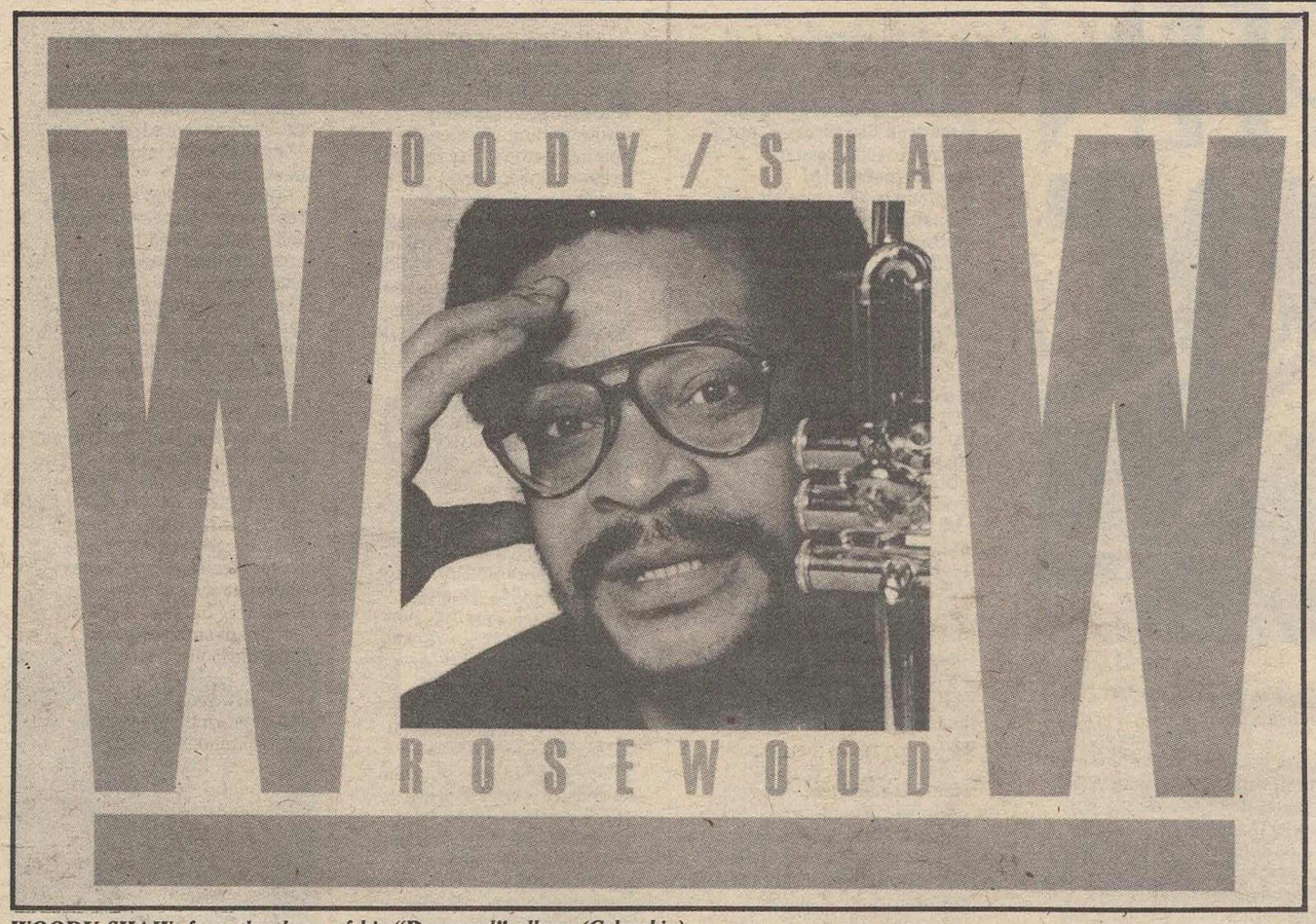

WOODY SHAW, from the sleeve of his "Rosewood" album (Columbia).

so readily here in Europe, they have a much stronger culture musically. Like in America, you can bullshit them with anything. OK — a young person buys a Herbie Hancock record, something like 'Headhunters', then he goes back to the Blue Notes — 'Maiden Voyage' — and he's gonna say WHAT IS THIS?

"I useta talk to McCoy Tyner a lot when I worked with him. This was when he was barely working. He said, 'Just believe in the music'. I think the guys got away from really believing in the music — they actually felt they were too good to swing."

After a series of fine, straight-ahead albums for Muse and Contemporary, Woody decided the time was ripe to return to New York and make his mark. The resurgence of interest in jazz was due to enlightened teaching in the colleges and jazz clinics, and the general boredom with the uniformity of jazz-rock. Woody's timing was perfect.

"One thing I can attribute to the new jazz scene. I've watched it happen since Gordon Dexter came back. We were lacking a figurehead. Nobody had seen Miles for two or three years, John Coltrane had died. Our martyrs, our heroes had gone — and nobody would take the initiative. Now Dexter's back and we have a martyr and a hero."

Woody's wife, Maxine Gregg, is Dexter's manager too.

In fact, the trumpeter's part in Dexter's triumphant return is considerable. He contributed two fine originals to Dexter's Columbia debut, "Homecoming", in the shape of "Little Red's Fantasy" and "In Case You Haven't Heard", added "The Moontrane" to "Sophisticated Giant", and played his ass off on both albums.

These tunes get around a bit, with Art Pepper showcasing Woody's bossa nova, "Sweet Love Of Mine". Unlike many composer-leaders, he is ready to give his sidemen a crack at the royalties, and Woody's own debut for Columbia, "Rosewood", features the writing talent of his young band.

"I'm not hung up on playing all my own music. It's pretty frustrating for someone in the band if they can write. I have enough personality as leader — it's like Miles, they play a piece of music and it sounds like his tune."

At 33, tricks are walking for Woody. "I useta get so pissed off with the guys in New York, good musicians just walking around, and everybody looking at me like, 'Why have you been so successful?' I'd say, 'Well — I have a band and I practise every day and I'm doing something. Why don't you guys get a scene happening?' A scene just doesn't happen by itself. I think I can make money, and I'm still a young man.

"I wanna be able to show some of these guys that you can make money with a straight-ahead band of versatile virtuoso musicians, and not lose your integrity."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
ERIC DOLPHY, "Iron Man" (Douglas); HORACE SILVER, "The Cape Verdean Blues" (Blue Note); McCOY TYNER, "Expansions" (Blue Note); DEXTER GORDON, "Homecoming" (CBS); "Sophisticated Giant" (CBS); WOODY SHAW, "Blackstone Legacy" (Contemporary); "Song Of Songs" (Contemporary), "Moontrane" (Muse), "Love Dance" (Muse), "Rosewood" (CBS).

JAZZ DIARY

TIME to substitute the linen skimmer for that winter beret, and start thinking about this year's Nice Jazz Festival. Running from July 6-16, this year's blasters include the Count Basie Orchestra, Lionel Hampton All-Stars, the World's Greatest Jazz Band, the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, the Bill Evans Trio, McCoy Tyner, Bo Diddley, Bill Doggett and Clifton Cheinier.

Somewhere in that lot, you'll find George Adams, Lee Konitz, Illinois Jacquet and Philly Joe Jones. Tickets from Westgate Travel, 9 Market Street, Warwick, CV34 9DJ.

Jazz Centre Society's Northern circuit has the Alan Hare Big Band on April 13th, the Lee Cuypers Trio on 20th, and a Saxophone Summit on 27th at Manchester's Band On The Wall. The Great Harwood Sporting Club features the Dave McKenna-Bob Wilbur Quartet on April 20th, and Chester Arts Centre has Red Brass on 28th.

Doncaster's NCB Lodge Social Club, South Parade, has John Barnes plus the All-Star Jazz Band on 21st, and the Mick Shore Jazz Band are at Leeds Jazz Club, Astoria Centre, Roundhay Road, Leeds, on 30th.

Ronnie Scott's presents the Earl Hines Quartet from April 10th for two weeks, followed by singer Joe Lee Wilson for one week from 24th.

Pablo De Luxe are issuing the Tatum Solo Masterpieces separately, a practical move for all those who couldn't afford to hire a fork-lift truck for the boxed set. Also Harry Edison's "Simply Sweets", Joe Pass's "Virtuoso 3", and Louis Bellson's "Sunshine Swing".

CBS have released trumpter Woody Shaw's "Rosewood" with Joe Henderson. Lee Lambert have released number three in their British Artists Series — "The Martin Drew Band".

A&M have issued Chuck Mangione's "Feels So Good", and Affinity have "National Health" which includes Jimmy Hastings.

Brian Case

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Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (A)

Written and directed by Steven Spielberg
Starring Richard Dreyfuss and Francois Truffaut
(Columbia-Warner)

"BE THAT as it may, one thing is certain: they (UFOs) have become a living myth. We have here a golden opportunity to see how a legend is formed, and how in a difficult and dark time for humanity a miraculous tale grows up of an attempted intervention by extra-terrestial 'heavenly' powers — and this at the very time when human fantasy is seriously considering the possibility of space travel and of visiting or even invading other planets."
Carl Gustav Jung *(Flying Saucers, 1958)*

TWO DECADES have elapsed since Jung completed his preliminary study of UFOs, and we're really no nearer to uncovering the, or any, 'truth' about the phenomenon.

Typically though, the Swiss psychologist's words have an uncannily prescient ring about them; but for the fact he died in 1961, Jung might have been pondering Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* or George Lucas' *Star Wars.*

Jung remained uncommitted about UFOs, but did argue persuasively that they might be some manifestation of what he called mankind's collective unconscious: an archetype thrust into the conscious mind by the turbulent forces of recent world history — mankind despairs of solving the many problems that confront him and once again turns to the skies for deliverance.

Now I mention Jung with good reason. I think there's a lot in what he said about UFOs (some, if not necessarily all) being the result of mass-suggestion. I'm equally convinced that much of *Close Encounters,* especially the climactic scenes involving the arrival of the Mothership, exerts a fascination and compulsion that can't just be glibly explained away — not even by airship hangars of special effects or breakthroughs in film technology.

Spielberg himself has tapped what he likes to call "the fear" before, selecting his symbols of latent psychosis with unnerving accuracy: the charging truck demolishing crates of snakes and spiders in *Duel*; the implied threat of water and the actual threat of the shark in *Jaws,* and so on.

But *Close Encounters* hits harder and deeper; it's a more Jungian than Freudian conception. All the same, despite his ability to manipulate pressure points in his audience's psyche, Spielberg remains a populist American film director, not a trained psychologist or psycho-analyst. He unintentionally plays his own Frankenstein to the movie's monster.

Close Encounters won't change your life, but will set you thinking long and hard. If you've read other reviews, you'll have got the gist of the action; if you haven't, I won't spoil it for you.

It seems there are three perceptions of the UFO phenomenon woven into the fabric of the film: UFOs as God or God substitute awaited with a mixture of hope, faith and fear; UFOs as wishful thinking, the stuff of latterday fairytale and dreams; UFOs as hard, physical fact-machines that have crossed interstellar space. Trouble is, these themes are like three dogs on the same lead, pulling Spielberg (and the film) in all directions at once.

Spielberg has stated he wanted to make a wide-eyed, optimistic, romantic statement about UFOs. To some extent he has, mainly by trying to align the audience with the epitome of All American innocence, the kid (played with almost incredible credulity by three year old Cary Guffey).

The kids are alright; the kids reckon the UFOs are alright too — and they should know, since it's only growing up that messes up, suggest Spielberg. Most of the adults panic, but some (like Lacombe, the UFOlogist played diffidently by French director Francois Truffaut) share the kids' serene confidence.

Fair enough. But then the image of the Mothership's landing site is implanted into Ron Neary (Richard Dreyfuss) and Gary's mother (Melinda Dillon) in a way that's far from harmless, if not positively sinister.

No reasons are given for the aliens' selection, and Neary in particular finds his newfound Knowledge obsessively disorientating. As always Spielberg cuts a very fine line between tension and dissipation of same into humour. Now this may make for sharp cinema and strikingly intimate observation of Middle Americana, but the contrast between ingenuous kids and baffled, often hysterical adults begs questions as fast as a computer spews printouts.

The attitudes of the US military are also perplexing. They mutter about UFOs being a possible threat to national security, have no qualms about either sealing off and evacuating a vast area by faking a chemical disaster or spraying unwanted intruders onto the landing site with nerve gas. Despite this, they mutely and meekly welcome the Mothership. Missiles and aggressive hardware are conspicuous by their absence.

One can only guess that Spielberg's absorption in the intricacies of presenting what's probably *the* spectacle in contemporary cinema bedazzled him into bypassing these and many other inconsistencies. *Close Encounters* simply hedges between documentary realism and entertainment pure and simple, the greatest gasp of the Hollywood dream.

At least the film's optimism is infinitely preferable to the closeted paranoia of previous UFO cinema. I'm only too happy to give bug-eyes a miss for once, the green slime as well — and also to give Spielberg the benefit of the doubt. So his consistency of purpose may desert him at times, but he's still made another incomparably exciting, involving film: ample proof that his technical command of his medium (if not his message) is second to none.

But I do feel that Spielberg played with fire by incorporating such potent megasymbols as the Mothership, since these same symbols become a propulsive but disruptive undertow that overwhelms, bemuses and confuses.

Jung stated that archetypes represented man's search for self-fulfillment and his attempts to make himself whole again. But *Close Encounters* left me empty and sad. So what? I was tempted to ask after the Mothership had been and gone. We could all go down in an atomic apocalypse tomorrow just the same.

Steven Spielberg may be an exceptional film maker, but he isn't and has no pretentions to being a grand deliverer — which is why, impressive and daunting though it is, *Close Encounters* finally collapses under the weight of its own impact.

Angus MacKinnon

'Is it a bird or is it a plane?' wonders CARY GUFFEY

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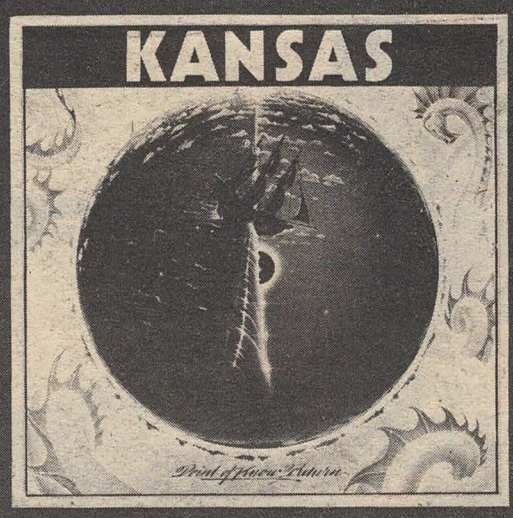

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GERARD DEPARDIEU has it out with nasty DONALD SUTHERLAND.

1900
(Novecento)
(X)

Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci
Starring Robert De Niro, Gerard Depardieu, Burt Lancaster and Donald Sutherland
(Fox)
In two parts, running time approx. 255 minutes

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI hit public notoriety about five years ago through the sexual breakthrough of *Last Tango In Paris*. The sex was less explicit than it is in the average soft-core sudser that keeps the British film industry ticking over, but what angered our moral guardians was that in *Last Tango* the sex was conncected to people's power games — their sexual politics.

Since then Bertolucci has had seemingly endless troubles getting his next film out. *1900* (the Italian title of *Novecento* — Twentieth Century — is better) is a more conventional epic of political emancipation. It was first seen in January 1976 as a 5 hour 40 minute epic, later shorn of 20 minutes and released in Europe in two parts. But up to now, so far as British or American distributions are concerned, impasse — with Bertolucci arguing with his producer and with Paramount Pictures (who put up two million dollars for the movie) about who should cut the film and by how much.

That situation has now been resolved. Bertolucci has himself cut *1900* down to four hours, and says it's the version he prefers. Few scenes have been lost, instead there's been a general paring down.

1900 takes the form of an epic 19th century novel. Two boys are born on the first day of the twentieth century — one of them (Alfredo) the heir to an Emilian farming estate, the other (Olmo) a bastard peasant on the farm. The children grow up together, Alfredo destined to take over the land and flirt with fascism while Olmo becomes a peasant leader and resistance hero.

Bertolucci has made the very pertinent point that those filmmakers who want to sway their audiences politically often make films of such impenetrable radicalism in style and content that the people they most want to reach don't bother to see them. *1900* is Leftist political propaganda, cast in the Hollywood mould in order to win mass acceptance. The drawback is that by popularising your product you flatten experience down to black and white. The fascist foreman of Alfredo's estate (played by Donald Sutherland) is a walking compendium of human perversions, which many fascists are, but he is presented to us as the representative figure of everything that objects to the onward sweep of liberating Communism. Turning a leading character into a political Darth Vader is over-loading the dice.

But at least in persuading us that Communism is the right path Bertolucci has picked the right period and locale — peasant Italy from 1900 to 1945. At the film's beginning the estate is not industrialised to even a rudimentary extent. The atmosphere is one of feudalism. The peasants are still out there with their scythes, and it's the end of the First World War before steam engines help with the threshing. Having an industrial revolution so late, and so quickly, dramatises social upheaval — but as a piece of agitprop, agrarian revolt is long gone as an issue in the industrialised UK and USA (the latter being the target that Bertolucci is aiming at).

A futher complication is that Alfredo and Olmo, having grown up together, remain friends — arguments and beatings not preventing them from getting together and sharing confidences. The film is more successful in its earlier stages, with Burt Lancaster (giving an ace performance) and Sterling Hayden playing Alfredo's and Olmo's forerunners. Although they have a working relationship, and some sort of mutual respect, an astringency lies beneath the surface. They are not what you could call friends — they are estranged by their relative stations in life and their politics. That is more real. and more effective.

All this said, *1900* is not only entertainment for fully paid-up party members. However flat Bertolucci's political inspiration comes over he has more sheer zest and joy in moviemaking than almost any other director. At least on the level of a simple moral tale it holds the attention, largely due to Bertolucci's sense of style.

1900 opens with a sobbing hunchback lurching along a dark country road, wailing out 'Verdi is dead!' — and a burst of music from "Rigoletto" sweeps the camera into the estate, where Alfredo is being born. It's a reference back to Bertolucci's 1969 film *The Spider's Strategem*, but is also a token of his style — in Pauline Kael's phrase, you come away from Bertolucci's movies with sequences in your head like arias. She was writing about *The Conformist* (1970), a film of more subtle political impact (and Bertolucci's best), but it is this quality that makes him one of the great directors. It makes for a major difference between *1900* and most other 'epic' films, which prod you into gasping at the vast expense, the thousands of extras and the tremendous organisation that went into the making of the movie. Bertolucci's humanity is so apparent (and actually subverts the Marxist message of his film) that *1900* never suffers from the pomposity of a 'prestige picture'. Neither does it become a coffee-table movie, a succession of pretty pictures and ravishing compositions — the *Barry Lyndon* fate *(Watch it. — Ed.)* — although Bertolucci is obviously in love with the Emilian landscape. He has the gift of making his film seem a recording device of the life around it — not its instigator.

Unfortunately there is a flaw in the casting — which is otherwise admirable. In movies what we think the actors are 'really' like is all-important (the camera is so close and the setting so literal, unlike in the obvious pretence of theatre). Robert De Niro's performance isn't bad, the drawback is that he is Robert De Niro — the urban individual just keeping hysteria at bay in *Born to Win, Mean Streets, Taxi Driver* and even *New York, New York*. De Niro is plucked from his asphalt jungle and lands up the son and heir of a feudal fortune, a man to whom the assurance of wealth and privilege is a birthright.

1900 is a film that will polarise its audience. For all its flaws it is still a vital work, far and away better than most, and deserves to be judged on its merits — so see it for yourself.

Martin de Carteret

● *Contined on page 47*

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MONDAY APRIL 10th

X-RAY SPEX
+ THE AUTOMATICS

Doors open 8 pm
Advance tickets £1.60 from Box Office
A CLUB LEFT PRESENTATION

THURSDAY APRIL 13th

BETHNAL
+ Support

Doors open 8 pm
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thursday April 6th — 30p
Recording for Live Album
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange

Friday April 7th — 30p
ROLL UPS

Saturday April 8th — 30p
IRON MAIDEN
+ AIR ACES

Sunday April 9th — 30p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday April 10th — 30p
YOUNG BUCKS

Tuesday April 11th
WARM JETS

Wednesday April 12th
ZAINE GRIFF

MARIBOU

Saturday April 8th: NAG'S HEAD, ROCHESTER
Friday April 14th: THREE RABBITS, ROMFORD ROAD, MANOR PARK, E12
Band Enquiries: Atlantis Agency Telephone Romford 26563

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday April 9th

WRECKLESS ERIC
+ DYAKS & D.J. Peter Fox
Sunday April 16th — X RAY SPEX

Capital Radio in assoc. with Harvey Goldsmith presents

MUMMY'S CONCERTS

SAD CAFE
& guests

Lyceum, London, W.C.2
Wednesday April 12th at 8.15 pm
£1.75

Tickets from the Box Office 01-836 3715, the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St., London, W.1. 01-629 3453 and all usual agents.

Fried Shoes presents
TOWN HALL, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS
Friday April 14th at 7.30 p.m.

GENERATION X
Plus THE JOLT

Tickets £1.30 from Sun Music, Oxford Rd; Derek's Octagon Parade, or Harlequin White Hart Street (all High Wycombe); or on the door on the night.
NAG'S HEAD, HIGH WYCOMBE (London Rd. A.40)
Thurs. April 13th — **REGGAE REGULAR**
Thurs. April 20th — **RADIO BIRDMAN**
Thurs. April 27th — **THE TRIBESMAN**
Open 7.30 p.m. each evening. Good bars.

X-RAY SPEX, whose inimitable Poly Styrene is pictured above, are just back from taking New York by storm and are undertaking their first full tour of Britain. You can catch them this week at Bristol (Thursday), Plymouth (Friday), Cheltenham (Saturday), London Camden (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).

RORY GALLAGHER is back in the U.K. for his first nationwide tour since the latter part of 1976. Supported by electric violinist Joe O'Donnell and his new band, Rory kicks off at Glasgow (Sunday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday), with plenty more to come, including two major London shows.

DAVE SWARBRICK headlines a series of major concerts this month, the first four being at Reading (Friday), Croydon (Sunday), Malvern (Monday) and Bristol (Wednesday). Billing says he's supported by "Friends" who, we're told, are none other than his Fairport Convention colleagues — past and present.

WILKO JOHNSON is on the road with his new band playing a massive tour which, when the itinerary is completed, will comprise well over 30 dates. First of these are at Cromer (Friday), St. Albans (Saturday), Swansea (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday). The tour runs through virtually non-stop until mid-May.

MANFRED MANN doesn't work the British concert circuit very often, but he's heading a major tour this month to promote the Earth Band's new live single "Mighty Quinn" and LP "Watch", starting at Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Aberdeen (Sunday), Sheffield (Tues) and Bradford (Wed).

THE DAMNED, now widely dispersed since their disbandment a month ago, come together again on Saturday for their official farewell concert at London Rainbow. It's the very last chance to see them working as a unit — with Dave Vanian (above), who's now with the Doctors Of Madness, handling the vocals.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY King's Head: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: BODY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERBS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKWOOD (Gwent) Institute: RACING CARS
BRIGHTON New Regent: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
BRISTOL Tiffany's: X-RAY SPEX
BROMLEY Biggin Hill R.A.F. Station: SOUL DIRECTION
BUXTON Gaslight Club: BULLET
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WHITE HEAT
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: HARD TOP 22
COVENTRY The Zodiac: RAW DEAL
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: HEAVEY METAL KIDS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: PREACHERS DREAM
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
HARTLEPOOL The Gatsby: THE YOUNG BUCKS
HAVANT Black Dog: JIM PAGE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE LATE SHOW
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
KENSWORTH Farmers Boy: NIGHT DRIVE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: KNIFE EDGE
LEEDS Roots Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LIVERPOOL Eric's: IDIOT ROUGE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: ARC ROUGE
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: THE MUTANTS
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN—UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHARLIE AINLEY
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON CATFORD The Squire: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: MARSEILLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: CHRIS ROHMANN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE SKIDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: ZHAIN
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SAINTS
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: WEE WILLIE HARRIS/SHADES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MAKERS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: WARM JETS
MALVERN Festival Theatre: CLODAGH ROGERS
MANCHESTER Pips: EATER
MANCHESTER Rafters: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
MATLOCK Pavilion: DAVE BERRY
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: DELEGATION (for three days)
NORWICH Cromwell's: THE DRIFTERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: GENERATION X
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
READING Target Club: DAGABAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: PLANET GONG
SPRINGBURN Perthshire Club: CHOU PAHROT
SWANSEA Circles Club: OZO
SWANSEA Nutz Club: BETHNAL
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: SLADE
WICKFORD Youth Centre: COCK SPARRER
WIGAN Riverside Club: BEANO (for three days)

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: MAX BOYCE
ASHFORD Stanhope Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: MICHAEL GARRICK & NORMA WINSTON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MARSEILLE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: BLACK SLATE
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: SOUL DIRECTION
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: IDIOT ROUGE
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE SNEAKERS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: ROGER THE CAT
BRIDLINGTON Churchill's Club: DAVE BERRY
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: POSSUM
BRIGHTON New Regent: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS/BERNIE TORME
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: THE BANNED
BURTON 76 Club: KEVIN COYNE
BURY ST EDMUNDS The Griffin: RAW DEAL
CHELMSFORD Rock Club: GRAND HOTEL
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: SATAN'S RATS
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
COVENTRY Warwick University: PLANET GONG / DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: MAGIC
EASTBOURNE King's Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: MUCKRAM WAKES
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: THE REAL THING
ILFORD The Cranbrook: REDNITE
IPSWICH Manor Ballroom: GYPP
IPSWICH Tracey's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ZEKE DEIGHTON
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE FALL
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: U.K. SUBS / THE PLAGUE / DICK ENVY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RECORDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Community Centre: SPITERI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE VOICE SQUAD / CLUMSY
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SKIDS
LONDON Marquee Club: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FUNKY TEAM
LONDON SOUTHGATE Technical College: OZO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE LATE SHOW / THE MONOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HOLLYWOOD
LONDON W.11 Duke of Sussex: SOUTHER RYDA
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LONGNOR Countryman Club: BULLET
LUTON Royal Hotel: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
MALVERNWinter Gardens: THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Rafters: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
MARGATE Dreamland: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BRITISH LIONS
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: DISGUISE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: MUSCLES
NEWPORT Village Hall: BETHNAL
NORTHWICH Winnington Hall: ANGEL VISITS
NORWICH Jacquard's Club: RUBY JOE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GLORIA MUNDI
NUNEATON The Hollybush: THE BLADES
PLYMOUTH Metro: X-RAY SPEX / THE JOLT
READING Hexagon Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
RENFREW The Viscount: PHLOX
RETFORD Porterhouse: WRECKLESS ERIC
SOUTHEND Top Alex: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: CLODAGH ROGERS
STOKE MANDEVILLE B.C.C. Folk Club: JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Blue Boy: VESUVIUS

Saturday

ABERDARE Coliseum Theatre: RACING CARS
ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
ABERTILLERY Six Bells: WARREN HARRY
AYR Darlington Hotel: BLACK GORILLA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Centre: GENERATION X
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: X-RAY SPEX/THE INDEX
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: MAX BOYCE
EASTBOURNE Cavalier:STEVE BOYCE BAND
EASTBOURNE King's Country Club: THE DRIFTERS
FARNBOROUGH Town Hall: THE BRAINS TRUST/SWIFT
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND
GLASTONBURY Town Hall: BRONZ/INTERCEPTORS
HAILSHAM Crown Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: TRAPEZE
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: SOUL DIRECTION
HEAGE Blue Boy: VESUVIUS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Dacorum College: PLANET GONG
HESSLE Ferry Boat Inn: R.B.Q.
HITCHIN College of Education: THE YOUNG ONES
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE ELY
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LINCOLN AJ's Club: DAGABAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE SAINTS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: REDBRASS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE ORPHANS/THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LOOK
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON Palladium: JOHNNY MATHIS/BOB NEWHART
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE DAMNED (farewell concert) with THE SOFT BOYS/PROF & THE PROPHETS/JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON ROTHERHITHE Waterside Theatre: THE YOUNGSTERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HOLLYWOOD
MARGATE Dreamland: THE ROLL-UPS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DISGUISE
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: CHINA STREET
NORWICH Polytechnic: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIDER
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
OXFORD College of Further Education: WRECKLESS ERIC
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
RENFREW The Viscount: PHLOX
RETFORD Porterhouse: ROKOTTO
ROCHDALE Roc Rock Club: BRITISH LIONS
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: FUNKY TEAM
SHEFFIELD Fiest Club: FRANKIE LAINE
SKEGNESS Sands Club: DAVE BERRY
SNODLAND Bull Hotel: EDGE BAND
SPARKFORD The Sparkford Hotel: PEKOE ORANGE
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STROUD Leisure Centre: SLADE
STROUD Subscription Rooms: MUSCLES
SWINDON Oasis Centre: DENNIS WATERMAN
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: BODY
WHITEHAVEN Civic Centre: CLODAGH ROGERS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WORKINGTON High Duty Club: VINTAGE
YORK Swan Hotel: ARC ROUGE

Sunday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND
AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: LES BROWN
BASILDON Double Six: GYGAFO
BEDFORD Nite Spot: THE SUPREMES
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOLTON Dearne Working Men's Club: BEANO
CARLISLE Flopps: THE DRONES
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
CHESTER Valentino's: ANGEL VISITS
COLCHESTER Essex University: PLANET GONG
CORBY Festival Hall: CLODAGH ROGERS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
COVENTRY Theatre: THE STYLISTICS/CANDI STATON
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
CROYDON Greyhound: WRECKLESS ERIC
DUNDEE Samantha's: BLACK GORILLA
EDINBURGH Caley Cinema: NEW SEEKERS
GARTCOSG Social Club: ETHNA CAMPBELL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: RORY GALLAGHER
GLASGOW Pavilion: MAX BOYCE
GOUROCK The Ashton: CHOU PAHROT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON & HER BAND
LEEDS Roots Club: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE ELY
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GENERATION X/THE JOLT/REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHN ADAMS BAND/OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: THE STUKAS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON Marquee Club: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: HELICOPTERS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: ARDEN-JULLICH/THE MEKON/TOYTOWN SYMPHONY
NEWBRIDGE Club and Institute: WARREN HARRY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

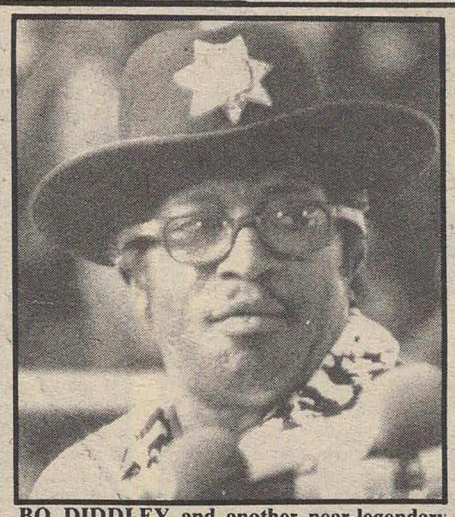
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: MARTIN CARTHY
POYNTON Folk Centre: THE WASSAILLERS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BRITISH LIONS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SILOTH Stannix Park Centre: FUNKY TEAM
SOUTHAMPTON Odeon: DENNIS WATERMAN

Monday

BANNOCKBURN Tartan Arms: BLACK GORILLA
BARNSLEY Hoyland Birdcage: BEANO
BASILDON Double Six: JERRY THE FERRET
BEDFORD Nite Spot: THE SUPREMES
BELLSHILL Hattonrigg: ETHNA CAMPBELL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
BRIGHTON Dome: HOT CHOCOLATE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SLADE
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURTON Eve's Disco: MUSCLES
CROYDON Red Deer: DESPERATE STRAITS
DARLINGTON Houghton le Skerne Club: FUNKY TEAM
DEWSBURY Turks Head: ORPHAN
DONCASTER Outlook Club: WRECKLESS ERIC
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE SAINTS
JERSEY St. Helier Opera House: JASPER CARROTT
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: KNIFE EDGE
LEEDS YEADON Peacock Hotel: SNATCH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: BRITISH LIONS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: MAX BOYCE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHNNIE WARMAN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: J.J. JAMESON / WORLD SERVICE
LONDON Marquee Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: NAT LERNER / FERENCZ & CHRISTINE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: WHIRLWIND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: NOEL MURPHY
LONDON PUTNET star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA / GHEORGE ZAMFIR (for four days)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: ADAM & THE ANTS / THE DOSE
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: REDNITE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
MALVERN Festival Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
MANCHESTER Rafters: BICYCLE THIEVES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TELEVISION
NORWICH The Barn: PLANET GONG
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OLDHAM Tower Club: THE FALL / THE SLUGS
PRESTON The Pear Tree: BODY
READING New Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for a week)
RUGBY Emmaline's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE DRIFTERS (for a week)
SWANSEA Circles Club: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
SWINDON The Affair: THE BANNED
WAKEFIELD The Pride: THE BIZ
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: BETHNAL

Tuesday

BELLSHILL Hattonrigg: ETHNA CAMPBELL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: X-RAY SPEX
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: HOT CHOCOLATE
BRISTOL Locarno: BRITISH LIONS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: PLANET GONG
CARDIFF Top Rank: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
CARLISLE Market Hall: NEW SEEKERS
COLCHESTER Essex University: ANAL SURGEONS
COVENTRY Locarno: GENERATION X
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TELEVISION
JERSEY St. Helier Opera House: JASPER CARROT
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: ARC ROUGE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Unicorn Club: LEFT HAND DRIVE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MARSEILLE
LONDON ACTON White Hart: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SAINTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LANDSCAPE/DOPPELGANGER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CHELSEA/THE JOLT
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: STAGE FRIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS/PIN POINT/ECHOES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHEAP STARS/THE STREETS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: PEKOE ORANGE



BO DIDDLEY and another near-legendary veteran Carl Perkins co-headlines a package tour, which promises to be a treat for vintage rock enthusiasts. It opens in Inverness on Wednesday.

LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SPITERI
MANCHESTER Rafters: BICYCLE THIEVES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
PENZANCE The Garden: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
SCARBOROUGH Aquarius: FUNKY TEAM
SHEFFIELD City Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: THE IMPERIALS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
TAUNTON Odeon: THE REAL THING

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
BRIGHTON Top Rank: GENERATION X
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
CAMBRIDGE Kerridge Centre: THE SUPREMES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CHESTER Radio City: MARSEILLE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: THE STYLISTICS-/CANDI STATION
ECCLES Talk of the North: FRANKIE LAINE (for four days)
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: THE EXILE
GREENOCK The Regency: CHOU PAHROT
GREENOCK Town Hall: ETHNA CAMPBELL
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge: DANSETTE
HALEWOWEN Britannia: STAGE FRIGHT
HEYWOOD Candy Peel: DAVE BERRY
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare: BLACK GORILLA
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
LEEDS 'F' Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: REDNITE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STAR JETS/THE LATE SHOW
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON City Arms: BEDLAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDONG PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter : DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: ROSETTA STONE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STARTLED SAINT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SKIDS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE DEPRESSIONS
LUTON Royal Hotel: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
MANCHESTER Ardwick .Apollo: TELEVISION
MILTON KEYNES College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
NEWCASTLE Odeon: NEW SEEKERS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE IMPERIALS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: BRITISH LIONS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
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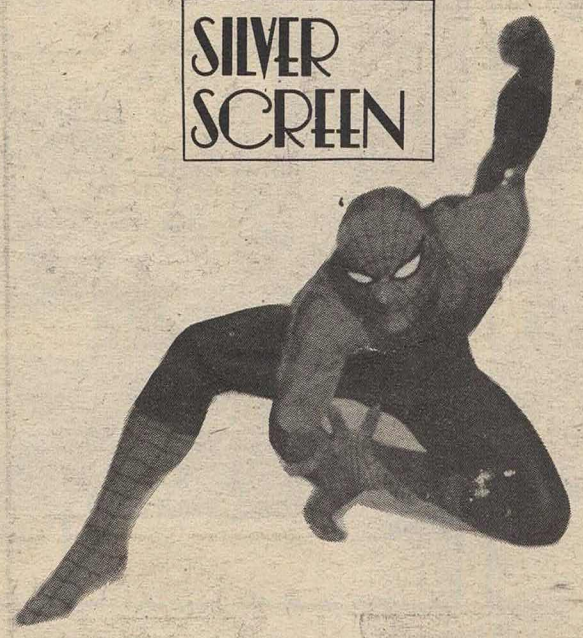

Spider-Man (U)

Starring Nicholas Hammond. Directed by B. W. Swackhamer. (Columbia)

LUDICROUS THOUGH it may seem, there's nothing harder to capture in cinematic terms than the flavour and feel of a good comic book.

For a start, actors tend to look ridiculous in superhero costumes, but the main reason is that the thematic content of the modern comic book is generally too much for the film-makers to believe that the audience can handle it. This is patently absurd since the comic book audience *is* obviously able to handle it, or else the comic wouldn't have sold in the first place.

Columbia Pictures' presentation of Marvel Comic's *Spider-Man* translates comic-book action to the screen miraculously well, even on a budget of what looks like 44p plus luncheon vouchers. Despite the transparent tackiness of the matte superimpositions, Nicholas Hammond looks great in his Spider-Man suit, scuttling up and down walls and ceilings. If anything, Hammond's Spidey is an even more imposing figure than his comic-book ancester, mainly due to the mirrored eye-pieces, which never quite made it on the four-colour page.

Hammond is great when he's crawling walls and spinning webs, and no dyed-in-the-wool Spidey fan who's been right in there digging Stan Lee's klutzed-out crusader since way back in 1962 could fail to whoop 'n' holler and have himself a good time.

The trouble is that while Hammond makes a fine Spidey, he's a lousy Peter Parker. In the original mythos, Parker is a sixteen-year-old high-schoolkid who looks like Elvis Costello's runty teenage brother, a shy, bookwormy science whiz who's the class scapegoat and who can't get a date, has no friends, has nothing going for him at all until he becomes Spider-Man. His career is born out of tragedy and guilt; his Uncle Ben is murdered by a burglar, a murder which Parker could have prevented but didn't.

The tragic aspect of Spider-Man is wholly neglected in this movie, wherein Peter Parker is a graduate student rather than a high-school kid — which is why it's doubly stupid to have him still living with his Aunt May. All the action takes place in daylight, as opposed to the dusk settings which created so many memorable scenes in the original comic book saga. Maybe I'm being too purist about it, but I grew up with Peter Parker, and this character in the movie is an imposter. No way is he my childhood buddy.

The character is J. Jonah Jameson, the hypocritical, paranoid newspaper magnate whose hatred of Spider-Man verges on the psychotic, is also softened up. As played by David White, he comes on as a likeably cantankerous old fellow, a far milder proposition than the monstrous, tyrannical egotist of Stan Lee's original conception.

Still, nice touches abound. There is a definite element of high drama when Parker, dressed for the first time in his newly-sewn Spidey suit looms up in his bedroom mirror, and then pulls off his mask to reveal a stone-blind grin of pure ecstasy — just like you would if you suddenly became a creature of such power.

And it's also a groove to see Spidey stop to sneeze (silly boy, he's forgotten to take his allergy pills) right in the middle of tracking down the villain of the piece (Thayer David in the only decent acting job in the whole flick, apart from Michael Pataki's wildly over-played Mel Brooks-ish New York cop).

The action scenes and the Spidey scenes are just A-OK, but the plot and characterisation are the sort of thing that gives comic books a bad name. Stan Lee himself gets credit as script consultant: all I can say is how couldya, Stanley?

See it if you're a Spidey freak; the wall-crawling and the costume alone are worth it. I hope that the multi-megabuck superstar *Superman* due in late '78 is as much fun.

Warning: check the times of showing carefully so as to avoid seeing any of *You Light Up My Life*, the astonishingly crass tear-jerker which the distributors, in their infinite wisdom, have teamed up with *Spider-Man* as its running mate. I was unfortunate enough to catch the last half-hour, wherein a drippy bird named Didi Conn was going through all kinds of traumas because she didn't get the leading role in some movie. Me, I was surprised she got the lead in *this* one.

Charles Shaar Murray

Swept Away (X)

Written and Directed by Lina Wertmuller Starring Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato (GTO)

LIONIZED IN America, Lina Wertmuller has been (ridiculously) compared to Dante, Michelangelo, Stendhal, Dostoevski, Brecht, Picasso, Eisenstein, Chaplin, Bergman, Renoir and Fellini.

Well, the last maybe, since Ms Wertmuller is Italian, a Roman born into aristocracy, and her first directorial assignment was as Fellini's assistant on *8½*. But whereas Fellini's films are rooted in his own past, autobiographical and dreamlike, Wertmuller's are social and political.

Americans consider her a sub-proletarian film-maker, which even she recognises as absurd. But she wouldn't admit to being a bourgeois Marxist (which she is), ostensibly aiming her sleazily romantic polemics at the 'working classes' but destined to reach only the liberal, masochistic middle classes.

She uses her camera as a child would a favourite toy, too much to little effect. For *Seven Beauties* — her 'masterpiece' according to the Americans, in which more happened in one minute than in one hour of *Barry Lyndon* (oh what arrant rubbish!) — she actually shot 395,000 feet of film, the final cut 'trimmed' to 10,500 feet, nearly two hours.

For all its vaudevillian rhetoric and strained affectation, *Seven Beauties* at least possessed some Neapolitan vitality, palpably lacking in *Swept Away*, a 'brutal love story' (as the ads have it) involving a Robinson Crusoe-like change of social standing between a capricious capitalist whore and a simplistic communist sexist.

Wertmuller's inability to develop a scene (she's OK on close-ups but doesn't know where to place middle- and long-distance shots) makes for an aggravating couple of hours, further irritants being the alienating studio-synched sound and the eye-rolling, nostril-flaring performances by the two equally unattractive protagonists.

Monty Smith

the makers

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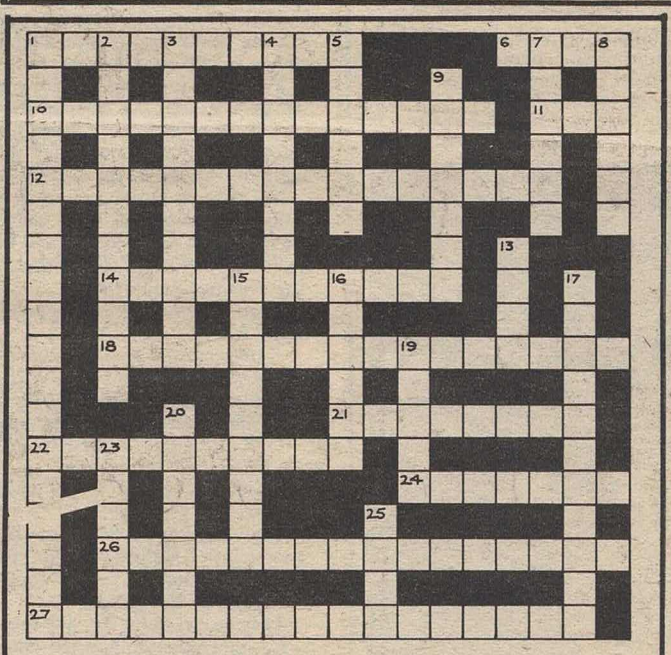


ACROSS

1 Birmingham-based reggae band (5,5)
6 & 24 Helps rip cot (anag.)
10 The 1978 Elvis with the showroom sheen! (4,5,5)
11 A band for the Modern World
12 Karen's brother in the family MOR business (7,9)
14 The First Lady of Punk Vinyl! (4,7)
18 From Bowie's "Hunky Dory" period, it was a hit for Peter Noone (2,3,6,5)
21 Just one part of the Bee Gees' World Domination plan: a hit for Samantha Sang
22 Showed hats (anag. 3,7)
24 See 6
26 What they used to call a '60s "songthrush", she's currently attempting a '70s comeback (5,11)
27 1976 Marley album (8,9)

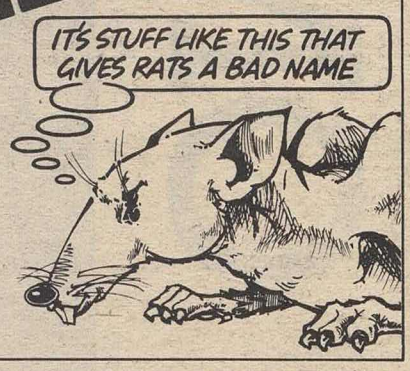
DOWN

1 John Travolta meets the Bee Gees (them again!) at the Grassroots of Disco (8,5,5)
2 Rice can plot (anag. 4,7)
3 Bob Dylan as Male Chauvinist Pig?! (3,4,3)
4 Wordsmith, songwise!
5 "Dust My Broom" bluesman
7 Joni elpee
8 See 9 down
9 & 8 1974 hit for Alice Cooper, a tale of adolescent angst
13 Originally by Joe South, this was Deep Purple's first hit — in the U.S. only
15 Feelgoods' live album
16 Martha of Motown, or Jim of the Big Barndance in the Sky!
17 Born Port Arthur, Texas, 1943, died Hollywood 1970 (5,6)
19 Jamaica's Mr Hibbert
20 No-go area for E.Costello!
23 Ferrante & Teicher meet Bob Marley en route for the Promised Land
25 Parts 4 to 57 of the Bee Gees' World Domination Plan: In the future every other song written will bear this credit!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Rich Kids; 4 (The) Rumour; 7 Clive James; 8 Dolby; 9 Average White Band; 15 Vanilla Fudge; 17 (Commander Cody & The) Lost Planet Airman; 21 (Robin) Gibb; 22 (Steve) Cropper; 23 Melanie; 24 Teds; 25 Stukas; 26 Tiny Tim; 27 (Alan) White..
DOWN: 1 Richard Hell; 2 Clive Davis; 3 Duane Allman; 4 (Francis) Rossi; 5 Midge (Ure); 6 Robin (Gibb); 10 Alan (White); 11 "Tubular Bells"; 12 "Beggar's Banquet"; 13 "Duke (Of Earl)"; 14 Dave Gilmour; 16 "Maggie May"; 18 Tom Petty; 19 Francis (Rossi); 20 (Jimi) Hendrix.

SATANS RATS
NEW SINGLE
YOU MAKE ME SICK



RECORDS AND TAPES

THE BISHOPS
I TAKE WHAT I WANT
NS33
RELEASE DATE APRIL 14

ON THE TOWN

Putting Poly in perspective

X-Ray Spex

NOTTINGHAM

"YAMA, YAMA, yama, yama, yama, yama. . ."

Oh yes, it would be so easy.

Not altogether justified though, since I was only bored for about half the time.

Occasionally the Spex show evidence of being able to play more than grossly over-amplified retreads of their first single.

The upcoming one ("Day The World Turned Dayglo") sounds really good, and some of the other new numbers have a lot going for them, particularly "Genetic Engineering" and "I Love Off You"; they'll probably mean even more when some clever person deciphers their themes for us.

Since lyrics are supposedly Poly Styrene's forte, I would have been happier to hear some of them. As it is she's completely inaudible, so her contribution to the music is reduced to the simple aural assault of her voice.

You either love or hate Poly's voice, but you can't deny that, along with their innumerable sax players (the current one is called Rudi) it is the Spex distinguishing feature.

Funny how all their saxophonists sound the same; Rudi has a lot more to say for himself than his predecessors, but it's still very monosyllabic.

Rather than having people come to hear The X-Ray Spex *Band* (and don't be misled into thinking that Jak Airport and the others are merely a backing group), Poly Styrene is in the tricky position of having to face up to all the hyperbole that's already been written about her, (centrefolds in the *Daily Express* etc.)

Being raved over for qualities you don't have is always a pain, and Poly must be sick of hearing that she's the Blank Wave's Leading Poetess or whatever.

Just how far you relate to "My Mind Is Like A Plastic Bag" depends really on how much intelligence you credit yourself with; similarly, I've yet to meet anyone who is prepared to admit their posing with the same wanton abandon as Poly.

Far from being a spokesperson for Today's Youth, she's just the distinctive singer with a fair-to-middling punk combo, and the sooner people accept that the better.

They walk off after playing their new single, having been on stage thirty minutes.

They walk back on for "Oh! Bondage" and leave again, only to return for "Identity".

All a bit pointless really; if they'd played a decent length set in the first place they wouldn't have to satisfy highly disgruntled punters. Some bands just never leave The Roxy behind them.

Steven Gordon

Pic: BRYN JONES

Pix: ADRIAN BOOT

When the going gets corny

Patti Smith Group

RAINBOW

OUT OF traction, and dropping her plectrum, Patti Smith is still unable to stifle her tiresome predilection for indulging in lengthy bouts of flagellatory calisthenics on that dreaded instrument of torture, her wretched guitar.

Crouched over her dull axe like Quasimodo on a Bert Weedon course for butter-fingered beginners, Patti sadistically scrubs the cursed frets with such obsessive frenzy that by the time your eyelids are sagging after maybe fifteen minutes, you conclude she's not trying to affirm her indisputable virtuosity, she's merely making sure Harry Debbie don't get too far ahead in the glamour stakes by having a manicure.

Two years is a long wait for a gig; but, although we were spared the treat of Patti explaining the cosmic significance of pyramids this time round, she perenially mars her magic moments by wanting her *vol-au-vent* margarined on several sides.

Not content merely to march her band through military manoeuvres (she saluted before "Till Victory" and I still don't know what she's fighting against) Patti never allows the audience to forget her previous employment.

Yeah, she was once a poet and she wants you to know it . . .

"Ah - measure the - success - offa - nite - byder - ammount - uf - PIIIS - an' - SEEED - ah - kin - exude - overda - columns ufda - PEE - AAA!"

A simple girl with simple tastes, is our Patti.

"CRAZEEE! - SLEEEPY! - COMANCHEEE! - At - heart - ahm - a - MOSLIM! - Ah - m - an - AMERIC - AN - ARTIST! - And I HAVE NO GUILT!"

The worshipping hordes predictably howl their sycophantic enthusiasm for Patti's portentous poesy polemics just as they do when she's beating the meat on her guitar.

They're not doing her any favours, of course. If a few more people had the commonsense to call her out when the going gets unbelievably corny, then maybe she wouldn't have followed up the innovatory "Horses" album with a brace of lame ducks like "Radio Ethiopia" and "Easter".

On the evidence of the profusion of references to God sprinkled liberally across her later work, Patti has evidently promoted Jah to the dizzy heights in her affections that were previously reserved for the likes of Arthur Rimbaud and Keith Richard.

From the opening number "Privilege (Set Me Free)", the Paul Jones mock-crucifixion number from the movie of the same moniker, through the stream-of-unconsciousness "Babelogue" and the maudlin death-dirge "Easter" right up to "Rock 'n' Roll Nigger", Patti firmly establishes herself as Uncle Sam's nuclear build-up in retaliation to our own Jess Yates . . .

"Jimi Hendrix was a nigger,/Jesus Christ and his Grand-ma, too,/Jackson Pollock was a nigger/ Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!

But don't get the impression that Patti's *only* concern is easing racial tension.

She also does the best impersonation of quasi-Ed Hollis Teen Rebel Merchandise this side of the Vortex . . .

"Do you like the world around you?/Are your ready to behave?/Outside of society,/That's where I wanna be,/Outside of society,/They're waiting for me,/LENNY!"

Pure Las Vegas and Lenny Kaye, poor bloke, takes his turn on "Rock 'n' Roll Nigger" as well as taking over vocal responsibilities completely for the band's token nodule to the Power-Slop bandwagon write-off, The Who's "The Kids Are Alright" while Patti jumps into the audience to bop.

The P.S. Group did *everything* from the new album except the Hari-Hari-ram-a-lama "Ghost Dance" chant, peaking on the superb "Because The Night" which has got *Bruce Springsteen* stamped all over it.

Patti apologised for penning it with him at her Fan-Scene conference. Can't understand the blushes, Smithie, old fruit, as the song displays qualities conspicuous by their paucity on the sluggish *menage-a-midget* paean, "We Three", or "Space Monkey" where the poor Leonard has to provide "Ooh-ooh-ahh-ahh-ooh-ooh!" sound-effects, or the segue of "25th Floor" and "High On Rebellion".

That dross made the "Radio Ethiopia" selections of "Pumping (My Heart)", "Ask The Angels" and "Ain't It Strange" seem positively gingerpeachy in comparison.

I was going to include a few fashion-notes for the delectation of all you suave young flappers, but, *malheureusement, mes braves,* the sad sight of yer Auntie Pat's knee-high garter worn over leather strides tucked into brown boots and woolly socks, plus her MC5 t-shirt, donkey-jacket and stove-pipe titfer, all had such a detrimental effect on the health of your humble hero that he promptly went into chronic *couture*-shock.

Still, it was nostalgic, almost moving, to see Patti perform her trilogy of readings from "Horses" — "Land", "Kimberley" and the sublime "G-l-o-r-i-i-i-a".

It was left to Patti Pan's Justin de Villeneuve to sum up the proceedings with his ominous spoken introduction to the number that Smithie knackered her neck to, "Ain't It Strange".

"Luhf ees sumtheeng yew muuust en-duuure!", **pontificated Len.**

Then his glasses fell off.

Only one person laughed.

Tony Parsons

ZUSAMMENG

The small label with the big image..

Greg Kihn
The Rubinoos
The Smirks

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

ON APRIL 1st, Beserkley proved that although they're a small label they've got some remarkable talent on their books.

Even without the inimitable Jonathan Richman, this April Fool special was a major triumph, not only for the acts but for Beserkley itself.

Specifically, it was very much The Rubinoos' evening.

A young West Coast four-piece, they've developed a cult following through their debut album, but that gives no real indication of their potential as live performers.

Despite problems with the guitars, they made their show tight and polished without ever becoming slick or calculated. It's a perfectly paced set, opening with an acapella "Rocking In The Jungle" before swinging into their own material with "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and "Hard To Get".

On the latter number particularly, Jon Rubin's high, clear voice assumed boyish tones reminiscent of vintage Michael Jackson.

They've got a young, whole-some image and on record they tend to sound like real juniors; on stage, though, the songs lose the tinge of unpalatable sweetness and take on a sharp, clean edge.

Jon Rubin. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

The front line looks like some kind of identity parade. Left to right, Tommy Dunbar, short guitarist, Jon Rubin, medium singer and Royse Ader, tall bassist. All members sing with a hilarious basso profundo emerging from the drum-kit during "Peek-A-Boo".

"I Think We're Alone Now", "Please Please Me", the mixture of old and new pop unveiled with boundless energy and style. The show really rockets when they start shimmying round the stage like California beach kids, plucking out "Walk Don't Run".

Suddenly the crowd is up and dancing. "Rock And Roll Is Dead" has Tommy writhing on the stage in guitar-hero agony with a flowing wig and vast silver shades.

Not much doubt on that showing that The Rubinoos will be headlining on their next visit to the Hammersmith Odeon.

It was a less than capacity crowd and sadly a large portion were still prowling the bar and foyer when Manchester's Smirks opened the concert.

Within a matter of weeks this group has risen from a new, inexperienced club act to a very hot property.

A venue of this size must have been a very alien experience to them and initial nerves showed in some strange harmonies.

The fascination of The Smirks, though, is that even if they often fall well short of musical perfection they're always likely to pull something stunning out of the bag.

"This is Smirkrock . . . er, it's great," afirms Neil Fitzpatrick before launching with co-frontman Simon Milner into their unique rendition of "I Saw Her Standing There".

After the infectious "Little Girl" the pace dragged a little as they accustomed themselves to the surroundings. A touch of Smirkreggae and a slow ballad with Simon crooning like a north-country Bing Crosby began to wake up the audience.

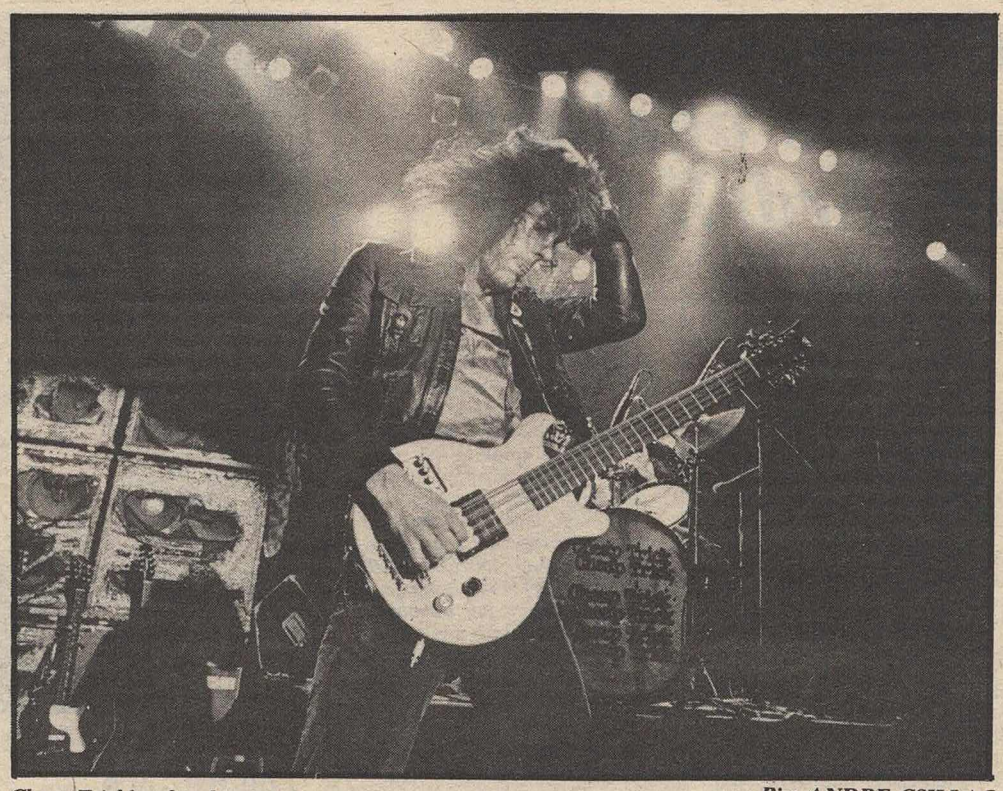
The Smirks responded with a sustained burst of lunatic terpsichory (Smirkdancing, okay?) and a bunch of their best numbers; "Rosemary", the forthcoming single "OK UK" and the zany strains of "Ya Ya".

Bassist Ian Morris and drummer Mike Doherty keep up the rhythms of the wordless chorus while Neil and Simon run through a series of leaps and pirouettes which threaten severe damage to the instruments, the equipment and The Smirks themselves.

Result: audience delight and a genuine encore. It's "Barbara Ann" with C. P. Lee of the Albertos guesting on robotic backing vocals.

Greg Kihn was topping the bill and he's not yet a sufficiently major name to guarantee a full house.

That's only a temporary situation, though, because he's a classic example of a crossover artist. He's known as a pop singer but his group are never lacking in musical pyrotechnics. You'll find his albums in the new wave rack, but he has Bob Harris to introduce him.



Cheap Trick's token hippie. *Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG*

A diminutive figure in waistcoat and tie, he's already got a hard-core following.

There's plenty of familiar stuff here, "For You", "Madison Avenue Man", "Love's Made A Fool Of You"; on some of the selections from the albums, however, the musicianship of the band tends to slide into repetitive proficiency.

There's one absurdly long guitar solo at least, Greg gaping in admiration, his head nodding inches away from the culprit's speeding fingers.

The talent of his writing shows through, especially on a reggae-influenced number "Satisfied", but he could learn something from The Rubinoos about sustaining interest and cutting out unnecessary padding.

He's back on-stage in minutes though to introduce "The only appearance of the legendary SPITBALLS!!"

All three bands on together driving out some lively rock 'n' roll and their classic interpretation of "Telstar".

A real party atmosphere at the end of a happy, friendly and enormously successful exhibition of Beserkley's pop curiosities. **Kim Davis**

Tapper Zukie

100 CLUB

THE CAPACITY crowd at London's 100 Club was treated to a set of truly ital rockers from living legend Tapper Zukie.

Zukie is backed on his current tour by Sound Syndicate, a fine Jamaican combo whose playing was almost as great a delight as the man's toasting, with Vinny Gordon's trombone a particular pleasure.

Though evidently fatigued Zukie himself turned in an irie performance.

Wearing his customary wide brimmed hat an' t'ing, he ricocheted round the stage like a squash ball, while rapping out his chart topping faves of '76 — "MPLA" and "Pick Up The Rockers", both to uproarious reception.

Both, too, word-for-word as the recorded originals — for a style borne out of spontaneity, JA toasters show a curious reluctance to improvise on stage.

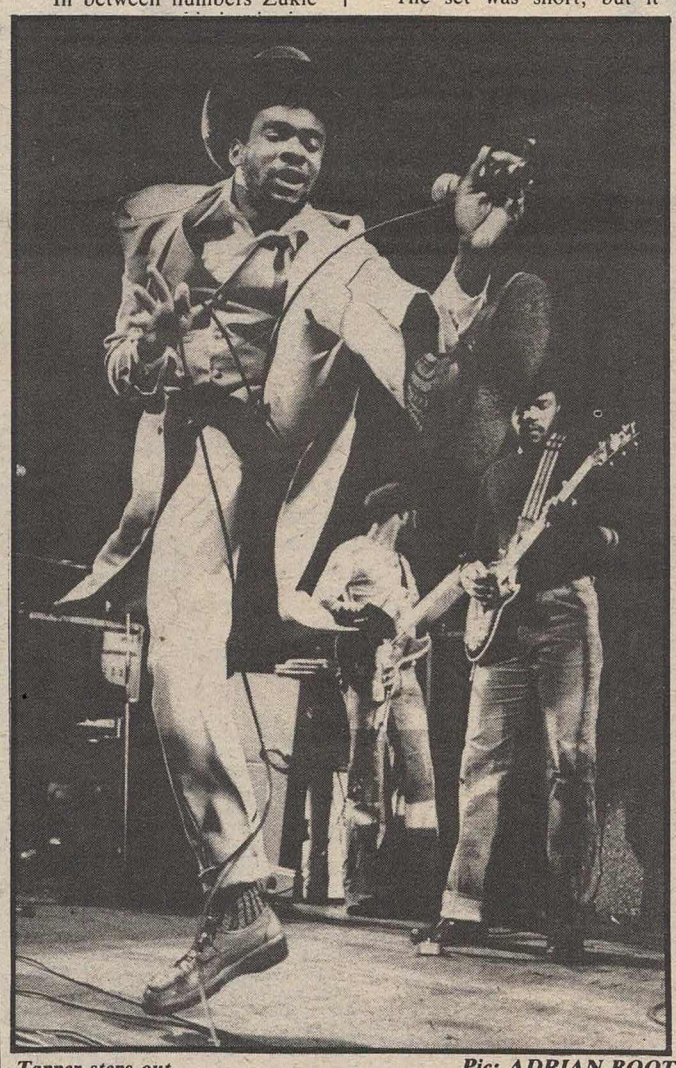
"She Want A Phensic", was, however, superior to disc, and "Rub-A-Dub" rocked furiously with brilliant phased echo effects from the mixing console.

In between numbers Zukie paid tribute to his inspiration Selassie I, and his aides — Virgin Records, who are releasing his current album "Peace In The Ghetto", Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye who have just released his classic '73 set "Man Ah Warrior", and *NME's* own Jah Reel.

He didn't perform "New Star", ignored calls for "Man Ah Warrior", and closed instead with "Archie The Red Nosed Raindeer", a Zukie special surpassed only by "Message To Pork Eaters", sadly missing here.

The set was short, but it didn't seem to matter.

What the acolytes of P. Smith's psychosis rock will make of the Zukie roots experience I can't imagine. But he who feels it knows it y'all. **Neil Spencer**



Tapper steps out. *Pic: ADRIAN BOOT*

Cheap Trick

ROUNDHOUSE

ON SUNDAY night at the Roundhouse, Cheap Trick showed how it should be done.

Johnny Moped opened the evening with his usual uneven, slightly sloppy set. He's a great wit this lad, but you have to be fast to catch the asides and grunts.

My favourite numbers were "Little Queenie", one for nostalgia freaks, which was sung in a high falsetto while Johnny solemnly pogoed, and a new number, "Baby Seals" which shows how the New Wave is able to respond immediately to current events without having to wait till their next concept album comes out.

The Stukas with their temporary / new line-up were next — very athletic, muscular and clean.

"Dead Lazy", "Allergic To Life" — quite a few good numbers but not enough attack to really get it off the ground.

They have a good rock 'n' roll drummer, very explosive; I liked his handling of "Clean Living Kids".

Cheap Trick entered and it was like someone changing the focus on a lens — the evening clicked into place, the volume doubled, melodies made an appearance, people felt like dancing and smiling because rock 'n' roll *naturally* has humour in it (something groups like The Jam should understand).

CT are a natty four-piece combo with eyeball attention focusing on lead guitarist Rick Nielsen — a crazed character like Curly from "The Three Stooges" or Phil Silvers from "Sgt. Bilko", all bulging eyeball stares, rubber-legging and high kicks in peg pants that are just not long enough.

He also plays guitar effortlessly.

Robin Zander is the smooth vocalist, dressed in white and with nice clean long hair, he has the classic American rock voice which sounds like it has a built-in phase box.

Bun E. Carlos, the drummer who looks like the manager of a shady off-shore banking concern, takes no chances — each beat almost breaks the skin and he can transform the most common and mundane riff into something special.

The smoke from his cigarette gave the impression that he was constantly beating great clouds of dust out of his kit.

Tom Petersson is the hippy of the band, he likes to bend over his bass and give his head a good shake to get rid of the dandruff.

They play with consistent high energy.

The act comes to a wonderful visual climax with Rick running from side to side of the stage and demonstrating the techno-flash style of one-finger guitar-playing while balancing on top of his stage monitor.

Just great. A breath of fresh carbon monoxide. **Miles**

EHÖRIGKEIT

Tom restores faith, scores against pudding turds!!

Tom Robinson Band

MUSIC MACHINE

"All I can say is politics is not my thing at all. I can't see myself on a platform talking about how to help people. Because I would get myself KILLED if I REALLY tried to help anybody. I mean, if somebody REALLY had something to say to help somebody out, just bluntly say the truth, well. . .obviously they're gonna be done away with. They're gonna be KILLED."

Bob Dylan

IT'S BEEN a long wait — over 20 years, goodness — for the first musician with sufficient pure, undiluted, unrepentant BOTTLE to keep his crooning neck firmly on the uncompromising line of commitment when his life would be infinitely easier and, probably, no less of a commercial success if he made his excuses and left before the riot got into full swing.

But the Tom Robinson Band were worth waiting for — and if they don't say more to ya in one song like "Up Against The Wall", "Ain't Gonna Take It No More", "Glad To Be Gay", "Winter Of '79" or any one from half a dozen others than Dylan, Lennon, Bowie and any punky-power-waver you might care to mention hitcha with in their entire whining careers, then, kid, you have no head, no heart and no hope.

"Politicised musicians, not musical politicians," is how Tom describes the combo that restored my faith in music just at the point when I'd come to the conclusion that "rock 'n' roll" was just one big downwind fart and almost hung up my pogo-stick forever. . .

And as for all the middle-class pudding-turds who reckon "Martin" is patronising to us Vital Proles I'm here to tell ya that it's the ONLY song to bring a lump to my ears since I first heard "Private Number" many eons ago.

"Sisters and brothers/What have we done?/We're all fighting each other,/ INSTEAD OF THE FRONT!/ You better get it together/There's big trouble to come/And the odds are against us/'Bout 20 to one./But we AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT. . ."

They had severe road-fatigue at the Music Machine but were still the most important band the planet has seen since The Sex Pistols.

Coz no-one had a brother like Tom. No-one ever had a brother like him.

Tony Parsons

REZILLOS v The Atomic Menace

The Rezillos
Chou Pahrot

LEITH TOWN HALL

A BENEFIT this, to raise funds for SCRAM (Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace) and the organisation's protest rally at Torness on May 6 and 7.

Torness — near Dunbar, some 30 miles from Edinburgh — is the intended site for Britain's next nuclear power station, a development which is not only totally unrequired but may also literally cost the earth.

If *you* want to protest against this nuclear threat, then a SAE plus 10p in stamps to SCRAM at 2 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, who will bring it home to you in graphic detail, OK?

From worthy cause to worthy music. It must be very doubtful whether Chou Pahrot (most pronounced Chow Parrot but aesthetes are welcome to Frenchify) will ever be part of anybody's dream machine, but theirs is some of the most challenging music being created right now.

They certainly make you think twice about what you want from a band. Unorthodox and provocative, they merge constant batterings of rhythm with tantalising snatches of melody from their 'lead' instruments — violin and 12-string guitar or soprano sax — into dense, sometimes comically anarchic, textures of sound.

Subjected to not only a bad sound but also a constant barrage of inventive insults from the under 12s, Pahrot sailed on unconcerned, pausing only to taunt smilingly their tormentors — "You can join in the chorus on this one. If you can spot it, you're welcome to join in."

They won first applause then cheers from the rest of the audience, and emerged the victors. Unlikely but likeable, Chou Pahrot's challenge should not go unheeded.

And so, for those of you who like your nonsense to be distinguished, to The Rezillos. Looking now at this high-octane quintet, it's hard to equate them with the untogether outfit of less than 12 months ago, whose hammer and tongs treatment of revered oldies was so altogether out on a limb that all you could admire about them was their sheer gall.

Well, maybe that's not quite true. They *did* have a vision, even if it's only now that they can do real justice to it. Instrumentally, they've become remarkably forcefully marshalled. Angel Patterson's highly effective streamlined drumming and Luke Warm's ceaseless but disciplined guitar are ably bridged by William Mysterious's nimble bass work into a unit far removed from the old threshing machine.

The vocals could still stand some improvement, but the infectious enthusiasm and sheer joie de vivre exuded by Fay and Eugene in their gloriously exaggerated leaping and looning makes me hesitate to carp about such doubtless temporary failings.

But it's where their material is concerned that The Rezillos have advanced so convincingly. No-one seeing the original Rezillos would have been able to predict that they would become the purveyors of such consistently good quality beat songs.

The lively "Top Of The Pops" must be the hit single where "Good Sculptures" was allowed to die, while the intricate "Cold Wars" is evidence of further progress in Luke Warm's seemingly endless supply of off-beat ideas.

William Mysterious's pained "It Gets Me", however, shows that catchy melodies are not just Luke's prerogative.

Even with those handful of '60s numbers still retained in the set, The Rezillos have added their own twists and trademarks. Never content to copy, they always take things one stage further and that's what makes them so important in the pop tradition. Eat your hearts out, power poppers.

It's a pity that a band so obviously hot to trot have to mark time till their mostly excellent album (just recorded in New York) appears in May. But at least they're out raising people's adrenalin till then, so go see the new leaders before they're enormous. The Rezillos — catch them if you can.

Ian Cranna

Zabandis

100 CLUB

SUBJECT TO the regularity of a role backing touring reggae vocal acts, Zabandis have occasioned remark in these pages on several prior instances.

In such context, we have made pertinent comment regarding the group's brinkmanship in the respective service of John Holt, Jah Woosh and Dillinger.

This rare appearance by Zabandis on their own merits afforded an ideal opportunity for appraising an alternative perspective as to the group's capabilities.

Zabandis are a seven-piece showcase out of Shepherds Bush, the nucleus of which revolves around the three Charles brothers — Michael (drums), Joseph (guitar), Desmond (organ) — as well as Tony Robinson (bass), Leonard Jones (lead), Eddie Williams (percussion) and Junior Bailey (Vocals).

They opened their 100 Club set in brisk fashion, maintaining the driving "jumpers" pace which distinguishes UK reggae from its Jamaican counterpart, to the conclusion of two titles, "For The Love Of Music" and "Love Marcus."

At this stage, the little empathy they had established with their audience dissipated in delivery of an oratorial plea by Junior for "punks, teds and natty dreads, join the hunt and

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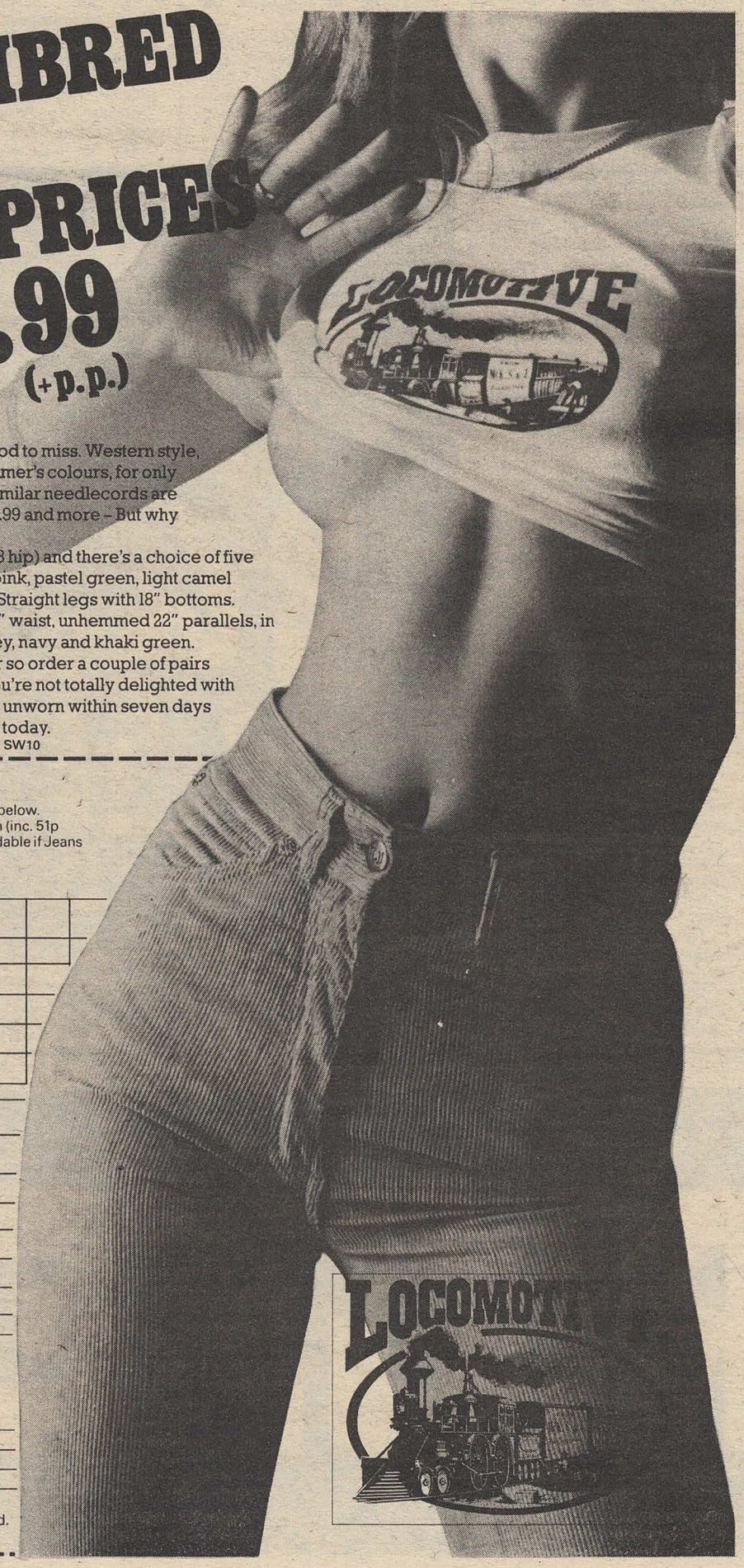

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Oasis for peaceful punters

Dire Straits

MARQUEE

ONE EXPLANATION for Dire Straits' metropolitan popularity is that after a vigorous duffing by new wave aggression over the last 18 months, London gig-goers are now looking for entertainment without intimidation.

This band offer that, quietly working through their set at the Marquee almost unaware of the audience's presence.

Their act's devoid of histrionics, but still possesses an awesome mood. Because of this, it'd be wrong to explain away their success as merely a tame alternative.

Not only are they excellent musicians schooled in blues, J.J. Cale, Dylan and Reed, but guitarist-singer, Mark Knopfler, the most brilliant of the four, also exudes an aura of malevolence.

It's there in his stance, with the concentrated moodiness of his intricate playing, and his dark, sonorous vocals.

The lyrics, particularly of "Six Blade Knife", are stretched like a taut cord through the song, and the only sign of fraying comes with Knopfler's own cutting guitar lines; but the tension's never relaxed.

Much of their style, especially the superb integration of David Knopfler's rhythm guitar, the wide bass tracks from John Illsley, and Pick Withers' sharp, percussive economy with Mark's obvious musical control, is inspired by Cale. But they use it as a grounding, and the scope of their material is broader than J.J.'s.

Their main concern is the evocation of moods; sometimes unfortunately so when a wad of similar styles appears in the set, and the arrangements aren't distinctive enough to provide the necessary contrast.

For instance, "Setting Me Up" is placed between "Real Girl" and "Sultans Of Swing", presumably because it's taken at the same brisk pace. But the song doesn't make it, with a thick line drawn between Mark Knopfler and the rhythm section.

Elsewhere their approach works. "East Bound Train" is an inventive reminder of the '40s swing era given a contemporary flavour. And the effect bears some comparison to Tom Waits' writing technique on "Foreigner".

Criticisms are to be expected with any band not yet a year old, who've only just recorded their debut album.

Most significantly there are moments of gloomy introspection, hardly helped by their apparent hesitance even to nod to the crowd between numbers.

Nonetheless all their excellent qualities are frequently aired, as musicians and songwriters, and the closer, "Sultans Of Swing" is their definitive song.

On that you can't help but consider how inappropriate an adjective such as *dire* is in their name.

Tony Stewart

Sunday night Fever

"The Honky Tonk Party"

100 CLUB

WHAT A night, oh what a night, it really was, such a night.

From out of Charlie Gillett's *Honky Tonk* show on Radio London cometh fine music and good times.

More people in the 100 Club on that Sunday than I've seen since The Johnny Otis Revue appeared there several years ago; a DJ with a rare choice of excellent sounds; two of the better acts on the cheapo circuit (both deserving to be instantly elevated to some kind of stardom); and everyone intent on the innocent pleasure of partying until they fell over.

Or perhaps not.

You see, when I go out to enjoy myself I like to do it right. As a consequence, critical judgements tend to get blurred at these kind of wingdings.

First on was Geraint Watkins, a debauched Welsh rocker who plays a mean piano and sings like he was born and raised somewhere on the northern border of Louisiana.

He's not a pretty sight and he doesn't seem to have any original material, so I don't suppose he'll ever crack the bigtime, but short of hiring a time-machine and zapping back to the boondocks to see Charlie Rich in the late '50s you'd be hard put to find a better white boogie/blues man.

Among the dozen or so familiar titles in his set, I was particularly knocked out by "Don't You Lie To Me", "Mess Around" and "Ain't Nobody's Business"; all of his performance was stomping good fun.

Startime gave me my first taste of the very wunnerful Chas and Dave, originators of Rockney, a brilliant mix of East End wit and southern U.S. rock 'n' roll.

If Geraint Watkins is something like a British version of young Charlie Rich, Chas Hodges (vocal, piano) is this country's answer to Jerry Lee Lewis.

Only more so, because the comparison merely outlines Chas's main musical influence, both in the way he uses his voice and the ferocious dexterity with which he hammers his keyboard into submission; it goes no way to cover the great songs he writes with his longtime buddy, Dave Peacock (vocals, bass).

Lyrically, they're closely aligned to the sort of material that's recently made Ian Dury a household name, but whereas most of the tracks I've heard by the latter have been individual charcater studies of one sort or another, many of Chas and Dave's songs are more general reflections of the mulifarious idiosyncrasies of East End existence.

Boosted by the lightning guitar licks of Albert Lee and the exemplary rock drumming of Mick Burt, both their original material and their whiplash versions of numerous rock 'n' roll favourites ran riot through the party spirit of the evening to culminate in a storming finale.

Cliff White

Dire Straits *Pic: BEERBLOWER*

China Street

MANCHESTER

A NEWISH group from Lancaster, China Street surfaced at the tail end of the punk/etc explosion.

A four-piece with guitarist doubling on sax they seem firm and totally lacking in any sort of over-riding gimmickry. You could say plain, but that would be too cruel.

They are a young group and have yet to establish any sort of distinctive self-identity. They create a varied musical territory, that, whilst familiar, is active and precise. They play a sort of sensible, insistent modern raunch that adroitly varies pace, length, texture without sacrificing adrenalin.

Filtered down from mild Beefheart, calm R&B through fast rock, they've a cultured, swinging but chunky and hard-hitting sound that is a firm base for future modification.

Such modification would perhaps mean combining the useful disparate influences present into a much more unique musical whole, to handle the eclecticism with a more carefree attitude. No that at the moment they sound particularly uncomfortable, just a little stiff.

Their recent single, "You're A Ruin", a welcome D.I.Y. effort just when it looked as though newcomers were beginning to overlook the initial controlling benefits afforded by an own label, is a fair introduction to their music.

Fast, channelled, crisply structured, and before any monotony creeps in a welcome taut sax break bridges the song deftly from build-up to frenzy. Not a great piece of music, but definitely above-average.

Elsewhere China Street demonstrated diversity; for me, the highlights of their set were a couple of tunes that were the smoothest anti-imitation-own-identity real-white reggae lopes since The Very Great G.T. Moore and the Reggae Guitars. Refreshing.

Paul Morley

smash the Front", exposing a more glaring example of Zabandis' untried stage act in front of a live crowd.

When will the newer reggae bands learn that the most successful way to "cold up" an audience is with espousal of sentiments such as this?

It requires the experience and stature of a Bob Marley, and to a lesser degree Matumbi or Black Slate, to execute this call-response tactic in a way that guarantees participation from an audience. Zabandis merely garnered a few isolated cheers for their effort; and the supercedence of an impassive, embarrassed silence.

Following this, it took the group some while to rediscover their initial flourish. Both "Live And Let Live" and "Babylon" displayed an uncertain interpretation from Zabandis, and it was not until the electrified groundation of "Mama Woh" that the audience relaxed with the band once more.

This was precursory to a full-powered instrumental entitled "Cool And Easy", then "Funny Girl", "Go Deh" and "Spears And Arrows."

For an encore we acknowledged Zabandis' own interpretation of the "Keep It Like It Is" song written by Joseph Charles for Louisa Mark, to conclude a reasonably optimistic session, with definite room for improvement in the tightening up of Zabandis' stage act.

Penny Reel

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THE ONLY ONE'S Peter Perrett.

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The Only Ones

MARQUEE

THE ONLY ONES must be one of the most interesting groups on the London scene. Not the most exciting, or the most entertaining, or the most important, but really interesting in a way which makes you stop dancing and strain your brain.

You don't want to miss the lyrical twists; you want to savour the precise rhythms and surreal melodies.

On the other hand, The Only Ones are not some clinical, intellectual exercise in contemporary music. The songs are brief, tuneful, very accessible; the visuals are attractive and compelling.

Peter Perrett appears before us in a leopard-skin jacket, dark hair framing gaunt, hollow features, fronting a band who strike you as not looking particularly young.

The familiar guitar break cascades into "Lovers Of Today," a fine pop single; and the crowd pogo into action.

Perrett moves with sharp, jerky twists and nods, his rhythm guitar distinctively choppy as he hunches over the instrument and thrashes with skinny fingers.

The other Only Ones have clearly played a few gigs in their time. John is a picture of cold disdain, tossing off lead guitar runs, shrugging off the audience. Alan is a solid bassist but inadequate backing vocalist. Mike is a magnificent drummer.

But the show is pretty Peter's. Grinning confidently, flashing dark eyes at the appreciative crowd, he launches into each song as if it were a classic: and the quality of his material never lets him down.

Verbal communication with the masses is minimal, meaning I can't trot out a list of titles for you. Most numbers are built on almost familiar riffs and rhythms, reminiscent of '50s or early '60s heart-throb tracks. But over this base are added layers of strange, unearthly sound, exquisite melodies and curious, evocative verses.

The result is unusual, original and sometimes disorienting but the grasp of structure or tune is never lost.

Perrett's strange, low-pitched, nasal tones could create a love-him-or-loathe-him situation, but to me they seem perfectly suited to the mood of the music.

My favourites from the repertoire were "The Whole Of The Law" and "Another Girl Another Planet," the former starting with a sweet, steady beat and romantic strumming before Perrett goes into a poignant love declaration. It's all about plumbing the deepest ocean and swimming the length of the sea. Anywhere else it would sound corny.

"Another Girl Another Planet," apparently the forthcomimg single, is as instant and memorable as "Lovers Of Today" — a poppy, quirky love song and I just wish I could remember the words that my ears were aching to catch on the night.

Perrett's Prince Charming image and poetic poise invests some of his songs with a fairy-tale quality. Typical was "Run Away From The Beast" (I'm guessing the title) — *". . . there's darkness in his eyes and he's been looking for you for a lo-o-ong time!"*

There's another magical trip in "No Peace For The Wicked," presented with pouting, cute, camp decadence I know it's been said about almost every possible guitarist, but he really *did* look like Keith Richard . . .

The set was a perfectly balanced blend of fast and slow, loud and soft, the climax coming with "Peter's Pets," the bizarre dirge which builds into white noise as The Only Ones hammer out a blaze of ferocity. One encore and they're gone with a smile and a wave.

The Only Ones look and behave like they're something special. Every song a gem and I wish I could remember every note . . .

Kim Davis

Dave Lewis Band

JOHN BULL, CHISWICK

I DOUBT that the John Bull sees better music than this. Despite a stage little bigger than a telephone booth, and a far from capacity crowd, Dave Lewis and his band played a devastating set.

He took a little Robert Palmer disco funk, a pinch of Boz Scaggs, and a hint of early blues, gradually cranked it all up into rock'n'roll, and let it loose to reek havoc, in frenzied fashion, upon adjacent lugs and limbs.

Two things are immediately obvious about his music. Firstly, every number is immaculately constructed — perfectly balanced funk cross-rhythms underlying a very full-sounding guitar / keyboard front line.

And second, Lewis has somehow unearthed three backing musicians of enormous talent. Dave Rose's ability on keyboards to complement the guitar breaks, and his excellent use of tonal effects, seemed hardly short of bragging.

The same goes for the drumming of Preston Heyman. A matchless master of the offbeat, he appears to have wrists of tungsten-carbide.

With such a variety of styles involved, the set never dragged for one moment. "Let's Stay Right Here Forever" sounded like the nearest thing to black funk, whereas "Are You Ready?" was straight wall-of-sound boogie music with rock-'n'roll cement. Especially on the slower numbers, he managed to give an impression of fluid looseness that can only come from supreme competence.

A few questions still remain. Has the man no sense of shame? Or does he actually *delight* in making other bands feel inadequate? What right had he to be so outrageously good, and then have the nerve not to charge admission?

To miss him would be a heinous crime. You have been warned.

Mark Ellen

The Banned

HOPE AND ANCHOR, ISLINGTON

CAN'T IMAGINE anyone wanting to ban these boys — they're all so pretty (vacant too, in some respects) and every bit as innocuous as their two singles suggest.

They smile a lot on stage, at each other and the crowd, and bounce around in a very well-behaved way. They also have good manners; one of the guitarists seemed to feel he was imposing on the crowd terribly when he said: "I'd, er, like it if you er, moved around to this one," but no one did.

The drummer, however, talked too much; his almost incessant patter between songs was, I think, meant to be funny but was just irritating.

They play competently, both individually and as a band, but their set was short, about a third of it being non-originals, including unremarkable versions of such hoary old items as "You Really Got Me" and "Keep On Running". Their own compositions are all nice little pop songs, either about gurls or their bay-bee, which fail to leave much impression.

Yeah, I know it's their first tour, but I can't help thinking that they're just a few mates who have previously played together on a less than serious basis and who only decided to make the inane but (gulp!) catchy "Little Girl" single for a laugh.

I mean, if they felt they had something to say they should have put out one of their own songs.

I guess Harvest, perhaps worried by the shortage of New Wave bands on the label (Wire being the only other band I can think of, off-hand), made them an offer they couldn't refuse and now they find themselves thrown in at the deep end.

Neil Peters

Meanwhile down at the youth club . . .

The Boyfriends

MARQUEE

AS A former Vibrator and the man who wrote that band's minor hit "We Vibrate", you might think Pat Collier has a lot to live down. But he seems to be doing just that with his own group, The Boyfriends.

Of course the above-mentioned single came before the emergence of power-pop, and at the time was derided as a commercial cop-out for a supposedly New Wave band. But times and trends change, and now Collier proudly includes it in this group's stage set. It works perfectly.

Short, tidy hair, clean casual clothes and four jolly faces beam healthily over the footlights of the Marquee stage. Collier for one has left his leather jacket in punk's almost deserted cloakroom, and is showing people that his own new wave attitude was discarded just as easily.

But then he was always considered a faithless malcontent, especially when he declared that The Vibrators were exploiting the whole punk bandwagon. After that their credibility never really recovered.

Collier should worry, because he's now fronting an excellent beat group who, even taking into account their equipment troubles and the brevity of the set, demonstrated an exciting professionalism and a real talent for songwriting.

There's also a degree of expertise you might find surprising in an outfit who were joined by their present rhythm section of Mark Henry (bass) and Steve Bray (drums) only a month ago.

Predictably, they have faults, mainly in their softness and occasional sloppiness. But more importantly, they hold the brisk pace well, especially when assisted by Collier chopping out hard rhythm chords on guitar, or Chris Smith enriching the music with some trusty, occasionally cliched, organ phrases.

It's a bright pop sound that also welcomes some intelligent guitar and electric piano soloing without slowing the pace or damping their impact. Similarly Collier's vocals are lively, and despite his limited high range, invariably cut cleanly through the instrumental clout.

If their stage presence projects youthful zest, with all four players so animated they border on being gawky, so do their songs. It's youthclub teen material, mainly supplied by Collier under such titles as "Shy Boy", "She's A Heartache" and "Last Bus Home", but contrasted by the marginally more heavyweight "The Basement" and "Hold On" by Smith.

Obviously their influence is early '60s British beat music, and some comparison with the best of The Hollies' early material is justified with such songs as "I'm In Love Today".

The Boyfriends also have their own identity and style, which makes them a wonderfully entertaining act with a great deal of musical depth.

Yeah yeah yeah!

Tony Stewart

Penetration: their kick inside

Penetration

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

LAST TIME Penetration were in Nottingham they played to a tiny but enthusiastic crowd of hardy faithfuls. But tonight the situation is reversed; there are lots of people, all seemingly determined to *avoid* getting off on the Ferryhill Four.

This is very strange, since Penetration merit considerably more than passing praise second time round. To put the situation down simply to the infusion of a new member would be to ignore the dramatically improved playing of both Rob Blamire (bass) and Gary Smallman (drums). Smallman, particularly, is a devastating asset, his controlled fury now driving every song with a muscled punch that was completely absent three months ago.

New guitarist Neale Floyd, called in to replace the recalcitrant Gary Chaplin, hasn't really been around long enough to stamp an indelible mark, and though he seems a better player it remains to be seen whether this extends to songwriting ability.

As you might expect, it's Pauline who fills the visual quotient, and the others make no attempt to curb her stage domination as she struts and sashays from one end to the other, dragging Rob to his mike for some harmonies here, swaying defiantly into the front rows there, her cavortings punctuating that amazing voice, which is still the essence of Penetration's sound.

They're working much the same ground as before. The only new number tonight is "Movement", which gives no real hint of what might be to come, slipping easily amongst more familiar stuff like "Duty Free Technology", "Silent Community" and Patti Smith's "Free Money" — the only non-original they do.

While it would be easy to criticise the overall similarity of the songs, the beauty of Penetration is that they're still only fooling around with their capabilities. Unlike a lot of other bands nowadays who seem to reach a swift peak and stagnate, this lot have a long way to go. Perhaps the biggest kick in watching them is trying to decide how good they'll end up.

They finish with "Firing Squad" (which may or may not surface on Virgin in the remote future), return to reprise "Movement", and then its all over, and the fanatical Hounslow contingent, a group of about seven totally committed followers, begin the long haul to the next gig.

The Hounslow contingent are justified in their devotion, because even now Penetration cruise several streets ahead of the opposition, and with Floyd fully worked in they'll be unstoppable.

They have a tour proper commencing in a few weeks, by which time they should have some hot new material. If you're one of the many who've been following their progress with interest, go and see them again. You'll owe it to yourself.

Stephen Gordon

Johnny Nash

BAILEY'S, LEICESTER

THERE IS something disquieting about these here Bailey's establishments, as if, when you step through their portals, you slip into a parallel world of alternative reality.

The fantasy begins at the door, where a young jobsworth examines the cloth adorning the lower limbs of all male entrants.

After much peering and double-taking, he had to ask me: "Are they jeans?"

"I think they're known as brushed-denim," I explained patiently.

"Oh, jeans, right then. Sorry chief, you can't come in here."

But then I'd travelled all the way from London, hadn't I? And I was accompanied by a persuasive lady from Johnny Nash's record company, wasn't I? And so my denimmed limbs were reluctantly escorted to a reserved table.

No sooner had we got in than I was bursting to get out again, confronted, as I was, by a comedian (or right joker, as we say in the business).

I only mention all of this — and also, in passing, the sullen-faced go-go dancers and birthday/anniversary presentations — to emphasise what a splendid talent Johnny Nash is, to immediately transform this scene into something good as soon as he launched into his opening song, "What A Groovy Feeling."

Since he hasn't recorded anything for over a year, Nash's show was basically the same as the one he presented in Britain last spring. The only obvious difference was a medley of "Feelings" and "The Way We Were" that was truly sanctified, his pure spiritual tones swooping over a simple piano accompaniment to briefly quiet the revellers into a respectful congregation.

I could have done without the British brass section and four maidens on strings, but John's own five accompanists (keyboard, guitar, bass, drums, percussion) were very able, synchronising especially well for the slightly modified form of basic reggae that has been the foundation of most of his hits since "Hold Me Tight" in 1968.

He sang 11 (the large majority) of these hits — all as superbly executed as on record — the only obvious omissions being "Guava Jelly", "Nice Time" and, surprisingly, "Wonderful World", his last successful single.

He even managed to get the crowd singing along to "Island In The Sun", which seemed pretty impressive to me.

This show confirmed for me that Johnny Nash is still one of the finest singers in the business. I hope that we're not going to have to wait yet another year for his next recording.

Cliff White

The Zones

GREYHOUND, FULHAM

THE ZONES' present line-up is four months old. Friday night's gig was the first of their initial extended tour of England. It was *not* however, their first time in London, as late December of last year saw them as support for The Clash at the Rainbow (The Clash having requested their services after the two played together at Glasgow's Apollo).

On stage all The Zones display an innocent and professional assurance that should invigorate even the post-punk cynic. Minimum fuss and maximum music is their formula throughout a thoroughly uplifting and highly danceable 16-song set which includes exuberant versions of The Kinks' "Gotta Move" and The Yardbirds' "Wish You Would".

"Stuck With You", their debut single (on independent Zoom records) kicks off the "rave-up" with chords and machine gun drumming mindful of "God Save The Queen".

A snappy number, its B-side, "No Angels", soon follows with the terse pop sound of The Dictators or CBGB's-based Marbles.

Willie Gardner and Russell Webb work well together. Gardner sings the way he plays guitar: efficiently and with no nonsense.

Webb slashes away at his bass often, producing fuzz and controlled furry with the coy nonchalance of a Dave Davies.

The angular and intense Hyslop at times displays sharp drumming, especially when he closes the set in Keith Moon fashion. McIssac meantime is less noticeable than expected.

Influences are everywhere subtlely discernible.

"You" approaches the early Beatles/Merseybeat sound. "Watcha Gonna Do" has a lush, Yardbirds feel to it. On "Away From It All", Gardner flexes his voice like Elvis C.

Among others, "Small Time" features short, crisp, and wild guitar solos in the early Kinks and Who mode. "No Star" meanwhile is Nick Lowe "pure pop" *("I wanna be a star/Wanna drive a fast car/Wanna live in Hollywood /'Cos I know I could").*

The Zones went over very well in spite of the maze-like Greyhound and pleased the crowd with an adequate rendition of "Don't Bring Me Down" (Pretty Things) and a reprise of "Stuck With You" as their encores.

The potential is there. A few more songs of their own and a good producer just might make Zones a Jam with more solos, less image, and real exuberance.

Marcus Smith

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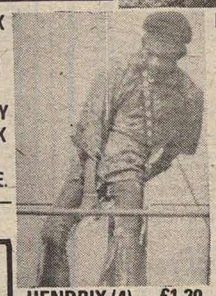

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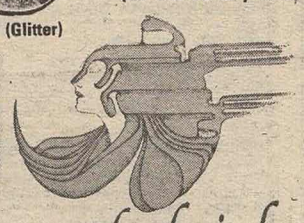

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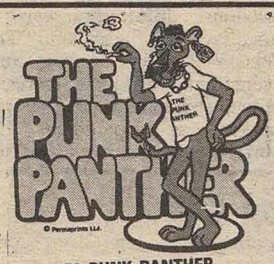

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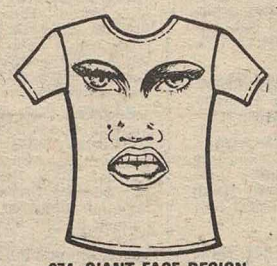

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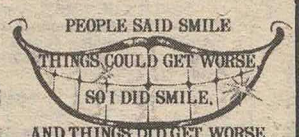

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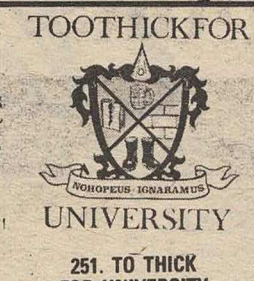

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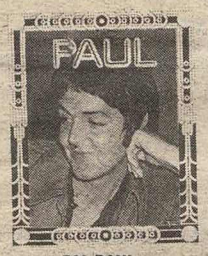

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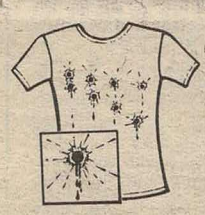

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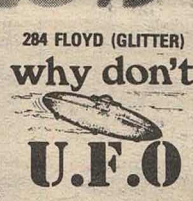

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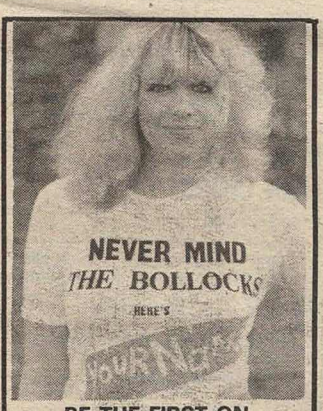

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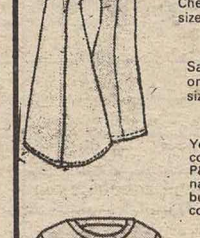

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Blimey — can just anyone write to GASBAG?

ABOVE: JOE LOSS mulls it over with SPLIT ENZ fans while (BELOW) ELVIS 'jams' with the CHICAGO horn section and two famous footballers.

STAR LETTER

DEAR KATY AND PAULA

It's a shame that you already seem to have caught the curse of journalistic arrogance, that leads you to believe that I should be available at the drop of a hat.

I thought the 'Wonder' was excellent and had started to make some notes that you might have used in place of a proper interview. But being quick off the mark doesn't always pay, and as the questions that I asked myself were at least as dumb as the one included in your letter, I'll leave it out and go back to my real career, which, as you know, is being uncooperative, rude and arrogant.

I look forward to coming to Dublin again.

Love ELVIS, Riviera Global Record Productions, London.

Congratulations, reader E. Costello of Whitton. You've just won a copy of Graham Parker's new album. — M.S.

WOULD IT be possible just once to get through a week without mentioning Elvis Costello or Nick Lowe? Oh shit, blown it again.
RAY DARR.

COULD SOMEONE please give me a valid reason as to why the management of the Top Rank Suite suddenly decided to make Elvis Costello's gig for over 18's only? My friend (who is 18) and I had bought tickets a month ago, and were looking forward to seeing one of the best concerts of the year, by one of the best performers. However, this was not to be, and the bastards turned us out, saying we could flog the tickets — as we had no proof of age and live too far away to go back and get any. I have attended gigs at this venue over the last year (including the Stiff tour) and there has been no age limit, so why now? At least they could have had the bloody courtesy to inform us of this beforehand. And what about next time? Do we have to take a cheque and buy our tickets and hope that the policy for that particular evening allows fans in who don't look like old women? And people wonder why there is so much hooliganism — I could have kicked the whole bloody place down.
RESENTFUL, Brighton.

I WISH to complain in the strongest possible terms about this Elvis Costello chap's *voice*. It strikes me, above all, as a pain in the EAR. I thought that, what with the advent of "power-pop" we had this sort of thing more-or-less under control. But no, here's this singing like somebody opening a tin of tuna fish next door! I'd much rather hear the sound of mirth from earth not going to Chelsea, backed up as he'd be by the morbid-mormons and their axe attackernacle. This year's model . . . if I may say so myself, needs a *jolly good oiling.*
MALCOLM MUDDOLINI.

Oy-oy, the Elvis backlash begins in the Bag. Or did Thrills beat us again? Don't agree with you for a moment, mind. — M.S.

PERHAPS BOB GELDOF was right when he mentioned that he thought Mick Farren's "Sinking of the Titanic" article was a prime motivator for young bands to form, a result of which was the instigation of the new wave. This is an obvious case of the critic fulfilling his function by creating an impetus for artists to broaden their scope and produce something more worthwhile. But how often do critics land flat on their backsides?

Tom Wolfe, in his book *The Painted Word* (hardly given a mention in Tony Parsons' piece last year), makes the point that art has now become literary, and he quotes Hilton Kramer of the *N.Y. Times* as saying "To lack a persuasive theory is to lack something crucial." Wolfe wrote that his arguments directed at the art world did not apply to music (whether he meant classical, pop, or whatever, I don't know) but some recent articles have led me to think that the theory behind the music is sometimes more important than the music itself. Whereas before "Hearing was believing," now it is "Believing is hearing".

Devo have only had two singles released, and yet they were afforded a double page centre spread in the *NME*. Interesting music? No, interesting theory. The band themselves couldn't expand on their theory too well but that didn't matter, the critic did it for them! Take a read of this: "Devo make music, words and pictures that project subconscious but usually domestic symbols alongside commonplace feelings, and they project it through their own personal warp. They aren't so much a rock band, more a fully fledged conceptual assault on the consciousness of slumbering nations." Makes them sound pretty amazing, but what does such verbosity mean to the average rock'n'roll punter? Nuts, mate, nuts. Tony Parsons ceremoniously slagged The Ramones because they couldn't intellectualize about their music (though I suspect there was an ulterior motive at work). What is more important the music or the theory?

I can't lay all the blame for this trend on the critics, the public is partly to blame for being so gullible, thus helping generate more.

Maybe that we are all too keen to discover the future of rock'n'roll, to be 'into' someone before everybody else is, and ultimately 'be cool', has led to the above mentioned trend. The ideas and the music should be whole, not separate, entities.
MIKE HARRISON, Bath, Avon.

Mike Harrison, please meet . . .

ROCK'N'ROLL is all about being with it. It doesn't pay to get left behind or to be too much ahead of time. That's why Graham Parker, Boomtown Rats, Ramones, and Elvis Costello are so good — they're just so bang on, in the right place at the right time. Iggy was in the right place at the wrong time. Warren Zevon is in the wrong place at the right time. And Devo are in the wrong place at the wrong time.
THIS YEAR'S MODEL, Sheffield University.

THE NEW Rick Wakeman elpee: "History Of The Universe".

"My conception of the history of the universe as interpreted through my very expensive keyboards and funny-noise machines, in beautiful there - it - goes - into - the - left - channel stereo." — Rick.

Side 1.

1. "Prelude: Infinity" (Wakeman). Short but spectacle-packed intro featuring buzzing noises left over from "Journey" and sixty male voices going "umm . . ."
2. "Creation" (Wakeman). Actually the theme from *2001* put over a boogie-woogie beat, and featuring two hoarse singers singing "Hello world; wonders unfurled."
3. "God" (Wakeman). Short honky-tonk piano solo.
4. "Adam" (Wakeman). Jam with Chris Squire and Alan White incorporating seventeen keyboards, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, "Ghost Riders In The Sky", "Strangers In The Night", and "Rock Around The Clock".
5. "Animals" (Wakeman). Synthesised animal noises. Moog moo's.

Side 2.

1. "The Years From Creation To 1973" (Wakeman). Concerto for grand piano, mini-moog and boy's choir.
2. "My First Solo Album" (Wakeman). "The Six Wives of Henry VII" speeded up to run seven minutes.
3. "My Other Efforts" (Wakeman). A classical jazz-rock piece with Ted Nugent and Ray Coniff overtones, played on a church organ recorded in a monastery in Tibet, with overdubbed bzzz bzzz neee-woom nurrgg snap crackle pop noises.
4. "Grand Finale: Armageddon" (Wakeman). 13,412 instruments gang up on you, floating on a syrupy sea of mellotron. Hoarse singers exit with "Goodbye, goodbye; the end is nigh." Album ends with the explosion of the universe (actually a missile blast from the soundtrack of *Star Wars).*

MICHAEL FABER, Victoria, Australia.

Think I'll stick with "Anarchy In The USA" — M.S.

RE TONY PARSONS' review of Alternative T.V.'s single. The Communists see themselves as the only alternative to the N.F. Unfortunately, a large number of people agree with them, which partially accounts for the N.F.'s following. Personally, I would be only too happy to go on an Anti-N.F. march, but when I see people throwing bricks and bottles at the police, it scares me shitless, and I want no part in it. It's becoming more and more unfashionable to believe in "Middle of the road" politics.

An *NME* journalist found Rush's ultra right-wing stance alarming. I'll be interested to see how he reacts to Suicide, an up and coming N.Y. combo. These guys are all for the "Revolution", and are into blowing up buildings.

Sunny Jim and his pals may be short-sighted, compromised, over the hill, tired and emotional, you name it, but right now they're the best we've got. Let's hear it for moderation.
RICHARD SLAYTER, Hendon, London.

Oh, sure, we're all for moderation — so long as it's not taken to extremes. — M.S.

DID ANYBODY notice how *NME* ignore Lou Reed and when it comes to reviewing his albums, they use the space to abuse and insult him?

Take Julie Burchill's review of "Street Hassle". Yes, the girl who thinks Reed should listen to the "excellent 'Stayin' Alive' by The Bee Gees" has been let loose to rupture Reed's new album. She mentioned but two tracks off the album (count them) and used the rest of the space to call him "apathetic, empty and defeated". I have a load of evidence to prove that *NME* just hate Reed and love to insult him. Will you ever stop?

As far as reviews go, genuine honesty etc., Burchill's piece brought the whole reviews section in *NME* down very low in my estimation.
DARRAGH, Dublin, Ireland.

BURCHILL'S review of the appalling "Street Hassle" is one of the best pieces of rock journalism ever written.
CLEOPATRA, Cranbrook, Kent.

I WAS disgusted at the letter in *Gasbag* concerning *Thrills* concerning The Rush Dinner Fiasco. It brought home to me, yet again, the reason why I loathe Heavy Metal so much. It's got no sense of humour. I'd hate to think that the bozo who wrote the letter represents a majority of any kind. I can just imagine Rush's poker-faced indignation at having these disgusting mindless hooligans (hi, Bob!) messing up the Royal Banquet. If you can't see the funny side, mate, you've got a bad case of a non-ongoing sense of fun thingy a gogo situation.

Personally, I don't want the respect of crypto-fascist jerk-offs. If Modest Bob and the lads managed to destroy the image of clean, respectable British youth in those bastards' eyes then give them a medal, pronto. All that's left to say is I hope Rush can ignore the many and stay away to please the few.
NICK O'TEEN, Finchley.
P.S. Whatever happened to The Pleasers?

I'VE just seen The Pleasers and I want to know which one was Eric Idle.
ARTHUR EATSHIT (of the Turd Chompers).

WERE The Beatles so far ahead of their time that all through the '60s they were taking the pee out of The Rutles?
BARRINGTON WOMBLE III, Pepperland, Kent.

MY FRIEND, Doreen, and I agree on most points about tasty-looking teenage rockabilly boys, but there is one enormous difference between us. Doreen doesn't fancy tattooed rockabilly lads, whereas I do. Up to a point with me, the more tatooes, the sexier the bloke. Doreen says that four-colour ink jobs of Billy Lee Riley, Carl Perkins and Sonny Burgess tattooed on the chest and upper arms makes a young man look like a savage animal. So what? Man is an animal. And I like my animals to be savage!

We both agree that the average teenage rockabilly fan should be broad-shouldered, well-built, in the twelve to thirteen stone category with bulging biceps and a hairy chest of the gorilla variety. His hair should be combed back and slicked down with a dollop of beef dripping. His eyes should be bloodshot and close together, nose broken, mouth flabby and aromatically suggestive of hops — like to fill the nostrils with the delicious scent of Ruddles real ale that comes with every beer-drinking rockabilly rebel.

Excuse haste, I've got to get 'Rockabilly Roles OK?' tattooed on my left thigh. . .be back in a jiff after I've been well and truly pricked!
TRUDY MARSHALL, Ealing, London

Alright Waxie Maxie, we've run this one, now will you stop sending in these put-up rockability letters?— GLEN GLEN and his Rockabilly Men.

"IT'S A SONG of hope," says Jake Burns of "Suspect Device", the first Stiff Little Fingers single.

Rubbish. It's a song designed to cash-in on the thing most associated (by outsiders) with Ulster — 'the troubles' (sic).

I'm all for artists saying relevant things and I certainly don't believe in musical escapism, but what do Stiff Little Fingers seriously hope to achieve (bar fame / notoriety) by gloating in their/our repression? Any grievances should be aired with subtlety, not plastered all over musical recordings and newspapers. Ulster bands should offer hope and alternatives, *real* protest songs, not just paeans to self-pity.

Living here is certainly (by comparison) No Fun, but romanticising the situation and (eventually) getting paid for it isn't going to solve anything.
MARK BRENNAN, Belfast.

THANKS TO the Ed. and to Dick Tracy for the unbiased version of the "Operation Julie" case.

One item missed out is that ex-Det. Sgt. Martin (Hippy) Pritchard now owns a pub somewhere in the Midlands, *(Daily Express).* I suppose he thinks alcohol is a safe drug. I suppose he also thinks that from pissing on people to getting people pissed is a real clever step forward.
THE WALRUS, Liverpool 1.
I'll drink to that. — M.S.

WAS someone looking for me?
HEATHCLIFFE, Farringdon, Oxon.

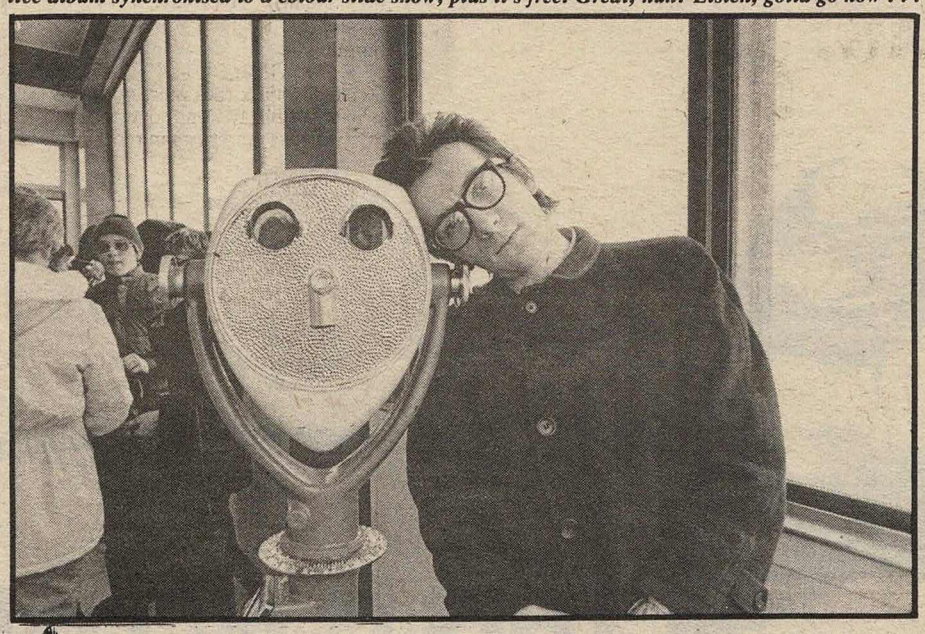
That's right, some squeaky-voiced boiler I'm afraid. — M.S.

IS BOB Dylan touring antipodean parts or what? Please advise name of musical paper that still reports such significant musical events, if there's one left.
G. M. Rainham, Essex.
Bob who? — M.S.

"Just what the hell is going on over there in Limeyland?" wonders reader R. Zimmerman. "They never run my letters."

MONTY SMIFF refuses to enter into personal correspondence.

Pssst — Elvis! We here at T-Zers want to tell you about CHALKIE DAVIES' exhibition "Backstage Passes" at the Battersea Arts Centre from the 6th to the 22nd of this month, featuring snaps of myriad rock celebs plus special sections on Thin Lizzy on the road plus extracts from the forthcoming Lizzy live album synchronised to a colour slide show, plus it's free. Great, huh? Listen, gotta go now . . .



teazers

A WEEKLY EXAGGERATION

AND A GREAT big "Hi, gang!" to all of you from all of us here at *T-Zers*, the column that bring you all the sleaze that fits in one compact, easy-to-carry package, suitable for consumption in public without embarrassing consequences. Lots of big names in a bad taste bonanza, so stay tuned . . .

Let's start with the big one: **Bobby The Zim's** been astounding Australian audiences with a dazzling display of eye make-up, electric rhythm guitar (a Fender Strat, if you're interested), glittery stage threads concocted by **Neil Diamond's** tailor, hand-mike gymnastics in the **Tom Jones** vein, reggae versions of "Don't Think Twice" and other shocks. He also introduced backup singer **Debbie Gibson** — one of a trio — as "my fiance — she's a real tight one!" after earlier dedicating "The Man In Me" to "the one I love, who's here tonight" . . .

More Antipodean Zimmerings next week from **Ross Stapleton,** Our Man On The Scene With Corks Dangling From The Brim Of His Hat, who also informs us that **Dennis Wilson** of the **Beach Boys** — also touring Australia — has actually found the long-presumed-missing-or-destroyed master tapes of the BB's semi-legendary "Smile" album project through **Big Bro' Bri** has no plans to issue the album at present. The tour itself was a trifle on the inauspicious side, with some of the band ostentatiously leaving the state when **Mike Love** went into his Transcendental Meditation rap, and **Carl** getting emotional in Perth and falling over **Dennis'** drum kit . . .

Anyway, enough about all these boring old Yanks; let's talk about **Patti Smith** instead *(I didn't quite catch that — Ed).* Jah Patti's got a new lick for live performances — apart from guitar-strangling, ranting and making a fool out of poor old **Lenny Kaye,** she's now apparently into kicking photographers. At her Sunday Rainbow gig, she caught lensman **Paul Slattery** in the shoulder, and when he approached her at her post-gig party at the Rock Garden and asked her why she kicked him, she replied "You hurt *me* by not dancing to my song!" Yeh, we know, Patti — you're an American artist and you feel no guilt . . .

La Smith was also highly upset because there were no flowers in her dressing room - poor baby . . .

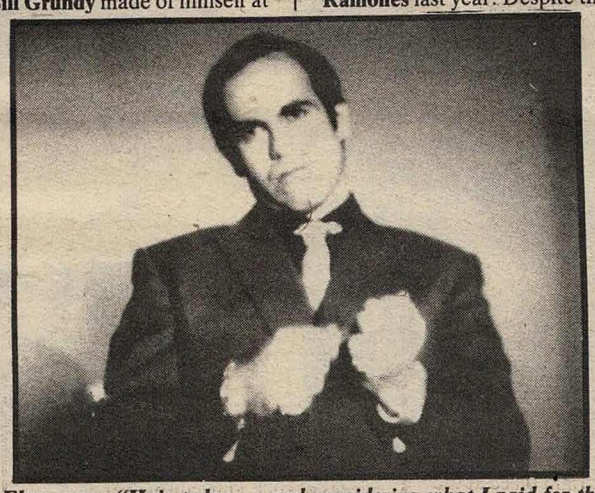
Statutory ex-**Pistols** Paragraph; **Paul Cook** played a gig with **the Heavy Metal Kids,** though we here at *Teazers* aren't sure if this is going to be any kind of permanent liaison, while cheerful, chuckling **John Rotten** is currently in the process of Getting A Band Together: the first member of which is a black bassist of no previous professional experience . . .

More Old New Wave fun: **Rat Scabies'** new band **White Cats** are on a mystery tour of the U.K. They've been told to pack what they'll need for the road, and their road manager has instructions in a sealed envelope to tell him where the gigs are. Plans are also afoot to launch White Cats in the States under the auspices of CBGB boss **Hilly Kristel . . .**

Rich Kids have basic tracks recorded for their debut album, with only overdubs and mixing to go. **Glen Matlock** sez that "Ghosts Of Princes Towers" is probably going to be the next single . . .

Loopy Lou Reed — Number One in our series "Rock Stars Who Refuse To Talk To *NME*" — seemed to have undergone a change of heart — or some other organ — t'other week when his record company phoned up to inquire whether one of our fun-loving scribes would like to fly to L.A. to see and meet the man in action at the Roxy Theatre (no, dummy, not *the* Roxy). We were still trying to decide if the old fool was worth it when they called back and said that Lou had decided that if an *NME* writer was even *in the audience* he'd refuse to go on stage. We're planning to attend his next London gigs — *en masse* . . .

We here at *NME* prefer to write news rather than create it, but the spectacle that **Bill Grundy** made of himself at our awards dinner last week saw us splurged all over the *Daily Mail.* The inimitable **Jake Riviera** summed it up thus in print: "He's got a great career ahead of him as an old man" . . .



Elton says, "Hair today — and considering what I paid for the transplant, it better not be gone tomorrow!" Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

Police Five: Our crime reporter, **Bro' Ken Legg,** reports that **Chas De Whalley,** a former writer now employed in some capacity or other by CBS Records, had his green Cortina (if it'd been a grey one we'd've suspected **Tom Robinson)** nicked from outside the Roundhouse during Sunday's **Cheap Trick** gig. The car contained diaries, cheque books, address books etc. in a black PVC shoulder bag, and Chas'd like it back — plus the car, of course. Phone 734-8181 ext. 27 — there'll be a reward and no questions asked . . .

Linda Stein, co-manager of **The Ramones,** had all her hi-fi gear ripped off from her London flat after some pinhead gained entrance *via* the ceiling, and bassist **Pete Garbey** of **Buzzcocks** had his Music Man bass lifted from the group's van while it was parked outside **Pete Shelley's** Manchester abode, while in the same fabulous town **Tessa** of **The Slits** was fined £10 plus £25 costs for getting really free with a spray-can . . .

Meanwhile, in London, Orange Music in Charing Cross road was relieved of £2,000 quids worth of gear. Not long afterwards, the tea-leaf hailed what he thought was a cab to make a slick getaway, and found that he'd flagged down a police car. Ho ho ho . . .

Finally, a crime story with a happy ending: **The Rezillo's' William Mysterious** was reunited with the Fender Precision bass stolen after their Glasgow Apollo gig with **Da Ramones** last year. Despite the thieves having repainted the bass, a gang of 50 Rezillos fans tracked the axe down and restored it to its very moved and grateful owner . . .

This issue's **Nicky Horne** Flat-Out Schnurdo Of The Week Award goes to **Whispering Bob Harris** for his astonishingly offensive remarks about **Sham 69** on last week's *Old Rancid Chicken Breast.* "And from that to something totally entertaining and enjoyable," he hissed, bringing on **The Rubinoos.** If there was an entertaining and enjoyable rock show on TV, Bomber, who'd need to watch you? . . .

Hands up everybody who spotted **Dave Edmunds** playing rhythm guitar with **Carl Perkins** ("Great to see ya, Mel") on last week's *South Bargg Show?* Okay, you can put your hands down now . . .

It's a fun life in today's pop biz: after a recent **Tangerine Dream** gig in Liverpool, promoter **Adrian Hopkins** discovered that he had £500 that was owing to the band. Since the Tangs' manager **Andrew Graham-Stuart** (who also manages the lovely **Howard Devoto)** had set off only minutes before in his Land Rover, Hopkins resolved to drive off in pursuit, and after a few minutes on the motorway, he caught up with a Land Rover and chucked £500 through the window. The trouble was that it was the wrong Land Rover. The lucky recipient of the flying banknotes? A very surprised **Paul McCartney . . .**

True Brit: **Jet Black** of **The Stranglers** — currently in the USA — refusing to adjust his watch to local time while on tour. Our meteorological correspondent **Stopped Clocke** warns that this stubborness could result in Big Jethro being up six hours late for gigs. Meantime, The Strangs are mixing their "Black And White" album in New York's Hit Factory studios, and their next single will be a (gulp!) reggae-orientated chune called "Nice And Sleazy" . . .

You win some, you lose some; **Bryan Ferry** has returned to the U.K. as a resident just as **Steve Harley's** moved out to L.A. The latter's solo album is finally finished (boo! hiss! shaaaaaaame!) and features contributions from the late Marc Bolan and the still living **Bill Payne** from **Li'l feat . . .**

Joey Ramone, J. J. Burnel and the *D. Express's* **Ann Nightingale** engaging in unseemly verbal wranglings on a Boston punk rock radio show last week. Quoth **Joey:** "In England I was disgusted. We had objects rained on us when we played. I thought the kids were just pretentious poseurs." Awwwwwww . . .

Finally, Quote Of The Week comes comes from voluble ol' **Tom Robinson,** interviewed in *Variety:* "There was a lot of nonsense spoken about New Wave in terms of unemployment. Lots of kids hated the punk rockers because those musicians often had a rich father in the background they could go back to. It was essentially a middle class thing. The lower class was following **Rod Stewart** and wanted a job. Except for certain cases, like **The Sex Pistols,** it was *not* a proletarian movement." So now you know. Thank you and good afternoon . . .

"Nothing about me in T-Zers? Sod it — I'm off to the States!" Pic: SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL.

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	last week		
Small 20p	1	(2)	BUZZCOCKS
Sham Army, No Future, Dukes,	2	(1)	BLONDIE (B/W)
Suspect Device, Lightning	3	(3)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
Raiders, Go To Chelsea.	4	(9)	SHAM 69
Medium 25	5	(10)	999
Dr. Death, Residents, Cuban	6	(7)	CLASH POLICE
Heels, Patti No 4.	7	(4)	YELLO COSTELLO
D/L 30p	8	(—)	RAMONES No 1
Pattie 'Night', Wreckless,	9	(8)	ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
Basher	10	(—)	MAGAZINE SHIT
RGB 20p			
I&I Survive			

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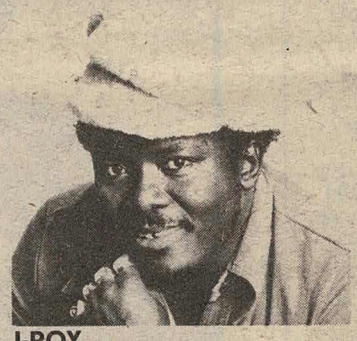

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